# MIGUEL SERRANO

## ~articles~

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BOOKS

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The Resurrection of the Myth

Castle of Montsegur.

“Where is the Gral kept today? Perhaps it is kept in the depths of the heart”.

This is one of the articles that Miguel Serrano sent from Vienna to the newspapers (Chilean and Argentinean, respectively) El Mercurio (16-11-69) and La Prensa (4-1-70), this article can also be found in the fourth volume of Memorias de él y yo (1999).

What I am going to say will appear as unreal and, indeed, it is; it has the flavor of a legend and the mystery of a myth. Nevertheless, it takes place during the 20thcentury, and somehow, it has surrounded our own life. Despite its far away origin; the thread has returned to us, it reaches our generation and it should relight the torch , passing it from hand to hand, and perhaps one day, it will go back to other stars.

The legend of the Gral

Once, I talked with Doctor Jung about this legendary myth. Unfortunately, it was his wife that was studying the subject, and because of this, Jung did not write much about the mysterious legend. According to Jung, the Gral was an “archetype”, an exteriorization of what he called the “Self”, a central point, ideal, of the person , equidistant between the Unconscious and the Conscious; a Totality lost, and perhaps unattainable. The Non-Existent Flower, an Ideal, Heaven, Immortality.

Historically, the legend of the Gral has unknown origins. It is a pagan myth which, sometimes, is connected with the legend of Atlantis and the Universal Flood. The Gral it is also that “Stone of rain” that Noah saved from the Flood, it is the “Talisman” that stops the floodwaters. It is the “Stone” that Mongols called “Yedeh” and the Arabs “Hajar-al-mater”. For the Aryans, the Gral is the lost “Key”, the

“Stone” on which the essential wisdom was carved, the “Law” of the race and of the Hyperboreans before leaving, forever, the fatherland of ices, the legendary north, the mythic land of Aryana Vaiji, which became uninhabitable in the Ice Age. The keys are the wisdom of Atlantis, and if found and decoded, they would allow the true understanding of Yoga, of the true one, the “Tantric” one, and it would allow man to become immortal as the God one day he was, before the great Sinking and Flooding of waters. The Yoga which is known and is practiced today would seem like an incomplete alphabet. It is an imitation of a sublime magic and a great wisdom. Until the keys are found and decoded Yoga today will remain like a game of runic signs, producing incomplete or contrary effects. In India, for example, Sri Janardana the chief of the Suddha Dharma Mandalam, stated this. The Suddha Dharma Mandalam has an important branch and numerous followers in Chile.

For Janardana, the true yoga was the Suddha Yoga, conserved in a secret Ashram in the Himalayas, where the mythical Bhagavan Sri Mitra Deva would live, the Messiah of our age.

The situation today is similar to what would happen to the future man, the survivor of an atomic war that found amid the ruins of a disappeared civilization, a metal tube containing a film with a summary of every knowledge, of all mathematical, chemical and physics formulas that made possible the creation of the atomic bomb and the most outstanding technological developments of the lost civilization. These will all mean nothing unless they are decoded, understood.

So, the pagan Gral is a carved stone, which contains the keys of wisdom of a civilization of Men-Gods, who were able to freeze time, overcoming history.

The “Holy Grail” which was searched during the Middle Age is a voluntary metamorphosis of the pagan myth. The “Stone” was transformed into the “Chalice” where the blood of Christ would have been received after He was wounded is his side by the spear, on the Cross. It was searched, through forests and mountains, by the knights of the “Round Table”, the Templars, and the pilgrims of the Middle Age.

## The Cathars

We hear all the time, about the heresy of the Cathars. Who were the Cathars? They appeared in Languedoc, which today is in the south of France, during the Xth and XIth centuries. They were destroyed in the XIIIth century, during the “Albigenses Crusade”, which was organized by the Pope Innocent III, the King of France, and the monk Domingo de Guzmán. In reality, the Inquisition was

created to persecute and to destroy the Cathar heresy and it was a task commissioned to the Dominican monks. By then, Languedoc maintained stronger bonds with Catalonia and Spain than with France. After the triumph of the “Albigenses Crusade”, and after a cruel and barbaric war which lasted for thirty years, Languedoc was annexed to the north of France. If those events had been different, the history of Spain would have also been different, and all the Glory of the culture of the Troubadours of Catalonia and of Languedoc would have developed.

Cathar is a Greek word meaning “pure”. To explain the –extremely unknown– origin of the Cathars would take us far away. Some argue that they once were druid priests who converted into the Manichaeism, by missionaries of Manes. Later on, they become Christians; although they were, apparently, absolute dualists in the manner of some Gnostics. They always wore a robe made of black wool, from of the Pyrenees, they believed in Reincarnation, they were strict vegetarians, and stated that the Old Testament is the work of the Devil, that Jehovah is not God, but Satan. The world, below the “Fifth Heaven”, is not the creation of God. The Earth is the work of Jehovah, the Devil. Because of this, they were not in favor of marriage or procreation that forces angelic spirits to incarnate into this world. It seems, they also accepted a kind of mystic suicide, called “endura”. The Cathars believed only in Saint John´s gospel, and claimed that Christ did not incarnate in this world of matter and that He acts only from the astral plane and that it could be actually the Archangel Gabriel instead. We only know these facts about the Cathars. Much more is the unknown. They practiced magic and they were clairvoyant. Their relation with the culture of the troubadours and the Initiation of “Pure Love”, and the “Madness of Love” is proven; there existed troubadours that openly professed Catharism.

In the south of France, in the vicinity of the beautiful medieval town of Carcassonne, the Cathars built a legendary castle: Montsegur; on the top of an elevated mountain, in accordance with astrological laws –according to Fernand Niel´s statements. Their highest priests lived there, until the fortress together with the fortified caves of the Pyrenees, fell into the hands of the Albigensian Crusade, commanded by Simon de Montfort. Everything was destroyed, everything…., except the Gral.

A German man

In 1932 an extraordinary book was published which is today almost impossible to find, but once it was translated into French, produced a huge impact to the whole area of Languedoc: Crusade Against the Grail by Otto Rahn. Its author claims that the Cathars, in the castle of Montsegur, were guarding the pagan Gral, the “Tablets of the Law” of the Aryans, of the Hyperboreans. When the castle was captured, four initiated Cathars escaped with the “treasure” and hid it inside one of the Pyrenean caves. The names of three of them are recorded in the Archives of the Inquisition of Carcassonne. The name of the

fourth is unknown.

For years, Otto Rahn travelled and investigated the region. It is true that he was a precursor of modern speleology. His book is undoubtedly a document about the legend, as well as this science. It is based on the Gral poem Parzival, by Wolfram von Eschenbach (which also served as the base for Parsifal by Wagner), and on the philology and literature that exist about the Cathars. He conversed with the scholars and mystics of Languedoc, he examined the archives, he left nothing to investigate. Later, he continued searching around Europe and wrote a book that today is "forbidden literature": Lucifer´s Court. It is impossible to find this book in bookshops or libraries. It has mysteriously disappeared. It was also his last book. Otto Rahn committed suicide, in the manner of his heroes, no long before the start of the WWII. Apparently, he voluntarily froze near a Tyrolean mountain, in the Alps, on the current border of Germany and Austria. Much later, he was found dead, sitting on a rock, with his head resting on one hand, as he was peacefully, contemplating the glaciers. Otto Rahn was just thirty nine years old.

A French man

I have talked at length and maintained correspondence with René Nelli a scholar of Catharism and of the culture and literature of the Troubadours from Provence; the author of Le Phénomene Cathare, L´Erotique des Troubadours among other important works. It was through him that I came to know about Otto Rahn.

At his home in Carcassonne, surrounded by relics, and rare documents written in ancient Occitan and in an atmosphere which reminded the ancient Occitan civilization, he told me the following: "If Germans had won the war they would have rebuilt the castle of Montsegur. Upon completion of the seven hundred years of the fall of Montsegur on March 16th, 1944 a German plane flew over the ruins of Montsegur and drew the Celtic cross in the sky. Who was in that plane? What was the possible connection that existed between National Socialisms and the Cathars, the "Perfects" and the "Pures", who believed that this world was a work of Satan and who only aspired to leave it, even committing suicide, the "endura" (fast, extreme penitence)?"

Recently, a book appeared New Cathars for Montsegur (Nouveaux Cathares pour Montsegur) by Saint-Loup (author of The White King of Patagonia, The Night Begins in Cape Horn, From Aconcagua to Cape Horn, The Heretics, The History of the SS division Charlemagne, The Volunteers, History of the Legion of French Volunteers, The Nostalgics, etc.), which aims to provide the answer. It says that it was Alfred Rosenberg, the philosopher of National Socialism, the author of The Myth of the Twentieth

Century who flew over Montsegur.

Saint-Loup states that Otto Rahn after publishing the book Crusade Against the Grail, that is to say after 1933, became a member of Hitler's Black SS –a secret and initiatory Order in the style of the Temple Order– and that following instructions by Rosenberg, he returned to the Pyrenees to search the Gral in the caves, where the Cathars hid in the XIII century after the fall of Montsegur.

Also according to Saint-Loup, Otto Rahn did not find the Gral.

It is hard to tell how Saint-Loup obtained such information. There are coincidences, of a rather external type (the black robes of the Cathars and of the SS, the castle of Montsegur and the Eagle´s Nest of Hitler, in Berchtesgaden, etc.). It is true that it is not known, even today, what Catharism really was and what was behind the SS Black Order. The most important documents of the Cathars would have been burned by the Inquisition (their tradition was mostly oral, like the Vedic) or would have voluntarily disappeared. The same happened, for instance, to the SS documents and of those of the National Socialist research centers, established in Munich, which concerned magic. It is known that a young professor, at the University of Vienna, a scholar on magic, a serious researcher in the history of this art, was transferred by the Germans to Munich to one of their Institutes in Munich and he did not return to Austria after the end of the war. Nothing was ever heard about him again.

René Nelli is doubtful and perplex, when Saint-Loup is asked about the sources of his information, he refuses to reveal them.

The Black SS, on their own, in the middle of the war, continued searching for the Gral, in the Pyrenees of Languedoc.

René Nelli confirms that during the German occupation of Languedoc German Scientists, geologists, ethnologists, anthropologist, disguised as French militiamen, toured hectically the caves of the Pyrenees. They were investigating the caves where seven hundred years ago the last Cathars, priests, warriors and knights lived as refugees. What were they searching for….? The Gral.

According to Saint-Loup, by the end of the war Hitler´s SS found the Gral and took it to Berchtesgaden. The book New Cathars for Montsegur by Saint-Loup is inspired by the great and dramatic epic of

Languedoc (so similar to the Irish one) and the struggle to achieve its Independence in a Europe of "ethnic-fatherlands", as Saint-Loup and the SS used to say. He believes that this would have been achieved if the Germans had triumphed. His book, in most parts, is based upon facts.

The German quest through the Pyrenees caves as well as the flying plane over Montsegur drawing a Celtic cross on the 700th Anniversary of its fall, are historical facts. It is also a fact that at the end of the war a German column of SS officials headed towards Berchtesgaden, heavily guarded, carrying with them "something" found in the Pyrenees.

According to Saint-Loup, the Germans did not mange to decode the Gral. At the end of the war, on May 2nd, 1945 as soon as Germany was defeated, another column of selected officers from a "Waffen-SS division" left Berchtesgaden and headed towards the direction of a glacier near the Austrian Tyrol (in Zillertal), near the current Furtschlag shelter, not far away from where Otto Rahn died. They took the Gral with them. There, they hid it again in order for it to be rediscovered by future generations. By then, three of the top "Waffen-SS" leaders, a French, an American, and a Norwegian, departed on an airplane that flew out from the highway Munich- Salzburg, heading towards the Tibet.

In the book The Morning of the Magicians", by Pauwels and Bergier they argue that there were mysterious connections between the Third Rich and Tibet. They state that the instructions to persecute the gypsies (and the Jewish?) would have been transmitted from the Tibet, and that a Tibetan division fought until it was completely destroyed in the last battle of Berlin.

The Eagle Nest of Hitler, in Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Alps –not to be confused with his chalet which was much lower in the mountain– is on the top of a steep mountain, and the construction of it seems to have been inspired by the Castle of Montsegur, of the Cathars. According to Saint-Loup, the Grial was also guarded in the Eagle Nest.

A Chilean

I think to have been the first one –maybe in the whole world– at that time –during the war– to write about these topics in such a manner. My research in India where people subsequently talk about Aryana Vaiji, the primal home of the Aryans (The Arctic Home of the Vedas, published by Gangadhar Tilak in 1956) and now my research on the Cathars, in relation to the philosophy of the "Tantric" Love has led me, once again, to find more traces of the Myth.

Just like Saint-Loup, I have walked through the regions of southern Chile, however I went beyond than he did, I went to Antarctica, searching for the mysterious “oases” of temperate waters, that exist in the middle of the ice. (A strange book by a Hungarian author Ladislao Szabó, states that at the end of the war a mysterious convoy of German submarines headed towards Antarctica, carrying a “great secret”). I thought I would find the Gral over there, which was transported from the ice of the far North, from “Aryana Vaiji”, from Greenland, from the Arctic territory, to the deep ice of the South, in order to reunite both extreme ends of Earth. There, in the meadows of snow, next to enormous barriers I searched desperately for the lost “Keys” that could reveal us the secret of Totality. (I have described all this in my books Quién llama en los hielos and La Antártica y otros mitos). Later on, I left towards India, the legendary nuptial Fatherland-where I came to the conclusion that its yoga has also lost the Keys…

Saint-Loup believes that “Colonies” exist already in the South of the World, guarding the secret and leaving according to the “Law”… He searched but did not find them. Some people think that these colonies are composed by “Les Nouveaux Cathares”.

Gods and Devils

In the Glaciers of Tyrol, in the Antarctica… Where is the Gral kept today? Perhaps it is kept in the depths of the heart. Because the Gral is the “Non-Existent Flower”, the exteriorization of Something, of a Treasure that exists only inside us and that is to be found only there. We are the first victims of our “mental creation” trapped by a tremendous subjective emotion; a vision that is projected towards the external world. The Myth, the Legend, the Archetype will burn us in its own fire and will take us from this Earth in its flames, reducing us, and those dreams, into ashes.

There is a promise that “one may be reborn”, in a world of pure symbols. This is the agony of a terrible game. Both those who claim that “the Kingdom is not of this world”, and those who believed it was, at will or not, were caught by the Archetype, by the Myth, and were taken away by the flames.

And the fire reached even the sons of the sons of their sons. To be absorbed by an Archetype could lead a person to disappear from this world. What contemporary psychology calls Archetypes, are the Gods and Demons of Antiquity. It is not necessary to repeat their names, even today should be pronounce quietly.

This is my answer; the reasons why I am National Socialist

Traducciones

This article was published by the Chilean newspaper El Mercurio in 1986.

How much all changes overtime!! I was for more than forty years a free-lance contributor to El Mercurio newspaper. In 1947 I participated in a trip to the Antarctic territory as El Mercurio representative; this took place during the second Chilean expedition to the mentioned continent. During ten years I regularly sent to the newspaper my writings and articles from India, then from Yugoslavia and Austria. Today, the same newspaper, in 1986, uses a whole page to attack and laugh at me. During 1947, and later on in 1951, when I visited Europe for the first time the Director of El Mercurio, Mr. Rafael Maluenda, an unforgettable friend and writer always published my articles about Hitler and Berchtesgaden, he respected my Believes that have been always the same, that I have never changed. What did change in our country? Nowadays, there is no mutual respect; no one recognizes other people's values, neither duties nor task accomplished, not to say a man keeps his believes, moreover, that a man has an ideology. Something very important has been modified, something has been destroyed forever. Gentlemen have disappeared, as each other's respect, honor and loyalty and especially friendship. It has disappeared, in Chile, what made each other friends despite we had different opinions, we were friends because were Chilean, because were gentlemen. There is something that pulls downhill in our country, something inherited from Spain, from the not Visigoth one, from the one with diverse blood origins and even opposite blood origins, this can be summarized in one word: Envy. There is a trend to destroy everything outstanding, beauty, to destroy creativity, and talent. All aforesmentioned made Gabriela Mistral say in a very domestic style: "I am not coming to live in Chile back because over there I will be called 'La Gabi'[1] and I will be taken ('pal fideo'[2]) not seriously." This probably made also to Claudio Arrau change his nationality by the American one.

I will write this time about my beliefs, in the same newspaper which tried to laugh at me, because I have the right to defend them, I will not defend me because in this case is less important.

A little bit of history

I am a National Socialist since 1938 because the murdered of the Chilean Nazis. I was not a National Socialist back then, but a young writer having no connections with political parties. In those days my feelings were closer to the Left given the dead of a young friend of mine, the writer Héctor Barreto who became a socialist. We were very young and as expected we reacted emotionally. In any case, because of being a true aristocrat, who belongs to ancient good stocks of Chile and Spain, I never was and never could be part of the plutocratic and economic Right of this country, and of no other country, the same as my uncle Joaquin Fernández y Fernández, as my grandfather Joaquin Fernández Blanco, as my great grandfather Pedro and his brother Domingo Fernández Concha and as my uncle, the poet, Vicente Huidobro Fernández. We tended to be closer to the Left, to better say closer to the poor ones, to the humble ones, to the "nobles who are in the bottom," the real ones, the ones that have nothing, but honor and loyalty. When I was a little boy my father taught me this, saying: "Nobility can be found in both extremes, in the true aristocrats and in simple people, the worst ones are the plutocrats and snobs."

This is a brief story, my story as well, this is the History of Chile, a story told from forgotten years, from already dark decades that still keeps its roots, but hidden, despite all that has been done to erase them, the same roots of later events of our political and social history, as I explain in detail in my book Adolf Hitler, The Last Avatar.

I embraced National Socialism because it was a sort of Socialism, but a different one, Socialism National, not the one of my friend Héctor Barreto which was International Socialism and, logically, Marxist.

I have never changed my mind since then, and this is the reason why, for instance, I do not support the economic model that has been imposed in Chile, a super capitalism. Usury has been, from the inside of the country, implemented through money loans with the associated executory interest rates, and also from beyond the border of the country through International Banks money loans on interest as a never ending nightmare. This is the slavery of money loans on interest, also accepted and imposed by the Marxist, Soviet Russia through loans provided to those satellite countries in its orbit; loans paid with blood when there is not enough money to pay, as Cuba does. It is pathetic to listen when Fidel Castro complains about American Banks loans usury, when he has to pay even higher rates to his Russian Master, with money and blood sending Cuban soldiers to Africa.

Neither Marxists nor Capitalists have ever struggled against slavery associated to debts created through money loans on interest. Only one political system has done it, only one Nation: National Socialism (Socialism National) of Hitler's Germany. This system abolished usury, did not accepted usury, money loans on interest, abolished the so call "gold standard," instead implemented "work standard."

If National Socialism had won, imposed throughout the world, today there would be no poverty nor misery, corruption, capitalism abuse nor Marxist dictatorship slavery. The world would have seen what National Socialism it really was, true social justice, a paradise on earth the closer one humankind can achieve in this time and in this world.

## The Enemies

Who were, and still are, the enemies of National Socialism? Without a doubt, those affected back then and those still affected today by the system that abolished usury, money loans on interest and its slavery, and on the other hand, Marxist Bolshevism dictatorship with its tremendous misery and hell. Both ideologies, Capitalism and Marxism, were placed between the devil and the deep blue sea, its very existence was threatened. This is the reason why both together attacked the mortal enemy to destroy it.

It was difficult in those years for a Chilean young lad to understand both ideologies jointed hate, the close union between Capitalists and Marxists against the Nazi Germany and the Fascist Italy. Why? We asked ourselves. Then, Hitler explained to us, in his extraordinary book Mein Kampf, that in the Marxist Russia as in the democratic capitalist world, the hand behind both was the same. The proof is that both ideologists, apparently opposite, respect interest to capital as sacred. So, who is the owner of money in the world and who holds control behind soviets? It is the International Jewish.

If all this could trigger some doubts in Chilean youth, without any political skill, all was proven to be true by the experience of the diplomat during more than twenty years roaming around the world, because the free access I had to documents and information hidden to others. While I was Ambassador I never expressed my personal opinions in public to avoid damage my country.

## The Owner of Thunders and Rays

For those who were Nazi Germany supporters it was clear, already by the end of World War II, the big and unavoidable failure of Capitalism and Marxism to come in short term. It was not a surprise either, and very soon, when the enemy begun to invent the most terrible crimes and atrocities never committed by Hitler's Germany. This was the only way they had to erase the memories of a fair regime what abolished money interest, usury and Marxist slavery. It was a Third Solution beside Capitalism and Marxism with which a mortal strike to The Owner of both systems would have been given. The Owner of both systems was preparing humankind slavery through both systems to benefit a racist and messianic Zionism what makes Hitler's racism appears as an easy thing.

Others have provided the right and undeniable proofs demonstrating the fakeness of the Six Million Jewish's Holocaust by the Nazis: French professors Paul Rassinier and Faurisson, the British ones Hardwood and David Irving, American professor Butz and even serious Jewish writers and historians. Others have provided the evidence of Anna Frank's Dairy falseness, who have demonstrated it was written with a pen during World War II, period when pens did not existed yet, demonstrating the existence of two different originals as well, and each one with different handwritings. In the end, we will not repeat here what we have explained in detail in other writings and times, as in my books The Golden Thread, Esoteric Hitlerism and Adolf Hitler, The Last Avatar. As a last point, I want to confess the horror I feel toward men stubbornness, blindness, and cowardice because when these facts have been demonstrated to be true, they continue to support those lays the owners of World Mass Media and money repeat to them over and over again; The owners of Thunders and Rays, The owners and distributors of Terror and of all type of Curses, Slavery and Misery.

They continue to doubt in regard the authenticity of the book Protocols of the Elders of Zion, despite it is a resolved, settled issue, and even once in Bern Jewish that filed a lawsuit against Swiss bookstores lost the case and had to pay fees and settlement to those book traders.

My statement about the famous "Nazi Hunter" Simon Wiesenthal indicating he is a slander has not been heard. I was able to prove it in Vienna when I was Ambassador to Austria, I had to request him on behalf the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gabriel Valdés, the proofs of his statement that a Chilean Ambassador offered sell to him the passport once belonged to Martin Bormann. We are still waiting the proofs. This person who invents new lays against innocent people accomplishes deeds as a "valiant hunter." In these cases there are no Human Rights, no Vicaría de la Solidaridad willing to send lawyers to defend these alleged Nazi "criminals." There are no Human Rights to Rudolf Hess, not a Pope protesting against the Calvary that already last more than forty years that is an "Abuse of Power," worse than in South Africa.

Infiltration into the Patagonia territory

This newspaper tried to make fun of all the issues I have addressed, so I have the right to reply because the Law allows me.

Another topic is the relationship between Araucanos and Israel. It is true that a group of Araucanos have moved to Israel and that there is an Araucano-Israeli church in the town of Pucón in the south of Chile, named Church of the New Pact. It is true that Jewish are coming to Chile in a very persistent way and in

high number, supported by CONAF[3] and the Army acknowledgment. It is true that Jewish who are coming as tourist and backpackers belong, in its majority, to the Israeli Army or to the Intelligence Service of Israel. Argentinean people are warning us, since many years ago, with regard the so called Plan Andinia, a plan to take possession of both Chilean and Argentinean Patagonia by Jewish; to create a new capital city in those regions will be a first and very important step of this plan.

Writers

The aforesaid are the reasons why I am and I will be a National Socialist, a Hitlerist.

In relation to Knut Hamsun and Ezra Pound, it is undeniable that both writers were Nazi supporters. At the end of World War II the so called “allies” sent them to jail and to psychiatric asylums. Ezra Pound, for thirteen years. This was done by the same people that today use to complaint because Russian send to psychiatric asylum their opponents, to some Jewish as well, just to trick, who usually stay there for a short period of time, and of course are always freed or exchanged by Chilean Corvalanes.[4] Knut Hamsun won the Nobel Prize before World War II and Nazi period. Ezra Pound the greatest poet of our times never received the Nobel Prize because he was Hitlerist and Mussolini supporter. On the contrary, the mentioned Prize has been bestowed to communists, enrolled in the party, such as Neruda. For the same reasons as in the case of Ezra Pound I am sure that I will never receive any prize. I know it and I accept it, because I know the power The Owner of Thunders and Rays. Despite this, I think it is my duty to continue supporting the same ideology, until the end of my days in this world, because I do not understand “the art by the art,” not “poetry by poetry.” The ultimate poetry is a Belief, a dream for a fair cause, Honor, Loyalty. My whole work, from the very first line I wrote to the last ones written today is ruled by the same norm. I am a poet because of this, because I am a poet of Life, and this is the reason why I am with Hitler, he was also one, because he lived an ideology to the last consequences.

Finally, some words to Lafourcade.[5] There are already few writers left in this country, and there are even less of old times like me, once admired by him as he has said, to dirt each other, when we are becoming defenseless, the real heated victims of the system analyzed in this article. Precisely, because I belong to those times and because I am an ancient gentleman of the old Chile, I want to challenge him to make an effort, to stop mixing personal issues in his attacks (that can be valid as fair and honest differences of opinion) avoiding to dirt the memory and reputation of some ladies, to whom he never knew, because a gentleman does not do it, nor a true man. The feature writer Joaquin Edwards Bello, for instance, never would have done it, he who was my friend, to whom Lafourcade admires so much. Neither Luis Sanchez Latorre, writer and Chilean National Journalism Prize, to whom Lafourcade quotes, a valiant exponent of honesty and friendship , in the traditional style of a Chilean of old stock and a defender of true art values.

[1] Very informal and domestic way instead of Gabriela.

[2] Very informal and domestic way to say I don't take you seriously, slang.

[3] Chilean Forestry State Agency.

[4] This makes reference to Luis Corvalán, President of the Chilean Communist Party taken prisoner by the Military Government, who was exchanged by a Russian prisoner.

[5] Enrique Lafourcade is a Chilean writer who attacked Miguel Serrano in a newspaper article in 1986.

With Ezra Pound

A fragment from the first English translation of El cordón dorado, hitlerismo esotérico.

Years ago, in Venice, before that stone statue that never spoke—there was a time when rocks spoke—I began running off words upon words, and, among other things, I said, 'In another seven hundred years the laurel will flower once more. Be happy, in another seven hundred years you will lose again . . .'

I knew Ezra Pound was a follower of the god of the vanquished in this world, in the dark Iron period, called Kali-Yuga by the Hindus. He was also an acolyte of the mistreated and discredited Lucifer; perhaps, without knowing it, also of the Cathars' Lucibel, of Apollo, Abraxas, Krishna, Shiva, and also Quenos, of the Selk'man people; the bringer, or Announcer of Light, of the Morning Star, which announces the arrival of the new sun and which later retires, awaiting a more noble, purer world, where heroes and giants went.

I began narrating to Pound my pilgrimage to Montségur, and I talked to him about the Maladeta mountain range, where Bertran de Born, a troubadour Pound loved and translated, allowed himself to freeze to death, as we are told by Otto Rahn in his book Lucifer's Court. It was at that point that the rock made a gesture, and was enveloped by a light of joy. The reason is that Ezra Pound had climbed Montségur. He was also a heretic and a warrior.

I had an idea, somewhat like a secret that was then revealed to me: Ezra Pound was affiliated to a Luciferian tradition that dated back to the origins. Through his hands, without him being entirely aware of the event, passed the Golden Thread of that virile and warrior tradition. Pound's interest, in his youth, for the Poem of the Cid, for the Song of Roland, for Parzival, for the songs and civilisation of the troubadours of Languedoc, made of him a representative in our time of those who fought for a world not based on usury, in the same manner that the Templars once fought to establish the bases for a more just and spiritual economic system. Had this attempt not been prematurely destroyed, it could have caused the earth in the Age of Pisces to develop very differently, in a different direction, rediscovering a

spiritualised science, capable of transfiguring the earth without destroying it in the cataclysm one can see coming as a result of a gross, mechanistic technology, tangled in the satanic wheels of usury and the consumer society, of rationalism and the collectivist materialism of the universe of the masses.

During the Second World War Ezra Pound backed Italian Fascism and German Nazism, believing he saw in them a social economic system not based on usury, and also with a different technology and science; an organism that found its metaphysical roots in a purified and vital Earth. Now, it is known, because there are documents to prove it, that the Hitlerist organisation of the SS (SS is an abbreviation of the German word Schutzstaffel, meaning Protection Squadron or defence corps) was inspired by the Templar Order. Its secret leadership echelons had a kind of esoteric initiation, as well as various centres of instruction in castles distributed throughout different regions, in the manner of Templar Gendarmeries. The SS aspired to build cities in the confines of Europe, in the Caucasus, in the Rochelle, in the French south, and possibly on Montségur once the war was over, freeing them from taxes and where money would have no value and commerce would constitute a spiritual link, as in Antiquity. Ignorance is feigned today of the new, or rather very old, social and economic system that both Fascism and Nazism attempted to establish, and it is tendentiously branded as fascist any non-Marxist authoritarian régime or dictatorship that enthrones itself in power anywhere on Earth.

For these kinds of reasons, Ezra Pound took the side of Italy and Germany during the great war, and against his own country of birth, which he regarded as emblematic of the opposite, of an economy, a science, a system of life based on Usury, as he himself said. Ezra Pound lost, and was locked up in an iron cage, in Pisa, like feral beast, and was kept exposed to the elements, to the cold and the sun. Later he was taken to an insane asylum in the United States of America, where he remained thirteen years, the best ones in the life of a man. That was done to the greatest poet of his time, who made Joyce known, who helped Eliot write, who translated Confucius and interpreted I Ching! The same was done in Norway, and for identical reasons, with Knut Hamsun. Also his Guide, the loser in a war between extraterrestrials, was tortured, slandered, and, finally, chained in the ice of the North Pole, where he would one day cause Ultima Thule to flourish. The vanquished are thus transformed into legendary historical demons; so is Ravana, vanquished by Rama; so is Luzbel.

If Ezra Pound erred, good! Plato said ‘All great things are built on danger’; and Heidegger, ‘He who thought on a large scale, must have erred on a large scale’.

Dolma, or the story of a sweet love

Dolma with Miguel Serrano in Vienna, shortly before his death.

La Prensa (Buenos Aires), 21 May 1972.

For this piece, Miguel Serrano received an award from the Argentine Society for the Protection of Animals on 29 April 1973.

Have you ever had a dog? Whether you are a man or a woman living alone, have you ever had a dog as a companion during the long hours of confinement, on walks through the hills, or in the afternoons, when you read or listen to
music; or when you watch the shadows on the walls, or the dim light filtering through the windows at twilight? Have you suddenly felt those eyes staring at you in the darkness, as if piercing your own, as if wanting to ask you something, or to convey a secret, a profound thought
about life and death? In moments of deepest sorrow, unease or despair, the dog is there, accompanying you, feeling with you, comforting you with its sense of that pain; these are
words, but with eyes wide open, abyssal, fixed upon yours, in a dialogue of silence.

I, too, had a dog. A sweet little Tibetan dog. She was with me through the years and left me for ever at the end of 1971, that year so full of misfortune. I would like to tell her little, tender story here.

It was ten years ago, when I left India to take charge of my country's embassy in Yugoslavia. I had become friends with the Dalai Lama and went to say goodbye to him. He was passing through Delhi, having left his mountains in Dharamsala for a few days. I went to visit him, bringing him a gift of a Quinchamalí pottery piece: a fish, symbol of the Age of Pisces, which would soon give way to the Age of Aquarius.

That humble piece of pottery from my homeland moved the supreme leader of Tibet. Through his interpreter, he asked me what gift I would like from him. A somewhat extravagant idea crossed my mind and, just to say something, I mentioned those little Tibetan dogs, which they call 'lions of the temple's back gate'. They
are painted with wings, for they run and leap as if they had them. Tibetan lamas keep them close by, beneath their robes, whilst meditating. Their fur falls over their eyes, and their breed is called 'Apso-Lhasa'. They are

a delicate creation of Tantric Buddhism and Tibetan magic.

The Dalai Lama nodded with a faint smile. And I took my leave, subsequently forgetting all about it, regarding it as a kind, pleasant bit of banter, in keeping with the etiquette of that court in exile. I also realised that it had been an extravagance on my part to suggest such a gift.

So it was to my surprise that, a week later, I received a message from the Dalai Lama's representative in New Delhi, informing me that 'my dog' had arrived and that I could go and collect it.

And so I met Dolma, a honey-coloured little dog with long, silky fur, who looked up at me from beneath her lion-like curls. She had come straight from the Himalayas and it was clear that she was suffering terribly in the heat of that Delhi summer. With great ceremony, the Tibetan lama explained to me that Dolma was the name of a goddess in his country, in Lamaism, equivalent to Durga or Parvati, Shiva's wife in India. Dolma's father was related to the Dalai Lama's brother and her mother to Sherpa Tensing, the first Nepalese to climb Everest with the British expedition. Thus, my little dog possessed the finest of pedigrees, as well as coming directly from the heart of the Dalai Lama, because every gift given by this high dignitary comes straight from his heart. Perhaps Dolma was a reincarnated lama.

At my home in Delhi, alongside the monkeys, beneath the banana and fig trees, Dolma would wait for me at night, staying awake until I returned from the dinners and farewell parties that were were held for me. My old valet, Samuel, would say to me: 'She's like a wife; she can't sleep until you arrive.' In the mornings, Dolma would wake me with gentle kisses and caresses from her paw.

When Nehru invited me to a family lunch at his home to bid me farewell, I went with Dolma. And she stayed under the table the whole time, whilst we were talking precisely about Tibet and China. Nehru could not understand the sudden hostility of the Chinese, whom he had helped and defended in international organisations. I said to him:

'—Could it be because of the refuge you have given the Dalai Lama?'

Nehru shook his head, hesitating:

'—It's possible,' he replied.

Present at that lunch were Nehru's sister, Mrs Krishna Hutheesing, and his daughter, Indira Gandhi. One of his grandsons was there too.

I left India by ship and had to leave Dolma in New Delhi, at the home of my friend, the Japanese ambassador,
to spare her the long confinement of a sea voyage. Mrs Gandhi came to see me off at New Delhi railway station, bringing me a memento of her father: the sandalwood walking stick with which he travelled throughout India and the world; a sort of marshal's baton. She said to me: 'My father sends this to you, in case you ever need to hit someone in Yugoslavia.' I keep this walking stick, signed by Indira Gandhi, as something very precious. I've never needed to hit anyone in Yugoslavia, nor in any foreign country where I've lived. Perhaps in Chile I might use it. I still have this walking stick here, now that Dolma is no longer with us… Walking sticks don't age, they don't die. The wood seems as though it were eternal, especially sandalwood…

It took me a great deal of effort to get my little Tibetan dog back. I think Mrs Gandhi helped me too. To truth, it's difficult to part with a 'sacred animal'. A Chilean friend finally went to rescue her from the Japanese embassy and brought her to me in Europe. He sent me a telegram to let me know she'd arrived in Italy, at
'Leonardo da Vinci'. The news reached me just as I was getting ready to pay a formal visit in Belgrade to the then Vice-President, Ranković. My little dog was arriving in Rome that very same day.
What could I do? Could I leave her stranded at an international airport? I picked up the phone and spoke to the Head of Protocol at the Yugoslav Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ambassador Sergio Makiedo. I explained that 'a great love' was arriving in Rome on the very day of my meeting with the
Vice-President. 'A lady cannot be left waiting there,' I told him, 'especially if that lady has been given to us by the Dalai Lama, and even more so if that lady is a dog.' The head of protocol for the in Belgrade said nothing, but his silence on the phone betrayed his bewilderment.

I set off for Rome, welcomed Dolma and stayed with her at the Vatican-owned Hotel Columbus on the 'Via della Conciliazione', amidst murals and monastic galleries. The Ecumenical Council was taking place at that time
was taking place at that time, and Dolma was able to see, with me in St Peter's Square, the purple and gold of the Holy City. Given her ancestry in sacred Lhasa, this was a fitting welcome to the West.

On my return to Belgrade, I requested a special audience with the Head of Protocol and went there with Dolma. I introduced her

with all her titles, so that he might get to know her and understand my decision. 'Could I,' I asked, 'leave this sweet young lady stranded in Rome?' Makiedo laughed heartily, with the humour and great humanity typical of Yugoslavs. The Yugoslav people know how to love animals. The then Minister for Foreign Affairs, Koča Popović, had a beloved companion, a magnificent police dog. I confess here that my intention was not to 'épater les communistes'. I acted spontaneously, and that earned me the sincere friendship of those magnificent human beings, the Yugoslavs.

In India, in Yugoslavia, in Austria, Dolma always found love and care. She soon became the 'kitchen dog', because she lived with the people who cooked and looked after her — and me, through her. But Dolma knew she was mine and would come to visit me, always making her presence felt at just the right, most opportune moments. Then she would look deep into my eyes, to understand my thoughts, my worries.

However, this 'doggy gaze' is nothing more than a cliché, so to speak, because they don't need to look us in the eyes to know what's going on with us. They discover it in another way, by 'sensing our aura', our vibration. In truth, when they look us in the eyes, it is solely to let us know that they already know, or to comfort us; so that we can understand that they are with us, accompanying us.

And so the years went by. And so my Dolma grew old. Dolma, the one who flew, the little dog with wings. She still wanted to prove to me that she was capable of flying. And so she would set off running through the parks of old Austria, through the forests of Vienna; she would run, leaping, flying. But she flew less and less.

The year 1971 arrived, so full of misfortune. I had to leave behind that life of a 'golden vagabond' in diplomacy for good. It was very sudden and I barely had time to think things through properly, to grasp their deeper meaning. I left Dolma in some makeshift place, for the first time with strangers, though they did everything they could to look after her. I was off in search of a place to settle down. Could Dolma have thought I'd abandoned her?

I travelled through regions and countries. One day I was driving through the Pyrenees, on my way to Spain. In Montsegur, someone gave me a blue rose – the 'flower that doesn't exist', so beautiful is it! I was driving alone in the car and placed the rose on the passenger seat. From time to time I would gaze at it. As I crossed the mountains, the flower seemed to bow its head towards me. Suddenly, I thought of Dolma; that's exactly how she used to tilt her head when she was in the car with me. A sudden thought struck me: 'Something's happened to Dolma.' And then, all my attention was focused on that flower – on looking after it, so that it wouldn't dry out, so that it wouldn't die – because I thought that if the flower died, Dolma would die too.

I spent that whole day and half the next travelling through the mountains. And so I found myself facing Montserrat, with its dreamlike peaks, where, according to legend, the Holy Grail of the Christians was once kept (though not that of the Cathars or of Parzival). I decided to visit the monastery. I got lost on those high-altitude roads and, without realising how, found myself in front of a small telephone booth, there, in the midst of that solitude. I got out of the car and asked for a call to Vienna. They put me through almost immediately. I asked for Dolma. Yes! What I had so feared was happening. Dolma was in a very serious condition, with widespread cancer and a tumour in her throat that prevented her from eating. She could barely breathe. The vet advised
giving her an injection so that she would die quickly, without suffering too much.

I need not explain my despair at that moment. Those who have a dog as a friend, those who have ever had one, will understand me. I pleaded over the phone for them not to give her that injection, begging them to wait for me, because I was going to make her better. Then, I contacted the airlines to try and get a ticket to Austria that very same day; but it wasn't possible. I could only fly at dawn the following day.

I spent that night at the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat. I arrived just as the monks were celebrating a choral Mass of pure and sublime beauty. In the shadows of that ancient basilica, I prayed to the Black Virgin of Montserrat (Isis, in truth) for Dolma. And in the midst of my anguish, I felt as though my dog, far
far away, was glad to know that I was thinking of her and that I would soon see her again.

It seems as though life sometimes repeats its patterns. Many years ago, too, upon the death of a very dear loved one, I found myself in a Benedictine convent in my homeland, trying to console my heart. The Chilean monks were extraordinary. Father Subercaseaux and the abbot (I can no longer recall his name) poured the balm of understanding into my soul. I now wanted to find something similar amongst the Spanish monks. I sat with one of them in the shade of the ancient arcades and legendary stones. He listened to my story. At the end, I asked him:

'Father, where do dogs go when they die? Is there a heaven for them?'

The monk looked at me hesitantly, almost suspiciously. He remained silent.

'—My dog is dying,' I said to him. 'Is it possible that he will die forever? What difference

is there compared to a man?"

Now the monk broke the silence:

'"There's a big difference, a huge difference," he said.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'a huge difference: dogs are better than men.'"

How strange the Spanish are! They don't love animals or trees (the latter is something we Chileans have inherited from them), they slaughter bulls, they look down on dogs… At Barcelona airport, the policeman (an Andalusian) whom I begged to keep an eye on my car—which I'd left parked haphazardly because I had to leave immediately to see my sick dog—looked at me as if I were a creature from another world, as if I were an eccentric:

'—And you're catching a plane for a dog?…', he asked me.

I arrived in Vienna. Dolma was dying, even though I couldn't bring myself to believe it. She wasn't eating and was barely
breathing. When she saw me, however, she was cheerful and lively, as if to show me that she was still her old self, overjoyed that I'd recovered. She seemed to be saying to me: 'Now you won't leave me; we'll
be apart again'…

What a terrible decision! She was alive just a minute before. And suddenly, she was no more. I'll never be able to understand death. What is death? You wind up a spring, and it's all over… With Dolma in my arms, I waited for the vet to give her the injection. She looked into my eyes, as if asking me questions. And I spoke to her, saying things, just so she wouldn't realise she was about to die. But she died, just like that, looking into my eyes; she slipped away, her little curly head drooping, just like the blue flower—that flower of pure magic, the one that
exists, the one that will never exist again…

Why did I love this little dog so much? Is it loneliness? Or is it the memory of childhood, when my best friends were animals? How well a child gets on with animals, in their dialogue of
silence! Only those men who have ceased to be children, those peoples who have lost their childhood, or those men who take themselves so dramatically seriously as men, do not love animals.

In the rain that Sunday, in old Vienna, I made my way to the city's telegraph office. And there I sent two telegrams to India, my dog's homeland. One to the Dalai Lama; the other to Indira Gandhi. I told them that my companion from Tibet and India had died that day and asked them to think of her. In this way, Dolma was also saying goodbye to them.

Somewhere, I sensed that Dolma was happy.

Hess's great symbol has not been understood

Rudolf Hess.

La Nueva Edad, no. 2 (15 July 1941).

His first contribution in support of the Axis during the Second World War.

South America is the land, it is the landscape. A stirring central continent inhabited today by a lineage of passers-by, perhaps depressed and transient. Someone said that the signs were favourable for a thousand years' time and, in the meantime, we consisted of a fantastic melting pot in which races mingled in their quest for self-improvement.

South America lies between two worlds and a third: the renegade North. We stand between the East and the West, yet for now we are nothing more than a great possibility, one that must be understood and preserved.
We, men of the moment, passing through this hour of destiny, have no greater greatness nor greater mission than to understand the ultimate truths. We South Americans, particularly the Chileans, precisely because we expect nothing from the present, are better equipped than foreigners to grasp the truth. South America is becoming something like a mirror of the present-day world, its conscience. Our aim is to understand the symbols and draw from them the possibilities for the future,
in order to preserve the definitive path that is destined for our continent.

In this time of decisive action, I believe that no one has grasped the true tragic significance of Rudolf Hess's fantastical flight. The newspapers initially spoke of desertion, of
madness, of getting lost and, at most, of an original peace mission. It can be said that the initial hypotheses have now been ruled out, as the Lord Provost of Glasgow himself has confirmed on
on several occasions that Hess remains an 'unrepentant Nazi', who flew to England to propose peace in precise and unambiguous terms, and then to return to Europe.

This truth, when viewed in the light of common logic, is as fantastical as the whole event itself was. World politicians of recent years and the current politicians of the

democracies fit the liberal-rationalist archetype, who think and react within the traditional logical framework, or at most become armchair 'Machiavellians'. That is why, when the world witnesses a gesture as unexpected as Hess's, politicians fail to understand it, are taken aback, or subsequently hasten to forget the event, making it appear to the general public—and even in their own eyes—as a senseless act, or as something of no importance.

But now a profound change has begun in the world, which, as is only right, is brought about through human beings. Politics is taking on a new dimension, and man is no longer a puppet driven by the dark and cold interests of finance, but is connected to historical tragedy and acts with an understanding of—or a feeling for—its painful forces.

This is the significance of Hitler and Germany at the present time. In a great book currently on sale, *What Hitler Told Me*, which for intelligent people is the best propaganda of the European reformer , one reads: 'Hitler explains his logic: I defeat my adversaries because I do the exact opposite of what they think. Because my logic is different. My logic is, if you like, the logic of the absurd. What would you say if two boxers challenged each other and, upon stepping into the ring, one of them pulled out a revolver and killed the other? It's absurd, isn't it? Well, he won. That is my logic. I shall send my enemies the most unexpected emissaries to carry out my missions.'

Given the climate in which Germany is returning to the world today, Hess's flight is entirely logical and even fitting.

Hess has flown to England, sent there personally by Hitler. But at the same time, anticipating the mission's failure, the Reich press is sowing confusion in its interpretations and, apparently, undermining his authority, branding him an idealist and a dreamer.

Now then, why has Hitler sent Hess to England? To fully understand the event, in terms of its favourable strategic implications, one must be almost an initiate, or an artist, because it feels more precisely like something that defies translation. It is something akin to the virtuosity in the conception of the 'fifth columns'. But I confine myself to understanding the event in its human and historical dimensions, and I maintain that it is a symbol which reveals one of the greatest tragedies of a ruler and which touches upon the painful mystery of history.

Hitler is a man who, at a certain point, realised that his destiny was bound up with

Western civilisation; yet, at the same time, by realising its ultimate forms, he transcends it, opening the doors to a new and different world that will reject it entirely, thereby destroying it.

This is the destiny that the German people must fulfil.

I, at that time, believed in the possibility of a military alliance with Russia, which represents the threshold of Asia and the 'other'; an alliance that Hitler sought to prevent at all costs by sending Hess to make the British understand the meaning of the mystery and fight alongside him against destiny. Hess failed in this part of his mission; but Germany has set out alone to destroy that which was not yet
ripe, that is to say, Russia. Yet, in my view, the situation remains the same, and in no way
will alter the course of events. Despite Russia's defeat, Hitler does not avert the danger that ultimately looms over the antiquated forms of Western civilisation; for he himself is already laying the foundations of a
different world, which, after a distant period of time, will turn against them. With the destruction of Russia and all that it stands for, an indefinite and entirely false obstacle is merely removed from the path, whilst Europe is given the economic opportunities for prosperity it needs to realise this final great
stage of its destiny.

Hess and his tragic vision represent Hitler's conscience, which suddenly sees his dual origins clearly; on the one hand, the ancient roots of Western culture—technical, 'Catholic' and rationalist—and, on the other, that which he most strongly embodies: the new, earthly, pagan world, a fairer universe of blood, which at the end of a thousand years will break through, destroying even that to which he himself belongs.

But when destiny is on the march, no one can stop it, least of all when one is its
representative. The mechanics of history are the same as those of individual life, and it will unfold in a blind yet luminous cycle until someone fully comprehends it and steps out of history, redeeming humanity and placing it in true natural life. This is the destiny of South America. In any case, the significance of Hitler lies in history resolving itself and transcending itself by seeking a way out of man's anxiety, through an individual chosen for this martyrdom. Hitler will bring about a new world, which is a new possibility. And this world will be built upon the ruins of the old, in which Hitler, as a Western man, also has his roots.

Adolf Hitler pauses and observes; suddenly it becomes clear to him: he does not wish to destroy that to which so many hearts are bound; he does not wish to make further enemies. And so he sends Hess. Hess returns, but the shallow, mediocre men that are Churchill, Eden and the Lord Chancellors, hardened by the coldness of gold and the bloodless relations of the old world, do not understand. Hitler will be unable to reach an agreement and will have to continue

destroying the old relationships, one after another, one after another, until he makes possible, far away, that other, different world, to which he himself does not entirely belong.

Hess's flight is the symbol of the tragedy of the man who, in the midst of history and being merely a force within it, would like to pause in order to alter its course. It is the tragedy of the man who is fulfilling a mission beyond his limited human strength and who, being merely an agent of history, has wished to rebel.

Today we stand on the threshold of a great change, which capable individuals must support in the significant figure of Hitler; for it brings renewed and fresh hopes for mankind, and for us South Americans, it is a stepping stone that history must climb until it reaches our own rung, which must be an awareness of the possibility of historical liquidation.

Some readers may find these words too obscure; nevertheless, I believe I have explained what I see in Hess's vision: the tragedy of a man who, on the threshold of two eras, suffers and sacrifices himself for all the sins (read: errors) of humanity.

# Destructive Globalism

## Letter to the editor

On the imposition of the ‘San Francisco Charter’.

El Mercurio de Santiago (30 June 1995), Las Últimas Noticias (1 July 1995), El Mercurio de Valparaíso (12 July 1995), La Estrella (30 June 1995), El Sur de Concepción (3 July 1995) and La Prensa Austral de Punta Arenas (3 July 1995).

Dear Editor:

There is a globalist plan that envisages the end of nation-states, including Chile. The disintegration of this small yet great country would unfold in the following stages: the loss of Laguna del Desierto and the Patagonian continental ice fields; the cession of Cerro Paranal; the sale of an entire region in Patagonia to the foreigner Douglas Tompkins; the sale to foreigners of vast tracts of border territory in the Andes; authorisation to sell land to foreigners on Chile’s northern border,
and so on. Furthermore, this is intended to render the armed forces superfluous, as guarantors of a non-existent territorial integrity, once the historical and physical country has ceased to exist. Then, with Chile’s encouraged inclusion in NAFTA and all manner of international economic organisations, whether already established or yet to be created, the globalist forces are moving swiftly to ensure that Chile is absorbed into the ‘black hole’ of world government.

The greatest obstacle to the implementation of this plan in Chile is the armed forces, owing to their tradition, military glories, discipline, cohesion and historical greatness. They are among the last institutions of their kind still remaining intact in the world. Globalist intervention has become very visible through the letter
sent by the President of the United States of America to his Chilean counterpart and by the presence of the US Ambassador at the headquarters of Renovación Nacional, declaring that there will be no NAFTA if Chile deviates even slightly from the dogma of the sacrosanct religion of democracy. It is these interventions—accepted and encouraged by imperialism—that are transforming Chile into a ‘banana republic’.

The forces of disintegration are today on the offensive, launching a virulent and globally orchestrated attack against Chile.

The situation facing our homeland is so grave, and the Machiavellian plan—which has already reached its critical point—is of such magnitude, that if the instinct for self-preservation of the Chilean people, who are currently lulled to sleep and hypnotised, does not awaken, the inevitable result will be the end of Chile as an independent nation-state
—as an independent nation-state, as a physical country, as an ethnic group, and as a delicate miracle of Providence and the earth; the last region in the world of free men will have vanished. The destructive forces of globalism and its supporters in Chile will have prevailed.

In less grave situations than these, the statesman Diego Portales paid little heed to the written constitution and defended the historical constitution, which safeguards the institutions of tradition. The most important of these, in our case, are the armed forces, which today find themselves between a rock and a hard place. The
army and navy are born with the nation. If they die, Chile dies.

And this is well known to the fanatics of globalism who seek, at all costs, to impose upon us the 'Charter of San Francisco' and their faith in the interconnection of stateless capital, as the sole and infallible tool in the construction of the totalitarian world empire of the future. The very same dream—or nightmare—of the 'Marxist international of capital', now paradoxically established by a 'global proletariat of entrepreneurs'. And we are not told that, in addition to the 'San Francisco Charter', there was the ingenious solution of the 'Charlottenburg Charter', with a true 'New World Order', based on the existence and
preservation of nation-states, of 'flesh-and-blood homelands', harmoniously related to one another, with defined and secure borders, with armies to safeguard them, and whose bonds of friendship were founded not on corrupting money or materialism, but on the Spirit, on respect for differences, and on the remembrance of the tradition that both united and distinguished them. A true spiritual ecology, born of the wisdom of history and respecting the laws of nature, where everything is different and nothing resembles anything else, this very richness being the source of the Divinity's joy.

Mr Tompkins is also lying in his letter

to the editor

The author is publishing this text in exercise of his right of reply.

La Tercera (7 March 1997).

In an edition of *La Tercera*, which appeared in Puerto Montt and Iquique on 26 February, a report was published about nationalists attacking Tompkins, stating that I was leading them and that I had been seen in the Vodudahue area. In the 4 March edition of *La Tercera*, this time from Santiago, this was repeated, this time stated directly by Mr Tompkins. All of this is a blatant lie.

Firstly, I do not even know where Vodudahue is. Secondly, I have not visited Patagonia, ever since my Melimoyu colonisation project was thwarted by people whom it is not worth mentioning here. Thirdly, I consider it utterly ineffective to combat Mr Tompkins' 'buying up of Chile' through leaflets, graffiti on walls, etc., especially given that this foreigner appears to be backed by the US Government and by the system of the 'mall government' that has taken root in Chile, where everything is for sale and where hundreds of thousands of hectares in strategic and border areas are sold to foreigner, on a tourist visa, hundreds of thousands of hectares in strategic and border areas, regions rich in minerals, hydroelectric reserves and forests, which he has apparently already begun to populate with other foreigners of unknown nationality. (In recent statements, General Pinochet has emphatically stated that no more than 1,000 hectares should be sold to a foreigner).

If we add to this the loss of Laguna del Desierto and the possible handover of the continental ice sheets, with the acceptance of the 'polygonal' boundary, then one can only conclude that all this has been planned from the very top and that, for that very reason, any action that does not also come from the top will be utterly ineffective in putting an end to the criminal expropriation and partition of our homeland, dealing a definitive blow to the 'nation-state' in order to impose the concept of the 'government-market' and the terrestrial 'global idea' of which the entrepreneurs of super-capitalism, the social market economy and consumerism dream.

As I have been mentioned in your newspaper with falsehoods and lies, I feel it is my duty to send you this letter for publication.

Enrique Gómez Correa

Letter to the Editor

Included in volume six of the collection ‘Miguel Serrano, the writer’.

Tribute in *El Mercurio* (4 August 1995), shortly after his death.

Dear Editor:

One should not speak aloud of departed friends. Rather, one should do so very quietly, as if speaking to oneself; for, in truth, they are buried within our own souls.
‘Nowhere else is the world but within,’ said Rilke.

I remember Enrique Gómez Correa, the poet, walking on water in India. Now, in death, he will cross the river that does not exist, the invisible one, called Sarasvati, which flows from the head of the god Shiva, seated upon the summit of Mount Kailash in the Himalayas, and also upon the summit of our sacred mountain, Melimoyu. And I say to him: ‘Walk, Enrique, walk upon those invisible, non-existent; do not hesitate, do not lose faith, for you can do it. Carry on, until you reach the light. Envelop yourself in it, pass through it, until you attain the resurrection of the poets and become a star. For poets do not die; they become stars. And then you will meet the other star-poets of your generation’s galaxy: Vicente Huidobro, Braulio Arenas, Jorge Cáceres, Eduardo Anguita, Teófilo Cid, Eduardo Molina, Jaime Rayo, Omar Cáceres…’.

An entire galaxy now vanished, swallowed up by the black hole in the firmament. And here, on earth, also on the verge of fading from the memory of a society devoid of spirit and ideals, increasingly materialistic, in today’s Chile.

An Interview with Myself

One of the texts he wrote during his trip to Antarctica.

Estanquero, no. 75 (26 June 1948)

I believe I have now, in some way, repaid my debt of gratitude to Antarctica and to those who made my journey there possible. As I bring to a close these interviews with members of our armed forces and the civilians who took part in the second Chilean expedition to Antarctica, I wish to thank Estanquero magazine for the kindness and goodwill it has shown me and for the enthusiasm it has always
shown for the national Antarctic cause, in relation to this expedition, which it has always sought to report on. Finally, it is also fitting that I should give my opinion on this matter, as concisely and honestly as possible. I have no personal interest, nor do I even believe it is possible that I might return to
Antarctica, so nothing prevents me from telling it as it is. This will be good for Antarctica and for those who go there afterwards.

I am going to interview myself, and I am going to conduct this interview here in Santiago rather than in Antarctica. I think it may be of interest, as I was the only correspondent who travelled to Antarctica as part of the expedition itself. I was there representing *El Mercurio*. But more than anything else, I went as an
adventurer and a writer. An adventurer of the spirit.

Let's begin:

1) Even I couldn't quite understand the reasons that drove me to go to Antarctica. I reckon the same must be true for many people. All I know is that if I'd put half the enthusiasm I
I spent on securing this trip – on making money, for example – I'd be a millionaire today. I must first and first and foremost to Rafael Maluenda of 'El Mercurio', to Ernesto Barros Jarpa, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and to Oscar Pinochet de la Barra. The director of the Valparaíso Zoological Museum, Mr John Juger, whom I'd known since I was a child and who introduced me to Commander González Navarrete, who behaved very well on this occasion and gave me the guidance I needed to make my trip happen. And that is how
the miracle came about: I, Miguel Serrano, a former 'Nazi' journalist who had long been on the

blacklist, became the sole representative of the Chilean press on this expedition. Faith moves mountains, and one always achieves what one truly desires and what is great.

2) In my opinion, the expedition fulfilled its mission of establishing a new base very well, as far as the chosen location is concerned. As for the Antarctic expedition itself, I do not think so. We could have explored further south, crossed the Antarctic Circle and even selected a site for a future base. The fact that this was not done is not because Margarita Bay was impassable, as we could have travelled through the almost unknown sector of Adelaide Island. It is mainly due to the
of the expedition leader, Commander González Navarrete, who at every turn made life difficult for the expedition, making life a misery for half the crew and turning the whole experience into something of a living hell. As well as being irascible and maintaining an incomprehensible system of informants on board, he was cowardly and spent his time hiding from imaginary British people. Consequently, the press on board
was subject to double censorship and had to use coded language, restricted to reporting on penguins and whales.
Quite simply, from a news perspective, I made a complete fool of myself, as did Oscar Pinochet, who represented the Diario Ilustrado, as well as being a delegate from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In Santiago, the radio broadcast the news of our arrival at Soberanía, giving the exact time and date, before we had even dropped anchor; however, I was only to broadcast it two days after our arrival. Strategic
strategic reasons were cited, and even the representative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—who had been given precise instructions regarding the secrecy of our actions—was sidelined and not even consulted on this matter. As Chileans, there were many of us who felt ashamed of having to hide away in a territory that is our own. All the more so when the British and Argentines were flaunting their presence and broadcasting their precise location over the radio at every turn. The Argentines set up camp ten metres away from the British bases, establishing a base of their own, and laughed off any fears. It's not that none of us felt any fear; but the expedition leader certainly did, as he
to several of us.

Another very unpleasant matter for a civilian is the revelation of the incomprehensible rivalries between the different branches of our armed forces. Their squabbles are detrimental to the country. The Air Force lacked the opportunity to fly as it pleased, because the Navy became jealous. And the Army failed to acknowledge the indisputable fact that it was the Navy that had built its base and had made it possible in the first place. On the other hand, the Navy found fault with everything the Army did. I do not know if this is the case everywhere in the world. I have been told that it is, and that even in pre-war Germany and in the United States today the same thing happens. But that does not justify it. It seems to me that the blame for this lies largely with the heads of the institutions, who do nothing to prevent or mitigate these negative manifestations of excessive institutional loyalty. I had dear and close friends amongst the soldiers, sailors and airmen, and I constantly strove to smooth things over and bring them all together. I think, and
believe that the blame lies with the leaders and, in this case, with what happened in Punta Arenas and later at the inauguration of the O'Higgins base, when the crew and officers of the frigate

'Covadonga'—which was the vessel that built the base—were completely overlooked, in order to give the impression that everything had been done by the tourists on their two-day Antarctic trip.

3) And since this subject has been raised, I must express my annoyance at the political ceremony for the inauguration of the O'Higgins base, where everything was organised in such a way that those who had
been working there for two months, and where an inaugural record was drawn up on board the presidential vessel without any mention whatsoever of those who truly deserved to be included. Our sailors and seamen are modest and unassuming; they do not expect to be paid in money, as is well known, but with a word of recognition
that might touch their hearts. Lieutenant Kopaitic, whilst it is true that he was decorated in Antarctica after spending a year in those regions, was only
honoured by 'Colo-Colo', when, in my view, he should have attended the tributes paid to the President, with far greater justification than anyone else. On their return from the gruelling three-month expedition, the Chilean ships were met in the ports by solitude and complete indifference, even in Valparaíso. In contrast, in Argentina, the expedition members returned triumphantly, and the efforts of those who had spent a year amongst the ice were duly recognised.

4) I acknowledge and am grateful for the kindness shown by the sailors and the military. The names of those comrades are etched in my memory forever. There are many of them. I lived alongside them and forged close bonds. I got to know them. I believe, however, that they do not yet know the civilians well and maintain a distance from them that is justifiable in some cases, but not in others. They are wary of journalists because of the foolish attitude they adopted during the first expedition, when they devoted themselves to social propaganda and spreading lies about a lack of understanding and the exploitation of sailors by their officers, when the truth is that both groups are equally underpaid. And our armed forces are the best and truest reserves of the nation. This is why the Navy does not want journalists to accompany them on their expeditions. But there are other commanders who simply do not want them to go because of a lack of understanding towards civilians. These expeditions do not belong to the armed forces but to Chile, and that is why they must be given the necessary publicity. The press must be granted facilities that it has not enjoyed in Antarctica until now.

5) Apart from the difficulties mentioned, which were mainly experienced by the architect Ripamonti—whose plans for the base's construction were even altered by the expedition leader—the expedition was marvellous. I particularly recall my excursion with Army Major Eduardo Saavedra Rojas and his team into the interior of the continent. Such a kind and enthusiastic leader deserves my heartfelt thanks. I believe it is essential for Chile to build another base in Antarctica—or rather, a proper base in Antarctica—as the ones it currently has are not in Antarctica but in the Subantarctic, that is, at the latitude of the Shetland Islands. A base is needed in the south, near Margarita Bay Margarita.

6) I like everything that is done with love and passion, even when it is unjust. Only what is done with pettiness is detestable. That is why I admire the great, passionate explorers of Antarctica: from
Shackleton and Byrd. Surely none of them really knew why they went there. As for me, if I think about it properly, and to be honest, I believe I went to look for Hitler. It's thought he might be there. A dream, a fantasy, which I do not regret. I am not one of those men who throw their faith overboard at the first sign of trouble. I still believe I wasn't wrong during the last war, even though I'm no longer in the least interested in politics today. The West is sinking, for lack of love, passion, faith, and a touch of holy madness. On which side
should we stand today? To decide this, we need only look in the mirror. If we have fair complexions and light-coloured eyes, we must stand with the United States against Asia and the 'colour revolution'. Standing firm, to the very end, in our place, even if we perish. I do not believe in 'third fronts', nor in Christian Socialism. Neither Spain, nor Argentina, nor any Latin American country, alone or collectively, can take on the Russians by force of arms. Only the United States can do so today. And this is no longer a matter of theories, but of war. If the United States itself still fails to grasp this, it is because, despite its great qualities, it is a country lacking a vision of world politics; it lacks internal unity and the style of an empire. It may be that one day it will come to possess these and acquire its spiritual form, displacing the merchants. This is why I believe the West is lost if Germany does not rise again. And this could only be brought about by the United
. Only the Jews in that country think otherwise. What the United States needs today is precisely to find Hitler. But not to judge him, but to understand him.

I am proud to publicly acknowledge my enduring admiration for Hitler, just as I do for Muhammad or Joan of Arc. And this at a very difficult and unique time. Hitler in Antarctica is a myth believed only by myself and by the Americans. In this we are alike. For our part, it is part of the search for an ideal for our times; because, in reality, Hitler must not be there, nor anywhere else. But let us hope that the new ideal or myth may emerge from somewhere to save our world.

# Europe and South America

‘The Annunciation’ by Fra Angelico.

El Mercurio (Santiago de Chile), 20 October 1951.

Written during his first trip to Europe, on the occasion of the International Congress of Journalists held that year in the French town of Evian.

If someone were to ask us what, in our view, is the difference between Europe and South America, we would have to begin by saying that these continents are two distinct worlds. Centuries, indeed ages, separate them. And these differences also relate to the diverse nature of the people who inhabit them and to different stages of human evolution.

The first impression of this difference is noticeable in the very air, in the very atmosphere of Europe. Immediately, the sensitive South American who travels there, ready to be open to new impressions and to take it all in, free from prejudice or preconceived notions, yet without ceasing to be who he is — for he cannot — will be struck by the joy of things, by the splendour and the grandeur of the cities. Let us try to explain. In Europe, the human spirit has permeated the landscape, has spoken its word and has humanised everything; there is no place, no crevice through which the spirit has not penetrated and raised its human song of glory. In every city, in every cathedral or ruin, lies the history of
man, not as a vegetative being, but as action, as endeavour, as drama. If one looks at a stone, one finds in it a trace of history and a reflection of the soul. The old cathedrals, the ancient ruins, are still sustained by a spirit that does not die and that beats visibly and tangibly.

This, too, is a burden for that European man who would sometimes like to rest but cannot, because his own achievements, his lofty creations, prevent him from doing so, reminding him of his great responsibility. The
man sometimes moves about feeling like a stranger, already weary, in that ‘museum of the spirit’ that is Europe, amidst palaces and ruins, as if longing to shake himself free and return to the undifferentiated bosom of the beginning.

This is the flip side, the burden of greatness and the ultimate pinnacle of the spirit, which has spoken its word and which may never be renewed.

In Europe, even the stones speak a human language. The mountain peaks are neither haughty nor fierce. They are tamed, clad in gentle forests, in snows that resemble bridal veils, wedded to mankind. The rock one encounters on the path speaks a language that is not that of the pristine, vernacular stone, but rather the language of the man who has been gazing at that stone for centuries. Everything is already humanised. Things seduce and attract with the energy and joy of the spirit. In to say, everything is art. Pausing in a street to look brings joy and is an artistic emotion. The most unexpected things can happen. In Paris, the little tables in the streets are always busy, at any time of day. One might suppose that people in Europe must have greater needs than in South America; yet they do not live in such a hurry as we do and make time to 'look', to feel, at some point during the day. That is the advantage of the spirit and of culture. There, they know how to live and they know how to die. Life and death have been turned into an art form. France is gentleness, it is the golden mean; Italy is the glory of light, a museum of centuries under the sun, and it is also the desire for power, the strength of power (but of a conscious, not a primal power) reflected chiefly in the grandeur of the Vatican. And it is the voice of God, in the glory of light; of Fra Angelico, in Florence. The greatest tensions and the highest dramas of the spirit are represented by Spain, at one extreme—fanatical and morally generous—and by Germany, at the other, romantic and cosmic, always rising from its ashes, like the Phoenix, beneath a sky clouded by tragedy.

This is Europe, its people, its history.

South America, on the other hand, is, for now, nature alone. The history of South America is one of cataclysms and earthquakes. Its greatest dramas are not even its revolutions, but man's struggles against the forces of nature. In Europe, people know how to live; in South America, one must learn to survive. Despite the European climate, which is harsher than our own, there is something there that makes life bearable. This is borne out by the many vigorous elderly people one often sees in Europe. It is also another manifestation of a life imbued with spirit, or of high cultures: respect for all stages of life and admiration for serene old age. In Europe, mature men and women are held in higher regard than the young. A young woman feels honoured to be courted by a man with grey hair. And a woman well past thirty is loved more than a young girl just starting out in life. The fanatical worship of youth is characteristic of peoples who are still in their formative stages, who value manhood, for example, not for the true values of the spirit, but for , the dark forces of the earth that are still scattered and untamed, and by the dense, outward forms of matter. Europe understands, just as the ancient East does, that old age is a long journey through a harsh valley, one of accumulated pain and experience. In contrast, amongst us, even from a purely physical point of view—or in terms of diet, let us say—the opposite is

opposite. Everything seems to conspire to ensure that man lives but a few years. In Chile, for example, food is less nourishing, and the climate, though seemingly better than in Europe, is hostile to man. There is a lack of lime, and many adverse factors are present. Our life, too, is hard and devoid of rewards. The spirit has not yet emerged, and nature remains virgin and wild. The unleashed forces have nothing to do with
human being and work against him. The rocks of the mountains and the jungle reign supreme, and it is only the distant, vernacular voice of their unknown gods that is sometimes heard in the great deserts. All of man's work remains to be done. And, in this struggle, it is the human being who loses out. Immigration serves
merely as a source of refreshment in the unequal struggle against this hostile world.

It is merely a momentary and material aid, but one that does not solve the underlying problem, which is of a different nature and of a more complex and subtle kind. For these and various other reasons, people in South America do not yet 'live', but merely vegetate. For there is also a dark, psychic force that pulls
downwards and towards defeat. Here it is difficult to find encouragement or love. The driving forces are the negative ones of envy or revenge. And the end result is an atmosphere of sadness and bitterness.

For all these reasons, South America is an immensely harsh continent. It is a continent for supermen and conquerors. For the conquest is not yet over, and its most important part remains to be achieved: the spiritual connection and the interpretation of the landscape. For now, in this unknown world, death lies in wait at every turn. And the worst kind of death: that of the soul. To survive, a man must create a world of his own and, through great individual effort, be able to penetrate even the private realm of the spirit.

In South America, this is a personal endeavour, a solitary and secluded pursuit. Yet this work and this effort represent the finest opportunity our continent offers as recompense: a few men might live here a truly profound and solitary existence, almost mystical and religious, as the best means of surviving in the face of an hostile world.

We believe that this latter state—the pinnacle of man's spiritual existence on earth—must, by a strange paradox, be more difficult to attain in present-day Europe. For introversion
must be greatly hampered there by the allure of the external world and of the pleasant, humanised surroundings. The external world is alluring in Europe, unlike in South America, where the concrete world is hostile to us.
There, the spirit is already objectified in things, and it is the spirit of preceding generations. Man, who has moreover made an art of external living by softening his surroundings, might spend his life absorbed by the external world, distracted by the surroundings—which have been shaped by the spirit of the past—and will no longer have the courage to turn inwards, where something is dying, in order to renew himself and recreate the

world anew. Herein lies the danger. For there is nothing more difficult than the great effort we must make to find ourselves at the very depths of our own solitude.

The world, in general, is already devoid of ‘men’, as such men once existed in the great and distant past. In Europe, there are their traces, their artefacts, their palaces and their ruins. In South America, it is the grand and solitary natural world. Perhaps this is why it may be easier for them to reappear here one day, rather than there.

Man is born and grows from his own, already forsaken, heart. And the salvation of the world may not so much come from a new theory, a new religious or economic concept, as from the emergence of a new man.

The truth is that, for the time being, it takes a great deal of courage and the drive of conquerors to live in South America.

Ezra Pound and the Angel

‘It was a mistake of mine to try to speak to “him”… when I ought to have spoken to his “angel”’.

El Mercurio (21 January 1996); and La Voz del Pueblo, no. 7 (20 April 2001).

From the late 1930s to the mid-1940s, and even more so afterwards, I took a keen interest in the American poet Ezra Pound. I saw myself reflected in him, to a large extent. Indeed, during the Second World War, he turned against his own country’s government and embraced the cause of Italy and Germany. I, too, did something similar by opposing the stance taken by my uncle, Joaquín Fernández y Fernández, Minister for Foreign Affairs under
President Juan Antonio Ríos, who was also a supporter of Germany. My uncle severed ties with the Axis powers and I, for many years, severed my ties with him. The difference between me and the great poet was that he was
his country’s government imprisoned him, first in an animal cage in Pisa, and then confined him for thirteen years in a mental asylum in the United States, thus foreshadowing the Soviet torture of political dissidents in the USSR. Nothing of the sort happened to me, even though the Allied powers (that is to say, a foreign power, not my own country) kept me on a commercial ‘blacklist’ for four years, which prevented me from being given any work in Chile and, I suppose, anywhere in the world. It was a disaster; however, nothing comparable to what happened to Ezra Pound and Knut Hamsun, another great
writer and Norwegian Nobel laureate, who was also confined to a mental asylum, in addition to having all his property and belongings confiscated, simply for having expressed his support for Germany.

Many years passed and I heard nothing more of Ezra Pound. I did learn, however, that he had been released and had returned
to Italy straight away. He declared: ‘I am leaving the United States, for here one can only live in a madhouse’… And he settled in Venice.

One day, my secretary at the embassy in Vienna passed me a newspaper clipping with a photograph of Pound in
London, where he was attending the funeral of his friend, the English poet T. S. Eliot, author of *The Waste Land*, a poem that Pound had helped him to compose. It was also mentioned there that Ezra Pound was living in Venice.

I decided to go in search of him and travelled to that beautiful city on the Adriatic, settling into a guesthouse known mainly to Venetians and which had been recommended to me in India by the Italian ambassador, Count Giusti del Giardino, owner of the famous gardens of the same name in Verona. His family

lived in Onara di Tombolo. The ambassador was a great admirer of poetry and would recite Neruda in Italian from memory. The guesthouse he had recommended was called ‘Alla Salute Da Cici’ and was situated in a neighbourhood behind the Cathedral of La Salute in Venice, near the quays and some artisan workshops producing the famous Venetian glass. Only locals stayed there, and simply mentioning the guesthouse’s name was enough for the gondoliers and ‘vaporetto’ drivers to treat you with special deference. Ezra Pound’s house, on Via Querini, was almost next door to the ‘Cici’. And it was the owner who gave me his address, warning me, mind you, that Pound didn’t receive visitors.

I tried, but without success.

What follows I have already recounted in articles published in *El Mercurio* during those years. I do not wish to repeat it now, as they are also reproduced in a recently published book by Editorial Universitaria, *Antología de Ezra Pound. Homenaje desde Chile*, by Armando Uribe Arce and Armando Roa Vial.

It was the kind owner of the guesthouse who eventually arranged my meeting with Ezra Pound, advising me that on my return journey to Trieste, whilst passing through Udine, I should try to see Mr Ivancich, a member of the Italian nobility, who lived there in a family palace—which had been bombed during the war and built by the same architect who designed the Cathedral of the Salute. He was a young and spontaneous patron of the arts, a friend of Hemingway, of whom he possessed unpublished manuscripts. He was the protector and patron of Ezra Pound, and he also painted. He immediately telephoned the poet’s home. And I had to return to Venice that very afternoon, because Ezra Pound had invited me to have tea with him the following day.

I have recounted my interview in two articles: ‘The Cry of Silence’ and ‘Celestial Signs in Homage to Ezra Pound’. Both were published by *El Mercurio* in Santiago and by *La Prensa* in Buenos Aires during those years. Now I shall focus solely on the extraordinary experience I had there. Or rather, that we had there, Ezra Pound and I. The poet remained in total silence; he did not speak, he did not utter a single word. It was I who spoke. I spoke alone for over half an hour; I even recited a poem by Hermann Hesse; I spoke to him about the war, about the Cathars, about Bertrán de Born’s poem, *In Praise of War*, which he had translated. Nothing; the silence was absolute. Then, suddenly, as if struck by inspiration and recalling my own childhood in the fields of Chile, when I was not yet ‘me’ and seemed to be floating outside myself, ‘at one’ with the ‘Guardian Angel’ who watched over me from afar, that expression came to my that expression: ‘the second childhood of the elderly’, and it occurred to me then that Ezra Pound must have ‘stepped out’ of himself and returned to his ‘guardian angel’. It was, therefore, a mistake for me to try to speak to ‘him’, down here, when I ought to have addressed his ‘angel’ directly, up there… And then he replied to me.

I shall cherish what he told me forever. They are prophecies, like those of Fátima, and they have given me the strength to carry on, remaining steadfast ‘in the old dreams, so that our world may not lose hope…’.

It was I who made the greatest effort to erect, in his honour, the only monument to the memory of Ezra Pound that exists today on this earth, in the town of Medinaceli, in Spain. A huge boulder from the Cantabrian Mountains was brought by mule by the locals, and with letters set in bronze—crafted by the village blacksmith—the question that Ezra Pound put to the Spanish journalist Eugenio Montes when he visited him in Venice was engraved upon it: ‘Do the roosters of El Cid still crow in Medinaceli?’.

I travelled to the monument’s unveiling with Ivancich and the beautiful Olga Rudge, Ezra Pound’s faithful friend. My eldest son was also with me. I spoke there in a faltering, almost inaudible voice, overcome by the deep emotion of a comrade. Perhaps, in his memory, I should have spoken with the voice of silence, with ‘the cry of silence’, which is what best reaches the angel who received him, a long, long time ago.

Failure of the trip to

Spain Letter to the editor

Las Últimas Noticias (Santiago), 9 June 2001.

His concern regarding Chile's coat of arms was set out in greater detail in a pamphlet entitled *Se acabó Chile*.

Dear Editor:

The President, the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the President of the Supreme Court have failed to prevent a Spanish judge from interfering in Chile's internal affairs. In return for this, we have received nothing but a promise of support from the European Community. And just as in days gone by the indigenous peoples were dazzled with
coloured beads, so too are they now dazzled with palaces, necklaces, uniforms, tailcoats and everything else that serves to fascinate the mestizos, whilst their lands, industries and businesses are snatched from them.

Our forebears knew how to handle such matters. Hence Chile's coat of arms and its motto: 'By reason or by force'. It is very difficult for the Spaniard—whether of yesterday or today—to be persuaded by reason.

It has been some time since those who govern Chile removed the motto from our coat of arms. How could they even think of putting it into practice today? For example, announcing that the construction of the
submarines (which are already severely behind schedule) in Spanish shipyards if that country does not cease to interfere in our internal affairs. It would have had an immediate effect.

Perhaps, fearing that, or something similar, the Spanish, as a mere warning, have revealed the payment of a bribe — just one — in connection with the sale of their submarines. Thus, the motto of what was once our coat of arms has been turned on its head, to bring the Chileans 'to their senses'.

And it is all the more worrying to discover that the Coat of Arms of Chile has just been replaced by a modern three-coloured logo, which now heads all official and government communications, the true meaning of which escapes most of our compatriots. It is intended to
to represent the Chilean flag, with its three colours; and, in place of the solitary five-pointed star, the six-pointed Star of Israel has been very skilfully incorporated into the design, almost concealed and repeated several times throughout.

Until It Comes to Light: A

Short Story

His contribution as a short-story writer to the Anthology of the True Short Story in Chile.

Celestial traveller, how many paths of distance and peace, and miles of shadows through your intense light. Where are you today? And the Valley of Rest and the Path of the Seven Endeavours…

I

That morning was the Morning of Eternity. The signs read: ‘The traveller is a swift man.’ He was a complete stranger. The stranger.

At the ticket office of the toy station, a ticket for a Mr Videia. Could he be that gentleman that morning? He would be that gentleman. The Gentleman. He was considering all these reflections as inner situations of his Great Journey. To set out, with deep weaknesses, placing his hopes in a few fleeting successive minutes.

‘Mr Videia has sunken cheeks,’ said the ticket clerk.

The stranger sucked in his cheeks.

‘And a long nose, too.’

He gazed sideways towards the light that appeared a few metres further on, at the end of the shed.

Videia took the ticket, cupped it in the palm of his hand; he felt as though he were split in two, in a physical soliloquy.

Coins for human laughter. They're collected there and here too, if you like.

The stranger, looking rather frail with his suitcase, began to walk. He boarded the train. He took a seat. 'A peach eaten at dawn,' he thought, 'is good for the soul.' He held out his pale hand through the window and bought one, just as the locomotive let out a long, distant whistle.

A moment ago he'd placed his suitcase up there. The gentleman had been sitting here. He was peeling the peach very carefully, so as not to spill a single drop of juice on his neighbours. He took a bite. The juice, in the morning, went straight to the soul.

It's time for us to set off. Let's start climbing, climbing towards the high mountains of our land as far as we possibly can… Hand in hand with this stranger — why not? — hand in hand with the Lord… From there, from our homes, the mountains of our land always look blue. Now to climb… as far as the heart can bear.

If one could write down the sound of a whistle, this story would have no reason to exist. The train set off. The train began to depart for ever. Many passengers were seated. What kind of companions are they? We must wait and see.

Real adventures are always undertaken alone. But it is no less true that we always have companions with us, those who, in deep connection, bounce back to their different societies. On a Great Journey, you can count your companions on your fingers; but they are never all those who are travelling. There are two, three, four, five. We never guess who they are until we've travelled at least four kilometres.

How many companions are there on this train?

One kilometre.

The landscape thrusts green claws towards the rails, wedges its greenery beneath the wheels, trying to derail the little train and its load of morning travellers.

Two kilometres.

A few houses on either side, with dark foliage over the fences.

Women collecting milk churns.

Three kilometres.

A bridge. A irrigation channel and a cross, with a faded veil. Someone drowned there or was stabbed. A damp smell. It draws you in and stirs memories. Someone has stuck their lips out of the window and is letting the juice of a fruit drip from their mouth onto the weary earth.

Four kilometres.

Something like smoke, like a shadow, has emerged from the car, somewhere, and four faces—at first, just four—begin to take shape, coming into being. They are the same ones as always.

A voice says:

'They'll extend this unbearable military train; they'll enlarge it at last. The State…'

A soldier in a threadbare overcoat, small, thin, toothless, in a corner. A weary, emaciated woman, sprawled out, leaning back, struggling to breathe, turning very pale. The indifferent man, reading a government newspaper. And the old woman, her feet on the floorboards, her hands wrinkled by life and her mouth contorted with pain.

Five, six, several kilometres. Until two more figures come into view; for the ragged soldier is carrying in his arms a fair-haired child, wrapped in a short coat, who is trying to sleep, and the old woman has a dark-skinned daughter, like the earth, and lost, like her, in an endless, silent trance.

Then the soldier stands up and says:

'Ah, yes, gentlemen, the copper mines.'

The woman's pallor trembles. The reader turns a single eye to one side and silently turns a page.

The soldier sits down, clenching his last remaining tooth.

Our master realises that we are climbing ever higher. He can now see the mountains and, along the ridges or on the flanks of the great slopes, clear horizontal lines of impossible roads, with the silver of their waters and their structures, like flat, outstretched knives, in a past battle of light.

At this point, the event was unexpected yet foreseen. Someone had been making a noise with their heels a moment earlier, when the door opened and, crossing from one carriage to the other like a vague line from a dream, a
man stepped into the carriage and paused for two seconds, gazing at the ceiling, his arms outstretched as if seeking balance. He was thin and small. His eyes were very bright and cynical. He gave a little jump and pointed at a fly.

He trembled. What did that man have to do with his fate? The man looked down at him.

‘I am Videia,’ he said, standing on a strange little platform at the end of the small carriage, beginning to speak in a peculiar, grandiloquent tone. ‘I sing the morning’s epinicion; I have travelled since childhood and know the language of the roads. Look.’

And with a grubby finger he pointed to the pink moors of the lost.

‘I know the evocative meaning of this ascent; I shall be your “conductor” and shall orchestrate it within the space of the word like a dance. And in the body…’

The woman leaned back even further and trembled in the blue tendons of her neck.

‘I am Videia…’

Our first unknown traveller could clearly see how the fair-haired child, at the soldier’s knees, was holding one leg against the other so he could sleep. Vague sensations. The soldier wanted to speak. The tireless man kept making noise:

‘There are two or three words in life which, if a man utters them, will cost him his teeth. All those men you see without teeth along the roads have uttered them… They are…’

The old woman stood up. The man gave her the platform.

‘I cannot speak,’ she said, the bitter grimace on her lips fading into slumber. ‘Oh! Pufanti, oh, Pufanti, dark spirit and lord of the heights… Pufanti, sorrow in the corners of the stone walls, in the ledges where riches lie, and at night his hoarse, evil voice can be heard. La Loia came one day, Lord Videla, and fell in love with my dark-haired daughter; for that wicked mare falls in love with women and sucks the life out of them. Look at her there, head bowed, tears rolling down her cheeks.

‘Mum,’ said the girl, laughing.

The woman composed her grimace and returned to her seat. So when they arrived at a station, there was no one on the platform.

She realised everything that had come to the surface. Her pulse was quickening. Outside there were street vendors and late-season fruit. She wanted to get off and merely leaned her body out of the window; everything was moving at a leisurely pace, some dogs were barking in a slow, drawn-out tone and then lay resting, gnawing on some purple, dried figs, lost in some dream of their own. The hills were just two metres from the sky; it was marvellous to see how they held tiny steel stones against their vertical walls. The sun, in the centre of the pure blue sky, was settling without earthly concerns.

He was so exhausted by the light, by the ascent, by his very soul, that he lay back to die in the uncomfortable seat. Why so much undreamt-of beauty? Now, at this height and in this absurdity, that other Mr Videia was inevitable. The four passengers and the two attendants were waiting for him, as if for something indispensable, which, after all, did not need to be asked twice.

He appeared with a slam of the door and leapt onto the platform.

'Oh, the perils of long journeys…'

'What on earth is that?' protested the woman.

In the carriage next to them, a muffled murmur could be heard, like that of an incomplete sea.

The soldier bought a fizzy drink for the child. And he said:

'I'll pay you back later; you know me.'

Then the little man pointed at him.

‘You, yes, it’s your turn…’

The soldier stood up. He climbed onto the platform.

‘But this is jazz,’ said the woman.

‘The problem of workers’ housing,’ began the soldier, ‘and, on the other hand, the colonisation of the land… I can’t,’ he continued, clenching his last remaining tooth.

Two of us were whispering, buffeted by a wind that swept down in gusts.

And from that moment until the end of the journey, that peculiar fellow never left his pulpit; step by step, with difficulty, metre by metre, handspan by handspan, he commented on the ascents and the marvellous bends in the mountain. It completely belied the natural mood, the true spirit of the moment, and lulled the travellers into a silent drowsiness. Until the old woman said:

‘Shut up! The truth is that our snow has been trampled and isn’t growing. The truth is that the potheads and the gringos “magnetise” Christians and turn them into workhorses. They’re sorcerers.’

But the man went on to say:

‘That mountain creaks despite its ferocity. Man is stronger than the night. I have pressed my ear to that hill, as one would listen to a sick person, and today I know that it carries water within it, sweet, clear water
for the thirst of the heavens and the days, which slip their lips through its crevices and wounds, water clear as iron and leaves, tender urine of Pufanti, fresh urine of witches, water for the thirst of the poplar and the pine, water for the thirst of all of you.

‘Oh, the sun,’ moaned the woman.

‘If women were to press their breasts against the flanks of the mountain, they would be covered in deep sores.’

The woman groaned more hoarsely.

‘We’re here!’

The train mustered its last reserves of strength, raced on, and arrived, bleeding.

‘When we get there, we’ll see a hill…’

The hill came into view.

“Over there, up there, are the graves… That hill is the outpost of that village.”

Then the air filled with coughs, which seemed to descend, with a dry, passionate sound, from the hill itself.

‘That hill will die. It can barely breathe now; its chest is shattered, it coughs hoarsely, and its fever is destroying and shattering the region. Everyone believes that one day it will come down to die in the town.’

The coughs tormented the air. The sick, tragic hill coughed until its chest was torn apart. And, beyond that, one could hear the distant accompaniment of the deep chorus of the men from that village. Then he felt, with precision, that state of delirium, of marvellous reverie, which would never leave him again. And that
sensation of living, or merely contemplating, the life of something serious, very serious and passionate. As if life, concentrating its suffering and its fantastical situation, were preparing for something that would save it…

The pale, thin woman—her dark circles deepening with every step uphill—at the mere touch of the high-altitude wind and the torment of the mountains, rummaged in her briefcase, pressed a handkerchief to her mouth and began to cough frantically, with excitement, until she turned transparent, her eyes brimming with tears.
When the train came to a halt, she could bear it no longer; she spread her legs and, rising at last in the paroxysm of her solitary and empty excitement, she cried out:

'Come on.'

The soldier let go of the child, who fell onto the tracks, and ran to embrace her.

'Thank you,' she said, in a faint whisper, 'you've saved me from falling alone, without help, into the void of this… wasteland.'

Our stranger laboriously picked up his suitcase and climbed down.

II

A serene land in its own way, with its surfaces weary from an inner fever, with its rugged mountains, white at certain hours, dotted with tireless grass, with so many thorns, with quiscos, and, up there, a marsh,
lined with unusual poplars, not in that calm, ordinary dialogue of their leaves, but scrawny and dishevelled, like tough old men or dogs of that land, buffeted by the tireless wind of the heights.
Brown land, dark land, deep land, like everything that strives for redemption.

Our stranger could barely manage his suitcase. The thin, dry air had him in a daze. The sun was high above, right over his head, slipping away. Though that wasn't quite it. The sun was falling from the sky in such brightness and thinness, and it was close, yellow, swaying.

Swaying.

‘Where?’ he asked.

People walked without haste. The weather-beaten, dark-skinned men moved slowly, gazing up at the heights or with their faces and shoulders slumped under an invisible weight. There is so much climbing to do. For them, life boiled down to climbing. In this village, the story of ‘the human miners’ is told. A group of students, armed with drill bits, formed a sort of secret club or society. Most of them had been medical students. They would go out at night, seize one of those
with dark, weather-beaten faces and beat him with their drill bits and picks, because they believed they would find the hidden vein of a mine within their bodies.

Pufanti is the spirit of riches, a spectre in the high stone hills, where inexplicable dynamite blasts can be heard. Pufanti is black. When a man’s body bears riches, when his blood is a hidden vein of gold or silver, Pufanti takes hold of his soul, and that man, amidst other men, is a body in torment; deep within his chest, inexplicable dynamite blasts can be heard, and his
very body will turn into a bullet.

He stretched out his white hand and knocked on the door. It was opened. But the woman dressed in black was already running down the stone corridor. So she did not notice who had opened the door.

He began to walk down the narrow corridor. And suddenly, at his side, Mr Videia appeared, along with the carriage attendants, all carrying their suitcases, in a hurried and solemn clatter of footsteps. That small, thin man who claimed to be Videia was darting about like a squirrel, poking his head into the rooms, peering in, greeting people, winking and talking tirelessly, as always.

‘I am the translator of all this, the tra−duc−tor, the interpreter for each and every one.’

Our Lord paused for a moment. He was breathing heavily.

‘Here. Let’s see here?’

I saw him stick his head through a doorway.

‘Ah! This man in this room lives inside a violin; he’s a musician. For five years now he’s been descending the musical staircase; he can’t reach the end, though he tears out the most dreadful flats every spring. He coughs. Ah, here… The wife of the chronic wanderer. She alone, by her own efforts, maintains the marshes and the amphibian breeding grounds of the region.

Videia poked her head into a new room and said hello. Her face took on a serious expression, perhaps a little comical.

Somewhere in the distance, the sound of slow-moving water or prayers began to be heard, and every so often, intermingled with it, a choked sob. Our stranger wondered if he might be dreaming.

But Videla pushed the door open and revealed

A man in a red dressing gown, whose face was trying to smile, took a step forward into the room.

This is the man whose wife is running away from him.

The man in the dressing gown slammed the door shut. Videia gave a start.

‘Hey, sir, am I not your translator?’

The corridor stretched out to a dim little lamp. On a door was a sign that read:

Mr Videia

But it was our stranger who opened it, who went in and locked the door from the inside.

He glanced at his watch. It was a quarter past two. Without so much as a glance at the room, he collapsed onto the bed and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, drenched in sweat and pain.

A bell hanging from a tree rang out. Ta-lan, ta-lan. As he tossed and turned on the bed, struggling to wake himself, a village from his childhood and a city of bells appeared before him. He opened his eyes. He was utterly exhausted. The bell was ringing. Suddenly, to his horror, he heard a woman's voice that rose in a long, high-pitched song.

'The teeeeeee… the teeee…'

'Eleven o'clock,' he thought. The cry came from the very depths of a woman's belly, from her very guts.

With his eyes open, he lay on the bed for a long while, resting from his sleep. A window opened out onto the rugged landscape of a hill, with kiosks and wandering weeds. The mountain range!… A plum branch
held in place, secured by a cord, stretched across the window's opening. There were apple trees and sighs. Not a single scent, amidst all that strange vegetation, was perceptible. The dry air and the sky reigned supreme. And the sky, like water, has no scent.

Strange noises in the adjoining room. The bell was still ringing in his imagination. He went out.

The dining room.

The Great Window.

The hill. The Mountain. Half past four in the afternoon. The sun, precise above the immense mountain, just two centimetres away, cast down its vertical and eternal light. It was the most magnificent festival of Light. And
consequently, of shadow. Light and Shadow on that divine mountain, in a battle of epic proportions. The most marvellous respect in the struggle between Shadow and Light. And the Divine Mountain, rising in the battle, in the play of light and shadow, in that magnificent love of the day, at that precise hour when the day reaches the violent and terrible climax of its love.

The Holy Mountain Range. The Mountain Range like a saint, with its halos of light and its utter abysses of shadow. There stood its giants clad in lead, its ineffable silences and humility. Its people, slow-moving, waiting.

He, the stranger, our stranger, fell to his knees before the windows. But the others did not
even look at him; they bent over their tea, over the butter, turning their backs, in a strange way, towards the Mountain.

The light bounced, leapt, ricocheted, multiplying the heights into sensual shapes, blurring the details, creating morbid planes, upon the earth and the hour, utterly feminine.

Videia, looking very red-faced, took him by the shoulder and lifted him up.

‘Sit down… This is vulgar, do you understand? Vulgar. To everyone…’

He raised the cup to his mouth.

‘To everyone… It was the same at the start. Look now.’

He gestured towards the dining room.

‘And the soldier?’

By the windows, at a table, a tall woman took a seat, with warm, weary skin and arms of a dull whiteness.

‘There she is! Look at her. That’s her! The one who’s tearing herself away…’

The man looked at her.

The woman, too, turned her back on the mountain. She looked all around, rubbed her arms, and, when the man in the dressing gown entered, she loosened her neckline with her long fingers and bared her breasts. The man lowered his gaze, stood before her, shielding her from his eyes, whilst she was transported into a physical and abnormal
religious ecstasy.

‘The day before yesterday she escaped. She fled. She wants to save him. Her body is his death. And he knows it. But, as I understand it, he prefers to drink death from those two marvellous fountains of God; for he pursues her, finds her, and brings her back here.’

He winked and spoke in a loud voice, for everyone to hear.

The man in the dressing gown did not turn his head.

That night he did not come down to eat. Lying on his bed, he thought: ‘That man next door sleeps and rests on top of his wife at all hours. In this way he watches over her, so that she does not run away.’

Downstairs, in the dining room, the real Videia rose from his chair, stood in the middle of the room and, in a solemn voice, said:

'I, gentlemen, am your translator.'

Then they killed him.

Moments earlier, Videia, whilst still alive, had wanted to speak of the man in the dressing gown. But the man stared him straight in the eyes, and the charlatan fell silent, swallowing his own words.

It was now night-time.

No sooner had the gentleman fallen asleep than he began to feel that asymmetrical sensation of the heavy burdens, of the
, whilst his body was in a state of utter starvation. His detached soul was erupting onto a barren land, where it fell vertically and fled, walking sideways. The delirium of his soul set his sleeping body ablaze. A spring, for example, some hot baths in the mountains. It is night-time and the ground is cold. His soul tells him: 'Sleep inside the baths.' His body rests in the water. His heart begins to falter. He feels nothing. He sinks. He plunges into the deep world of water and unconsciousness. He is dying. His consciousness somehow knows that his head is under the water, that he is drowning; but despite every effort, he cannot return or wake up. Then, blinded by the darkness, in that total dominion of the
unconscious, a command—which is not that of reason, but rather some painful instinct for self-preservation—he surfaces, rising slowly, steadily and surely. And his body leaps, rising out of the water.

The gentleman, sitting on the bed, realises that he is awake: that he has woken up. Through the window there is a bitter moon and the branch of the cherry tree, silent; yet as if it had been saying something.

The gentleman realises he is terrified. A present and overwhelming fear has taken up residence in the centre of his room, spilling out of his soul, which trembles like a poor, sick little bird. It is that fear which lashes the solitary man in the great stages of his life, like the most powerful and unknown geographical wind.
It is that indescribable dread which, for once in his life, brings a man into contact with the most intimate and solid core of existence.

Then one realises how feeble, fragile and uncertain the source is.

Who was steering his life? Out of thin air, unseen hands reached up to his throat. The light bulb, now switched on, swayed and wobbled; the cabin spun round. The four walls have a word to say.

And yet everything falls silent, everything falls silent. The paintings are living beings, stepping out of their frames; someone might scream in a muffled voice until it kills. The dead, who have not died, are alive in their graves, their bodies warm and palpable beside us.

—Who is guiding my life?

The gentleman feels that someone is guiding his actions, that someone is planning his life. That there is a being in love with him. And terror leaves him trembling, unconscious. Awake.

The gentleman closes his eyes. The moon has vanished. He realises the window is shut. He rests.

But someone is watching him, someone is observing him in his sleep. He opens his eyes. The shutter on the door to the adjoining room is open. He strains his eyes. Horror. What is there? It is the face of a man, with large, fixed eyes, whom the gentleman recognises.

He switches on the light and the window slams shut. He gets up. He paces around the room. He hears the sound of warm words coming from next door. A woman's whisper. A slender sword of light, as if the hidden shadow of a pair of eyes were peering through the crack. Alas! To kill with a dagger of light.

He picks up a fly swatter and taps it against the wall, to feign indifference on this night of dread.

Someone taps beside him, also with a fly swatter.

As soon as the sun peeked out, he got up. He went out into the garden.

Then, along a path, the man in the dressing gown approached.

He had a high-pitched voice.

‘It was me, sir. Me myself.’

‘You’ve put me through a lot.’

‘Me, in my dressing gown, myself. I was afraid of you and wanted to know what you were doing.’

‘By what right?’

The man lowered his head. He looked at the green grass. He stroked the hydrangeas, which were blooming blue.

‘I’m going to die. My wife ran away last night, whilst I was looking through the window.’

The breakfast bell rang. A woman’s voice called out for afternoon tea.

‘Breakfast…’

At the table, the man in the dressing gown remained alone. He gazed with a vacant, animal-like stare at the hill in the cheerful morning light.

How absurd it all seems now.

Then the stranger came for breakfast.

The man in the dressing gown's table was empty.

He went to his room via the dining room. He opened the door. Beneath the cot lay a woman. He lifted her by the shoulders. He shook her. Her rosy shoulders were left bare.

'Let me go, I don't want to sleep with you.'

'Who told you that…? What were you doing?'

'I was eating vermicelli.'

'Which ones?'

'When a man's body sleeps, some varillas fall under the bed; they're stiff. If you eat one, you walk upright and can live like that for many years, because death comes about when the body bends towards the ground.'

The girl broke free and ran away.

The hours began to pass, until that final night arrived.

Our stranger went down to the dining room. He took his seat. He was alone. All his travelling companions had disappeared.

The man in the dressing gown entered, holding his wife's hand. They began to serve him his meal. The man ate alone. They served him dishes in enormous quantities. She, the woman, almost naked, remained with her face in her hands, as if in prayer.

Then the door opened and a tall, dark-skinned man entered; standing in the middle of the dining room, he began to speak passionately about the 'Flower of an Hour of Light'.

He said that its gentle existence dwelled on the lonely mountain peaks, that its path was difficult and courageous, that only discipline and redemption could achieve it, that it was a tiny, terrible god, which filled men with strength and life. That it was Life. That it stood upon the summit of our mountain and of each person's own life. That it was the Valley of Rest, reached via the Path of the Seven Strivings, or the Way of the Seven Labours.

The woman trembled in her numb, familiar flesh.

That night it was our stranger who looked across the room, for he sensed the sound of blood. Then he saw it running beneath the wall, passing through doors and walls, like a god, with its slippery consistency.

He watched.

There, in his sleep, surrounded by his sickly blood, lay the man in the dressing gown. Dead. Murdered by his wife, who had fallen from a lamp.

And she, there, beneath the electric light, her face raised, marvellous, in profile, towards the light, receiving it on her face, in her eyes, drinking it in.

At dawn, lying there, he had his last Great Dream.

The enormous, majestic mountain, bathed in light, the mountain of wings, surrounded by wings on all sides, as in a profoundly manly ascent.

III

The stranger put on his last pair of shoes. Then he stretched out his white hand and set off.

He set off.

The landscape rose towards the light.

The clear sky, ever blue and dry, was dawning in a dawn impossible to halt. The dawn began at an unpinpointable spot and spread out without volume, without substance, with an intrinsic vitality—or joy.

The tiniest reality—yet no less magnificent or real—of the hills was taking shape. The hawthorn, the cactus of the plain, the weeds, the climbing greenery.

Below, ploughed fields, irrigated by a fine, delicious water; towards the heights, hayfields. It is curious, but during the ascent the gaze cannot climb independently of the whole body; it moves alongside the individual, not venturing much further on its own. One is barely aware in one's mind that, beyond that great, immediate height, lie the sheepfolds, where the gentle sheep, on stormy nights, put down roots in the sleep of their delicate little legs and cannot be brought low by the all-powerful
wind of the heights. There, like rare plants, grow dark-skinned, malnourished girls; yet with a stone at the centre of their chests, their breasts hard as stone, and possessing no concept of the plains. The old women, who do not wash their bodies, for their wrinkled flesh is moistened by a clean

internal stream, and who have strong, loving hands, die and pass on their inherited wisdom of ‘secrets of nature’. Peach water, donkey water, coca water, horse dung. And the empirical wisdom, from the centre of the earth, heals man of his painful ills.

Once the first mountain has been crossed and the view is lost in the ravines of the earth, then the mind falters, losing its past memories forever. Everything is the same. The certainty of getting lost takes hold. And from deep within the chest rises a wild, drawn-out cry and an exuberant joy, impossible to hold back, as old as the rocks and the layered lava, overwhelms our soul until we die. For we know that in every cave we shall find a friend.

Even the eyes of the local guide gaze with naive curiosity some mornings at the . For last night La Lola walked, weeping and calling out in a warm, mournful voice. ‘Some evil spirit has been shuffling the cards with the paths.’

Ever since our unknown gentleman left the village, he began once more to hear the chorus of coughs that gradually rose until it became frenzied and present everywhere. He saw the mountain stretch out its arms across the landscape, cling to the rivers and cough until it vomited black shreds from its chest. He could feel its fever spreading like an underground sea, cracking the surface, with pain.

Whilst he had been in the village, he had ceased to hear all this, just as one ceases to hear the sound of water beside a waterfall.

Now.

The quiillay, the maqui, the ñipa, defeated in their violent scents, in their emanations, by the empty presence of the heavens. It is at night that the Mountain dances its violent orgy of scents. Man loses control of his actions and his veins swoon with pleasure.

A stream and another row of stunted poplars. The man was climbing on foot. His footsteps reverberated in the pit of his stomach; the earth was pulling him towards its surface. He resisted. Gravity. Resistance. The force of gravity. The terrible presence of the earth. The green patches on the hills, like hairs, like tufts of fur.

He would have to reach that valley — reach it — where the seven trials would be fulfilled. At that moment, everything was enclosed by the mountains as if inside a room. The silence. The solitude. Four mountains: four walls. Below, a stream of water, flowing in a dreamlike silence. Here, the water. Very close by.

He took three more steps towards the light. Towards the light. His own footsteps were killing his heart.

One leg forward, the other back. An arm flailing in the void. A deathly pallor, spilling onto the ground from his feet, like a patch of milk with fingers and nails. His arm thrashed in a desperate attempt to defend himself.

The Earth, the Earth, with its immense force of attraction. The horizontal silver bands of the hills. The bands. The crags with their flat, jagged summits. The Earth!

And this four-walled space, with its beautiful green, with its tiny, scattered stones, clinging on as if in a vertical delirium, with its thread of water as slow as a dream.

One leg behind, the other in front, both arms outstretched.

‘Who are you?’

‘Don’t you recognise me? Well, I recognise you. I am the fugitive.’

‘Ah, you, the murderer, the one who killed the man in the dressing gown… You too…’

The stranger collapsed. She, shattered, almost naked, sank to her knees.

‘Look.’

She ran her black hands over her thighs, caressing them down to her sex.

—Look: weary and burning. Be reborn!

The former Lord Videia threw his head back to die.

‘You have but one task left, comrade; I shall carry you, secured upon my shoulder.’

His unknown heart spread two wings out into space.

‘Didn’t you guess who I was? I was fleeing. My incomplete life has been a dream. In my body, ever since I was a child, I discovered the exhilarating possibilities of health. But life sees to it that we suffer amongst
corpses. The violent possibilities of natural joy. To arch my naked body over a meadow or a cot and rejoice, without even desire, in the mischievous form of the male sex. To know how to bite. To be able to
to bend, without shame, right down to my own fingers. I was fleeing and he was finding me, riding capricious mules. One day, in my flight, I was on the verge of achieving the seventh feat, where he would not have been able to catch up with me. I was fleeing. Because that which should give life, gave death… my lips, my legs, my arms were his death…

How gentle it is to die whilst feeling the physical—indeed, human—touch of a woman’s hand, which cannot help—and yet, after all, does help—upon my forehead.

‘Help me, place your hand on my forehead, as if I were a child.’

‘Yes. But, on the other hand, comrade, we can only play a game of relay; I shall carry your name alone; I cannot help you, because I myself need help.’

Then, from the summit of one of the high walls, a rumbling sound arose, descending with the roar of an avalanche.

‘Those are our names,’ she said, raising her head towards the peaks, ‘our names coming down from the Mountain. Because our efforts have earned us the right to a name.’

The avalanche came to a halt at her very feet. Two names lay strewn at her feet.

He held out a hand.

‘Let’s see?’

She picked them up.

‘Aníbal!’

‘Ana!’

The Earth, the deep Earth, the Fever. She was sinking from her feet. What a powerful pull towards the centre. Her hips, her shoulders, her forehead, her breath were all being drawn down…

Aníbal died. Ana closed her eyes. The fourth petal of the Flower of an Hour of Light fell upon her eyelids.

Ana continued spinning along the vertical, cold walls, rising towards the hard, white sun.

Ana had once been a little girl. Ana had believed she loved. Our Ana.

She climbed, climbed towards the peaks. From the very beginning, she had been the main heroine of this story. Up there, at the summit, there was a flag and a man.

It was the dark-skinned man who had spoken in the dining room, with such passion, of the Flower of an Hour's Light. The real murderer. The one to blame for everything.

'Come,' he said, pounding his chest, 'here, for you, is the Valley of Rest and the Flower of an Hour of Light.'

Héctor Barreto, a symbol

This tribute was Miguel Serrano's condition for contributing to *Trabajo*.

*Trabajo*, no. 1210 (27 August 1939); and R. Videla, *Idle Stories*. Short stories and tales by Héctor Barreto. Published by Puerto de Palos. Santiago, 2003.

It is now three years since he passed away, suddenly, amidst a blinding light and a very dark night. The darkest and most mysterious night in the world. I wish I could make sense of the full mystery of that night and those days, that whole atmosphere, which pertains solely to him, and to us, his friends, who feel it deep in our hearts and souls, bewildered by something so vast and so dark. I would have liked to follow, step by step, the seconds of his death; I would have wished to be by his side, to know what he said, what he felt, what he knew—that spirit, the like of which there will never be another in the world! But I have learnt nothing, absolutely nothing concrete. What I have learnt, I have learnt in a very strange way: through
clues, through hunches, through whispers. As if his shadow, as if his memory—which have never left me—have bestowed this final gift upon me, because of how deeply I understood him, because of how much I loved him and have suffered at his death forever. The fact is that in life, when one comes across such heroic men, such superior souls, such men of integrity, such artists as he, then, if they are lost forever, one will no longer know how to express the pain and
for not having recognised them sufficiently whilst they were alive, for not having fallen to one's knees before their greatness.

Héctor Barreto will always be present in my words and in the lines I write. Over the years, his memory will never leave me. I need only close my eyes to see him, almost as if he were right there in my memory.
I see his unmistakable gestures, his serious and heroic face. Everything I have done and may do follows a course of action that draws strength from his memory; he stands by me in times of doubt and discouragement; he gives me the courage to carry on and to fight. His heroic example is a symbol for those of us who have had the pain and the duty to understand him. Solitary and individual heroism, self-improvement and an example to follow. He believed in a higher life; he had a heroic sense of existence. And this—which can be spoken of, written about, described—
was, nevertheless, a fact and is a symbol. For when a man dies to preserve in his eyes the heroic image of life, and when he destroys himself rather than allow existence to destroy him,

when he defends, against the mediocre and vulgar world around him, the life and the meaning of life of which he has dreamt, when he allows himself to be killed and chooses to walk forever towards other worlds of shadow and mystery, rather than renounce his faith, his belief in a higher and legendary reality, then that man is a
hero.

I shall try to explain myself briefly. Héctor Barreto was, first and foremost, an artist; he joined the
for reasons different from those that drive the ordinary activist. Héctor Barreto had a heroic sense of life. He himself wanted to be a hero (I am sticking strictly to the truth, to my memory). He was a good and extraordinary man, deeply human and very intelligent. (His book of short stories, which the Socialist Party will soon publish, will prove that he was one of Chile's greatest short-story writers. I believe he possessed raw talent of a higher calibre than any of us in the new generation. He could have been one of the greatest artists of our time). Barreto gradually began to perceive the rejection that the petty realities of life meted out to 'his world', to the heroic substance of his dreams. He grew bitter, filled with silent sorrow, withdrew into himself and suffered. Barreto then decided to take his own life. All this, of course, took place in an unconscious process. He did not want to become what he foresaw. He wanted to save himself, to save his world. And he was saved.

On the night of 23 August 1936, he sought out death, followed it through his own streets, beckoned to it, called out to it as if to an old friend. He said: 'Kill me, gods' (his actual words). And then: 'Who is laughing now, those here or those over there?'

Barreto was not murdered. Barreto exploited the 'Nazis' of that time. Barreto committed suicide. And I make this assertion – which I have made many times before – on my own full responsibility.

What is more, I maintain that it was a symbol. And like all symbols, a blind circle. A blindfolded circle, whose blindfold can only be fully removed by posterity. For the man who, in all conscience, does not realise his greatness in life, will fulfil it in the form of a legend through the unconscious of the people of the future, who may, perhaps, guess at the mystery behind it.

I can unveil part of the symbol: Barreto, with a heroic sense of life, 'seeks out' for his redemptive death those within his generation who also uphold a heroic sense of existence. It is a symbol. And it is they, today's avant-gardists, who are best equipped to grasp the
example and the mystery. It is they who now listen to me and understand me. For they, too, are the ones who face death with a cry akin to: 'Our blood will save Chile'. Just as the artist once said: 'The colour of blood is not forgotten; it is impossible to forget it; it is so strong, so intensely

red…'. It is true, the colour of this blood is not forgotten; it cannot be forgotten; it is the colour of blood shed for an ideal, for a deep desire to change life. Thus, Barreto, who wished to die because he believed himself to be alone, would today find in the Vanguard the young people who would carry on his message. The special colour of 23 August and the special colour of 5 September are not forgotten. They intertwine, they join hands, they recognise one another; they are one, they are the same generation, the same youth and the same dream.

The fifty-nine stars always gave the impression that one was missing.

Here is the sixtieth. Here is the world of heroes!

Long live my generation!

The Humanisation of Man

Front page of the publication of this article.

Atenea magazine (Chile), no. 163 (January 1939).

It has just been included in the first volume of the new EB Libros collection entitled Miguel Serrano, the writer.

The people of our day, our fellow human beings, constantly exclaim: ‘This is not true, this is not right.’ Or they say: ‘This is true.’

For a person to be able to make this simple assertion, an act of comparison must take place in their mind.

The concepts of truth and falsehood, by their very existence, negate only the ‘relativity of truth’. For in order for a person to assert that something is superior or inferior to another being, they must compare it with an ideal standard—one that is absolute in its existence and definitive.

If a person asserts that ‘this is false’, it is because truth exists, and it is only by comparison with it that they can make such a claim. To object that this truth is relative in time does not alter the problem, since it does not cease to be the truth for that reason. The very concept of ‘relative’ exists by virtue of comparison with a notion of the ‘absolute’.

This is why truth is truth, and the problem of its relativity in time is an absurdity.

There is a notion of perfection, goodness and wholeness, through the lens of which we work and judge in this world. It is also what has long been called truth.

It applies in this world; it serves as our yardstick.

It does not alter the matter in the slightest that Nietzsche says that what is good is solely that which increases power and the will to power, or that the yardstick for measuring and ordering values seeks to be grounded in
physiology, governed by sensations of pleasure or displeasure, since, in order to affirm, in the spirit, pain as harmful, a fundamental understanding of values is necessary. Furthermore, seeking to resolve or nullify a rational problem such as this through anti-spiritual or anti-spiritual-rational means, such as sensory ones, is quite simply a grave error, an absurdity.

Man possesses a notion of the perfect, of 'what is right', which in knowledge is equivalent to an a priori, and which is ultimately what makes possible that which we call 'knowledge' itself.

Plato, in his attempt to reconcile Socratic rationalism with religious mysteries—more precisely, with the Pythagorean doctrine of the reincarnation of the soul—arrived at a system of general ideas existing infinitely within an individual soul.

Plato also knew this—or rather, he almost knew it; for, when confronted with the following problem, he got the whole picture wrong, both in his explanation and in his doctrine.

The problem that presented itself to Plato is the very same one that presents itself to us immediately, as it does to every person who, experiencing the obscure echo 'of what once was', attempts to offer an explanation.

There is a notion of the ideal that man grasps, a notion that lies outside us and is perfect. Since it lies outside us and is perfect, it must reside in an external, distant and perfect world.

This is the conclusion reached both by Plato and by contemporary philosophers who subscribe to the theory of values, who situate an ideal world of values existing beyond man himself.

For Plato, for example, it was the resplendent world of ideas, of the universal, where the soul once resided

at one time and to which it returns. A distant world in both cases, far beyond this imperfect earth, which is condemned either openly or covertly.

This, and this alone, is the great error.

Why should we think that this notion of truth comes to us from outside? And if it comes from within ourselves, why believe that it is due to a ‘memory’ of an otherworldly existence, which stirs against earthly existence to curse it, to deny it?

This sense of perfection—which is what we today call truth—is a memory within us of our past perfection; but in life, here, on this earth. A memory that resounds from time to , dark and constant, of a splendour and absolute wholeness that once existed in humankind and in life on earth, which humankind lost through an event that was neither religious nor mystical, and which has since been passed down directly to the individual of today, who yearns to reclaim it.

This memory of life and of humankind on earth is what, in our time, can be called truth, which is life.

The very word ‘truth’ has meaning only today; in life it does not exist, since it simply is. Truth, like Life, with a capital L, exists for humankind, whilst it is not present in their life. ‘Before’ and ‘after’ are states of being.

The word ‘truth’ can thus be replaced by the word ‘life’. Yet in this text we shall continue to use it out of habit.

In the world of our history, only aspects of truth are present. Truth ‘reveals’ itself, as philosophers have said, by changing its aspect, its profile, its language, its appearance. Translated to a plane of greater expressive vitality, it is said that each era or age expresses a distinct and unique instance of life.

Thus, in ‘our story’ (in our world, as the ‘philosophers’ have said), truth does not occur in its entirety

expressed, in its entirety, absolutely, all at once. It is from this perspective that this ‘intrigue’, this gibberish of ‘relativism’.

The whole truth does not exist, because the whole of life does not exist. There is no life when man is in any way unwell.

We have taken as our starting point the premise of the sickness of the world of our history, replacing the old concept of ‘earthly imperfection’ with this more real and more optimistic one, since sickness presupposes a prior moment of health, a moment when it was contracted, and a possibility of convalescence and recovery.

This is why today there is neither truth nor health in an absolute sense; there is only one man who is less ill than another or more truthful than a second. More or less ill, or healthy, if you will, and nothing more.

And we know that a person is more or less healthy by comparison with the ideal standard of truth—that is to say, by comparison with the memory of the person they once were, which is conveyed to us through a vague sense and a yearning to reclaim the wholeness that this represents.

For this reason, the path of ethics is the path towards the reconquest of life, driven by the desire to become ever healthier, less ill, ever more true.

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In affirming these things, we are doing nothing more than reaffirming man’s rational thought, which is falling into disrepute due to dialectical ‘thought’. And in attacking dialectics, in order to return to rational thinking, we are merely affirming through our stance the established principle that man must strive to move from a greater error to a lesser one. In this case, from that great error into which we are on the verge of sinking as if into a dark and unknown pit: dialectics.

Rational thought is certainly not the truly healthy activity of the mind, because perhaps

‘thinking’ is not its functional activity; yet it is infinitely closer to the truth than the dialectical approach, because in real life things unfold in a manner far more akin,
certainly, to movement within rational categories than to dialectical evolution. Definitive categories, opposites, are found in life, because they are found forever in the mind, with the sole difference that in real life the mind does not think them.

Now, to begin a definition of the rational and the dialectical—this being a question almost of knowledge—we must revive Protagoras’s old maxim, that man is the measure of all things, because, when all is said and done, it is man who measures them and who ascertains them. Thus, it is only from man that we must begin, and from his lifetime, which is what moves,
from his human time.

It is only from this point that we can speak of the things of the world, of dialectics, today, and observe their illness and abnormality, by the very fact of wanting man to ascertain the things of this world and, indeed, to ascertain himself, from beyond himself and his lifetime.

The issue boils down to two terms: human time and inhuman time. Human time is man’s time; but since man today is not entirely man, it is only right that inhuman time should have crept into our lives.

Thus, dialectics, by being built upon the sole appreciation of inhuman time, is as though it were built upon illness alone, preaching the total annihilation of man.

This is because things today are built upon the craving for health or upon defeat.

When man was truly man, or when there was no such thing as what is sometimes called today eternity or cosmic time, there was only ‘his time’, the time of ‘his life’. When he fell ill, when he suffered defeat,
inhuman or cosmic time is introduced, in which movement unfolds in a manner entirely opposed to our own—that is to say, dialectically—through an inhuman system of triads, if you will, or of the overcoming of antitheses that merge, in which everything is and is not. This is not the case in ‘human movement’, or in the time of life, which unfolds through the emergence of opposites or opposing categories.

Rational thought —as he has chosen to call it— is built upon an appreciation of this

movement in human time; dialectical thought, on the other hand, will respect only the movement of inhuman time.

To determine, then, which of these two forms of thought is sounder or truer than the other (which is ultimately what we can ascertain about the affairs of the present world), we must apply the yardstick or standard of an absolute value, of absolute truth, of truth—that is to say, of the feeling of life as it was, or of the vague sense we have of what life was like.

Compare.

We know that life is human life, that is to say, of one's own time and one's own present.

We have seen that rational thought, in unambiguous, indivisible categories, is formed whilst respecting the duration of human life and its unfolding.

By contrast, dialectics fuses opposites, antitheses; it makes everything both be and not be, it makes it 'becomes', that it passes as in the cosmos beyond humankind; that is to say, it seeks to think from outside humankind, it seeks to definitively annul humankind.

We can see this in the thinkers representative of this exogenous tendency.

Bergson, whilst not a dialectician in the sense understood by today's Marxists, is the great admirer of the inhuman, through what he calls intuition—which is nothing other than the defeat or the illness present in modern man—that is to say, this very inhuman time that must be expelled from our lives. Bergson believed that in order to achieve perfection in communicating the inhuman, it is necessary to cease being 'homo loquax', that is to say, to cease being human. The philosopher found himself in a state of great chaos, because he himself, after all, was, in a sense, a human being. Realising this magnificent chaos, he suddenly collapses. And what else could he do but convert to Christian Catholicism like a good, failed Jew?

Now here, amongst us, we have Professor Nicolai, who, absorbing into his sensibility, by osmosis,

the American drive towards health, denies dialectics. But is the professor not also caught up in confusion, when he transcends man, by extending him in a Darwinian manner into a new being that will emerge with both hemispheres of the brain functioning? Does he perhaps naively believe that in this way he will grasp a truer truth? Dr Nicolai is mistaken, because to deny dialectics, in the arithmetical sense, is only realised by affirming man. And conversely, by denying man, one is dialectical. Any new being distinct from the present one, which is not the man who previously existed on earth, is not a man; it is a superman, a demigod or a machine with steel parts instead of living, warm organs.

Contemporary transformist science also nullifies the human being, succumbing to the terrible dizziness of the infinite and indeterminable cosmos, no longer knowing whether the world is an atom or whether the atom is a whole world.

In the dialectical conception as applied to transformist science, man constantly descends from other things—the organic from the inorganic—and everything is a single substance that modifies itself. It is a form of pantheism, a pan-substantialism. At one time, Hegel's own system was even termed panlogism.

In pantheism, as we well know, man perishes. That is why a definitive dualism, a homocentrism, is asserted.

We can state with absolute certainty that, for the time being, a return to rational thinking is absolutely necessary—a passionate and rigorous rejection of dialectics, which is, therefore, the great defence of illness and the annulment of humankind, built not upon the creature's innate yearning for health
creature, but on the illness and defeat that it harbours today.

Dialectics is the perhaps total annihilation of man, the attempt at his definitive dehumanisation, his death. We must, by every means, halt at its threshold; we must return, with considerable effort, to the definitive health of life, walking, as we have already explained, the
opposite path: from lesser to lesser illness, or towards greater degrees of health.

Return to the truth.

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Today there is both falsehood and truth in life; that is to say, there is sickness; life is somewhat not life, because man is somewhat inhuman. To return to man means to become human. To return to man and to
life—that is to say, to what is commonly referred to as the cherished absolute truth. Thus, completely destroying falsehood.

This is life.

And with it, truth also disappears. It disappears forever, just like falsehood, since it exists only by definition. Truth disappears because falsehood has disappeared, and truth exists only
exists to destroy the lie. The lie will disappear when the truth has become flesh; then it ceases to exist, for it is. The truth is life; man will live.

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Why can't all this be put in this other way? Back there, at the dawn of time, man, who was happy, lost himself—in a defeat, for example, at the hands of a different world. And his history is a history of pain.

The new man who emerges in these new times knows that he must reclaim himself. We know this today here in South America, a continent shaped by a different factor or aspect of life than the West; we know that we must reclaim man by humanising him—man, who is a whole, body and spirit. To reclaim ourselves, by humanising the individual, and to this end by attacking the inhumanity that today stands as a great altar in the dialectical mindset. Thus, by halting in time the most dangerous historical slide
towards the annihilation of humankind.

Such dangerous things can only be combated with a genuine attitude towards life.

Equality, inequality, exploitation

Tierra (Santiago de Chile), no. 4 (October 1937).

It also appeared in issue 7 of the Spanish journal *Hiperbórea*.

This ‘struggle for life’ is a strange thing. Is it not high time we made an effort to understand its true nature? For, time and again, we hear it said: ‘He was defeated in the struggle for life’, or ‘don’t be surprised, it’s the struggle for life…’. And what do we really know about all this?

One man fights against another — as we have seen — and, above all, one generation fights against another, a new era against the one that preceded it. Today it is said: one class fights against another. But the concept of class struggle is simplistic and narrow in this context, since even within the same class, one generation is pitted against another… And it always will be.

At the heart of this reality lie the equivalent concepts of inequality and difference. This is the starting point for a thorough understanding of the issue.

For if one generation struggles against the previous one, it is because it is different and needs to overthrow it in order to
be able to express itself. The first generation has shaped its life within a space that corresponds, quite rightly, to its particular nature; it has filled that space and holds its own personal hegemony over it. The struggle centres on the conquest of that space, in order to express oneself. It is like a blackboard on which one man has written, and which another—who writes in a fundamentally different language—wishes in turn to use, having to
snatch it away, erase what the other has written and write his own.

The same occurs on a broader historical scale. One era pitted against another. And always: inequality. A fundamental qualitative difference.

Until now, most people in the Americas have allowed themselves to be influenced by a mythological error of the West, which consists of extending its rationalist—not rational—categories back into the immense distances of the past, applying the yardstick and standards of its mechanical present to all those obscure and different times. Whereas it would have been enough, to be wise, for them to understand that the times are,
have been, different. That eras are determined by different signs and 'other stars'. That the era of the Eleusinian Mysteries, of Isis and Osiris in Egypt, of Cybele in Phrygia, was shaped by the creation of a different kind of man, who spoke a language of symbols and images.

It is absurd to believe that this man resembled us in his manner of expression and his worldview, or, from an evolutionary perspective, to claim that he was even inferior, because he had not yet discovered the aeroplane or the
typewriter. It is through these colossal errors that the world is today being trivialised and led astray. Scientists, scholars and doctors of the West deify themselves on the pinnacles of their skyscrapers of vulgarity. But this is not the case, and some of them sense as much. Researchers into 'primitive' religions sometimes have to resort to hypotheses of 'another mindset' in 'primitive man', so as not to become completely lost in their own conceptions — such as Kreglinger and Durkheim himself.

Difference is synonymous with struggle. But what difference?

History is essentially made up of eras; eras are shaped by man; therefore, history is shaped by man. Man, with his body or with his spirit.

Through his body or through his spirit, not through his spirit and his body at the same time. Herein lies the essential angle in which the difference has its root, its cause. The fundamental difference between the eras of human history
humanity, as distinct from one another.

History is made by humankind; but at one time with the body, at another with the spirit, and at yet another with the
unconscious. Hence the eras. The so-called pagan era, for example, is governed by the unconscious, and its creations and conceptions—myths, mysteries, rites—are its language. There has also been an earlier era
preceding era centred on the body, of which we have not the faintest idea—a dark era, perhaps expressing itself in a crude and sexual language.

That is why, to understand history or life—which is the life of humankind—one must always begin with an understanding of humankind alone. Social theories such as Marxism today have not done this; for
example, which begin by placing the emphasis on creation and then reverse the values, taking creation

for the creator, the part for the whole, and thus, despite their renowned materialism, fall into an uncomfortable metaphysics (ideas create man).

That man is spirit is an implicit conception—whether acknowledged or not—in Western philosophy. But is this what man is? No, for man has a body, an unconscious and emotions; the spirit, the body and the unconscious thus become completely distinct, opposing realms, thereby assuming the status of absolute categories—in contrast to dialectical thinking, which leaves them indeterminate by establishing imprecise links that relativise them. This is not the case in reality.

All these aspects make up man. This is evident throughout world history, and can also be observed in our own time: man never acts with all his aspects, but rather gives priority to one over the others, which are thereby enslaved and destroyed. Thus, in the West since the fifteenth century, man has been nothing but his spirit, with no regard whatsoever for the body as a whole, giving rise to the rationalist era which culminates in the current mechanised, commercial world.

Throughout history, man has been his spirit, his unconscious or his body. But… is this what man is?

And so the sad story begins, the story of pain, for, in truth, this must be its cause.

'He died in the struggle for life…'. Let this be the profound cause of the struggle.

For if each era is so fundamentally different, it will have to burst savagely into the space of the previous one, to build there the temples of its singularity. For if each generation brings different tones, at times it will have to struggle against the old one and, conversely, the old one will defend with tooth and nail its
space, its 'vested interests', its little life or its little death: and many, many times, it will destroy the new with its mechanical force, preventing or restricting its distinct expression.

This savage, humiliating and animalistic struggle —if one may put it that way— occurs in history when different kinds of people appear on the scene: some with their soul leading the way, others with their body, others with their unconscious, or indeed, with their spirit. Each must create their own life, and each will cling to their own. Eras,
wars, revolutions. It is because they are qualitatively different, and space—nor man—
allow, within their scope, for the expression of all these spatially localised differences. It is not

sufficiently vast. Thus, struggle and triumph arise, along with this ‘capitalism of eras’. And, once again, another struggle, when another man appears—that is, the possible dawn of another era.

History is composed of eras. An era thus signifies the pre-eminence of one instance at the great expense of the others in human life. History is made by man, and historical events are composed of this pendulum-like swing of the driving force. From here to there, from there to here. Suppose that suddenly all the aspects of man were to express themselves at once; this unfolding would not exist, but rather something like an eternal present —for man, of course—.

Man expresses himself one-sidedly in history: his unconscious, his… But is this what man is? No, of course not. Man is not merely spirit or merely body. Man is his body and he is his spirit. To prioritise one over the other is, by no means, to be fully human. And this is, without doubt, wrong.

The fact that things are wrong is proven by the fact that man is not happy. Man is not happy in ‘this world’, and yet he constantly dreams of being so. He yearns for, he desires happiness so much, that his history
be described, in its entirety, as the history of the quest for happiness and also, perhaps, of the loss of happiness, at its very origin.

One need only observe his words and gestures. From the dawn of time, he has dreamt of a better world. A contemplation of ancient myths, of allegories themselves, of the mysteries and cults of salvation reveals this to us: a yearning for salvation. Today’s Marxism, likewise, in its origins and at its core, is nothing more than the age-old—and perhaps even longer-standing—desire for happiness on earth; hence its dignity, despite its erroneous theory. All religions have capitalised on this, building their chapels upon human dissatisfaction and desire, and have declared: man, then, seeks something impossible on this
earth. And the procession of mistaken heavens draws near.

A story of the quest and of loss, perhaps. For, on closer inspection, it seems as though man recalls a happiness long past and lost, or snatched away. Otherwise, without resorting to metaphysical concepts, there is no explanation for why man possesses the very feeling or concept of happiness and of what is best.

Man was once happy in life and can be so again. Not only can he, but he must.
For suffering is evil and turns human beings into buffoons, into ‘characters’; it goes so far as to create a world like the one we live in today, with selfishness, senseless deaths and degrading hunger.

Mankind has yearned for happiness; it has always wished to escape from adversity, from its flawed history; yet it has constantly taken the wrong path and, in the end, continued down that very path. That is all.

Pain and suffering do not come from outside; rather, their origin lies within the being itself, and that is where they must be eradicated. The bad life on the outside has its counterpart in the bad life on the inside; that is where it stems from, since it is man who creates what lies on the outside. So it is there, on the inside, that we must
order; that is where one must begin. Man's pain arises from a bad life within man, which is this explained form of disrespect by one aspect towards the others and its pre-eminence. The pain of Western man lies in the fact that his spirit has had no respect for his body and has
oppressed, humiliated beyond words. Then that painful period emerges.

Man in this unfolding, pendular story is not whole. He was whole at the dawn of time, and then he was happy, and he can be so again; then he will be redeemed. Wholeness, that is to say, the respectful expression of all the aspects of life. Man whole in his body, in his unconscious and in his spirit. He will be a man, here on this earth, and he will live.

The pendulum-like history is destroyed; there will be no more 'eras'; there will simply be life.

Today, humankind is ailing. When one endures a long illness—which in this case would be an 'era'—there is a danger of death. Hence the despair or the struggle that new eras give rise to. For humankind must change its illness in order to remain on earth and not perish entirely. At the dawn of a new era, there is in humankind something like a flash of supreme joy,
as if the long-awaited dawn were finally breaking. And it is precisely at the beginning of new periods that one feels the desire for life beating more strongly and when one could walk more freely towards it, glimpsing the true path. It is this hope, then, that gives dignity to change. Praise be to it. The West today needs to change, to let the new express itself, to allow it to do so, despite its deep-seated attachment to the old malaise, for it has journeyed so far along that path that today it finds itself but a step away from total annihilation. The new would respond to another aspect of life, expressing itself primarily in
this other man and, of course, creating a life that differs in its expressions and relationships from the world's current 'commercial' mechanisms.

At the dawn of this new era, perhaps humankind might walk towards Life, towards its happiness, towards its Shangri-La, towards its Utopia, towards its Icaria, since today some—here amongst

us—the path. It would mean, for now, understanding that the body, too, has a right to exist and to speak its obscure and unknown sexual language, and that the spirit has a duty to respect it.

But… what of the exploitation of man by man?

It will be prevented, it is said, solely through the centralisation of the means of production, by implementing a rational economic plan, and by overthrowing the economic anarchy of capitalism… Is this not, in
essentially putting the cart before the horse? Difference and social inequality will always exist, even in a classless communist society—always, as long as man is not truly man, as long as this pendulum-like history or this history of the hegemony of some authority persists.

It may be that the proletarian and bourgeois classes do not exist; but they will exist in another form and under other
names. Are not two generations in fact two different classes, in which one—the dominant one—corresponds to the bourgeoisie, which is the exploiting class, and the younger one to the proletariat, which is the exploited class? And this is true even though the representatives of both generations may equally belong to the bourgeoisie or the proletariat.

The exploitation of one man by another—of one class by another—takes place today through the monopoly of the means of production, of machines and factories, which are creations equivalent to the essentially rationalist and mechanical spirit of that terrible era, which had its origins in humanism. It has always been so. In times past, it was certainly not machines—which did not exist—nor tools, fundamentally, as historical materialism would have us believe, that were monopolised by the triumphant man, but rather temples, palaces, gods, pools, rites and innovations
in symbols—creations that largely obeyed the prevailing impulse and through which man sustained himself.

This was the case because man, in a certain way, by seizing space and establishing his
in a particular way, was thereby defending himself against the man who would come in a different way and who, were he to triumph or were he to be allowed to do so, would create a different life that was not his own—a life which, on the contrary, would spell his death. In other words: the struggle for life.

Furthermore, not all individuals sharing the same attitude, belonging to the same sphere or generation, come to power or succeed in conquering space; it is the most capable or the most cynical who prevail in the race, who take control of the means of expression, who dominate—whether out of selfishness or atavistic fear—and who, as individuals of quality, impose themselves upon the world, whilst those who did not succeed do so only indirectly, in terms of sheer numbers.

The full explanation is clear in outline, but it is not worth dwelling on it, as such length could complicate and obscure the overall picture.

Thus: poor external organisation results, as is only right, from poor internal organisation. What would be gained by putting the external in order if the internal has not been put in order? It would simply be a waste of time, since the disorderly person—who is the one who creates the disorder—would, after a while, return to
disorder; moreover, the disorderly person cannot bring order to anything—they can only, with great effort, bring order to themselves.

To put it in everyday terms, how can external communism be achieved if man, in himself, remains trapped in truncated capitalism—or, indeed, in the absolute monarchy of his own impulses?

As long as we walk this path of life and history, exploitation, inequality and suffering will persist, even in a 'classless society'. Unless we choose Life, and choose to be Human.

For in Life, human beings are qualitatively equal, as all their aspects are expressed in
respect and understanding, and create a life—Life itself—and so comradeship exists in the struggle against the world, and generations succeed one another in a spirit of renewal. The difference between one man and another is not the one recognised by history.

Is man hungry? Yes, it is true, the vast majority of men are hungry — though not that hungry either — and man cannot fulfil himself whilst hungry. Therefore, he cannot be saved when it must be achieved, today, almost through a discipline of individual and solitary perfection, of one man and one woman.

It has become clear that what is needed at the moment is change. And what the people really want deep down is not what their spokespeople—who are certainly not the people—falsely claim; it is not food they desire, but to change their lives; and, as is fitting (for every dissatisfied and deeply wronged person is so), they would rather die of
hunger, or whatever it may be, rather than not change their lives and not feel hope being reborn. The people desire
change and perhaps desire it most strongly, precisely because they have no vested interests in the ills of the age. They want change. But this change is not a shift towards a rational economy,
since the economy itself and its structure belong to the very same mechanistic-rationalist era, as its principal expression and creation. That would merely be to prolong the status quo.

Change is needed to feel the hope of redemption reborn, and also because it is true that, at the dawn of the new era—free from tradition and the preoccupation with death—humanity can direct its yearning towards the true path of its just resolve.

Change would amount to nothing more than another instance expressing itself and creating new life, a new relationship or a new hope. Or perhaps the body and its dark world; above all else, the duty, for now, is to nurture what is different. The problem is, above all, American in its understanding; indeed, Chilean. Europe's focus is on the grave, on the tomb of an era—its own. How can it make way? There are perhaps two solutions for it: one based on quality, the other on quantity. A solitary man, who seems to await the world; a Man who leads into the new age, into the eternal present, into Life, by the sole power of his gestures as a
a fulfilled man, or else the Revolution—not 'revolution'—which is the profound eruption of the deep-seated and oppressed forces of life, to catastrophically destroy today's life, so-called civilisation, with its own weapons and cities, in order to reclaim the rivers and the sun. One can almost sense it today. The myth of the directed revolution is perhaps a final effort to restrain, to stifle, the true Revolution, to buy time.

That is for Europe. We, here in South America, are already different; our people are
shaped by another aspect of life, which cannot be expressed because of Europe—imperialism—which imposes its reality upon us, which will not let us be and which may annihilate us. Our problem, our duty, would be to direct our new hope towards resolving the history of the defeated man, towards the wholeness of man, towards Life. The Revolution is not our problem, since the
Western resemblance is merely superficial, and the slightest jolt is enough to make it shatter, just as a black dog shakes off water. To understand, or for someone to set us on the right path…

It will be a new era… We must not be afraid of words, nor of those with which, when
, when contemplating other eras, are labelled 'barbaric'—as something inferior, which it is certainly not compared to modern times. Amongst us, here, there existed Inca societies governed perhaps by sensitivity, just as there were similar, even older ones in the East, with established and successful relationships, far more humanitarian than those imposed by the unreal world of paper money—the world of today in which the machine has imposed itself upon man and grows of its own accord, annihilating him, destroying him and
mechanically recreating him. The point is that the machine does not create man, but rather the reverse; that one day the aeroplane will take its rightful place and its purpose will become more humane, being created without undue haste and without excessive interest.

May a new era of hope dawn, in which one may exclaim, whilst gazing upon the unspoilt future:
How beautiful it is to live! Just as so many determined souls have done at the dawn of new centuries. For today, the role of those men who are a little more sound in mind, in this history, is that of the very same Indian priest, in his temple that symbolised the world, regally attired in robes that imitated the sun, pacing from one end to the other, thus parodying the sun and its path from east to west, to help it through this rite so that it might not suddenly halt in its course and cease to shine. One must help the sun when one cannot be the sun oneself.

Today, the problem for South America is to fight against spiritual imperialism, since we cannot tackle economic imperialism; for the former would be highly dangerous, whilst the latter is not so much so (there is a correlation), as it merely skims the surface of our true existence, and since we so desperately need our inner independence, we must fight for it against those manifestations of ‘culture’ that are pernicious and varied theories, which are gaining ground in our midst and which neither suit us nor are needed. All this for the sake of the Americas—and, it must be said, for Europe too.

Introduction to the Anthology of the True Short Story in Chile:

Foreword

He prefaced his first book, published in 1938, with this text.

1

Life is man's action upon the world. Life is to humanise. In the ideal sense; for today we must take an ethical stance on values—on positive values. This is how it must and ought to be in reality.

Our generation, which has been born into a world of 'hardships', knows this; it knows many things. Yet it is of no use to us. What use can it be, when we are more exploited than a cobbler? (Given that the craftsman is the one who achieves the greatest economic independence in Chile.) The artist of our generation —and in general— leads a wretched existence, met with disregard, and subjected to economic and spiritual humiliation, in Santiago de Chile.

To live life with integrity and manliness, as it truly is, is exceedingly difficult today. Capitalism coexists in every sector, with its inflated saints of rags or of the wind, grey ghosts living in a harsh symbiosis, arriving and crawling about. To 'succeed', one must fight; but not fight like men, rather like frogs or snakes. To grovel. In this struggle for life, which permeates every plane of existence, the one who triumphs is the one who possesses the greatest immoral—not moral—cunning, the most effeminate gestures for a man. Social climbing traverses, in geometric delirium, the various planes as if they were all the same. The so-called left, or forces of redemption and revolution, aspire only to secure comfortable seats within democratic parliaments, to rub shoulders with the distinguished surnames of the reaction. They have been born with a complex of class and comfort. (A complex not shared by the people, who are sound of mind, but by their 'leaders', their 'intellectuals', who generally belong to the middle class). When one is not a Man, one is a class. Then one is inferior. The Man stands above the capricious and nominal class distinctions: he simply is. Class is the right and the attitude acquired by inheritance, by a dead impulse, by the being who crawls. And here, indeed, there is such a thing as luck; there are advantages, there are superiorities. A theory that makes the 'class struggle' its centre and stronghold is necessarily an inferior theory, a slave theory, since it maintains the absolute presence of an inferior, sick, enslaved, as yet unliberated, defeated man within the class system. Within the world of classes there still exist superiorities and differences; there are hatreds and envies that are invincible, insurmountable within their own sphere. In today's world, one does not simply live; one lives only within classes. Hence the absurdities of pan-economism, dialectics, Marxism, fascism, Aprism, and so on. From the moment that

one lives like this, one must accept one's own inferior or superior lot. The middle-class man must accept his own fate, which leads him to rummage through the conservative ranks to rub shoulders with 'youngsters', or to spew stereotypical venom in subversive 'communist' speeches. For it is a fact that the world's 'opposition' parties are, as a rule, made up of middle-class men,
, failed journalists and poets, and social climbers (at least here in Chile), who today aspire to be taken into account within a democratic system of majorities. It would never have occurred to the people to form a party; for genuine suffering has no exhibitionist aspirations and moves in silence, like all true, hidden forces. Nowadays, all it takes is for a man to have a toothache for him, instead of going to the dentist and seeking treatment, to immediately set his mind on curing the toothache of humanity. Parties are thus made up of one-eyed men, eunuchs,
one-armed men, hunchbacks, and so on. They aspire—sons of Lutheran pastors—to find a reason for their existence in a Freemasonry of 'higher orders'. 'Marxist tactics', for example, have become like the old courtly formulas: clichés in which one's very existence is concealed.

Either the people and their living heaven, the peasant; or else the aristocracy of blood—not the crude bourgeois. The hour of the people has not come, as the opportunists clamour; it cannot come, it must not. The hour of Man has come. It must come. To say that the fulfilled man is saved from the classes is to state the obvious.

The duty of our generation is to organise life in accordance with the truth, in accordance with truth itself. South America, a new continent, is being infected by Europe. Yet here we can live differently, realise what is true. We must fight against spiritual imperialism. We have a duty to live
in accordance with the truth, to make it flesh one day. That is why we are fighting today against a life shaped by falsehood. For life is action upon the world. And in order to act, even within ourselves, we need air, we need a square metre, we need reality.

Life today, here in Santiago de Chile, is organised around the truest of lies, which is a lie even in its truth. How hard one must kick to open any old window, and to open it without humiliation, without grovelling before the wind barons!

On the one hand, the publishing houses; on the other, the 'established writers', the writers' associations, or those who, now alone, pace back and forth like a ram in a drawing room.

Let's start with the publishing houses. The 'Zig–Zag' publishing house, in the hands of foreign merchants who are afraid to publish *The Divine Comedy* because of the exorbitant royalties Benedetto Croce would charge, publishes books and magazines of no real significance. But let's move on to another case: the 'Ercilla' publishing house, which has enjoyed a career as rapid as it is spectacular, built on a mishmash of titles, without a defined or cultured editorial line, operating in Chile with Chilean capital, has carried out work that is as anti-Chilean as
could be expected. It has devoted itself to publishing books by Central Americans, Venezuelans, Peruvians, and by poor and unknown tropical writers, who are of no interest whatsoever to our readership. It has published unknown young writers from other countries, without giving, as was only fair, preference to our own. The 'Ercilla' publishing house has as its literary advisers a number of Peruvian APRA exiles. Through their publications, they have sought to impose a criterion (by no means essentially American in the Chilean context) without any respect, when what they ought to be doing is adopting a criterion.

I may have expressed myself incorrectly on some point regarding Aprism: I am quick to acknowledge this; but I wish to set on record what my points of opposition to Aprism still are (not to the Aprists themselves, for—thank goodness—I do not confuse the man with any 'theory'; I spare him). I believe that the Aprist theory,
simply by claiming to be a 'theory', is not American; I believe it is modelled on a European worldview: the mechanistic view. Its error—which I reject—lies in having given pre-eminence to the economic and the political, and in seeking to establish in the Americas societies determined by a
. Furthermore, Aprism has instilled a belligerent spirit in journalists and has turned political struggles into a 'modus preoccupationis'. All this has occurred mainly within one sector of Peruvian life. For I believe that APRA is essentially Peruvian; it has roots—albeit not very deep ones—in Peru. The APRA members themselves,
as we have seen, are constantly working solely with a reality from over there—and not even the deepest one at that. They have no right even to speak of the Americas, but only of Peru—.

Our generation is forsaken; it has nowhere to express itself. But it will not be forced to grovel. The struggle is on. It is a struggle of quality against the power of quantity. Never in history has quality been seen to perish under the heel of oppression. For quality signifies genuine intentions. Only the truth prevails.

Superior quality, even if only in intention. For what did the previous generation want, what did it attempt? I have never been able to find out.

They hinder us in two ways: by opposing us resolutely and sincerely, or with pampering, with flattery, with fear. On the other hand, there are those who feign new gestures; but they remain merely in attitude, in gesture, for the substance behind them will forever, for ever, remain unknown to them; because they chose it so. More dangerous than opposition is the suction of those who wave the banner. Remaining on the stage at
at the expense of clownish antics. Spare us that spectacle! When everything boils down to something other than literature, but rather to humanity—which they fail to grasp—when everything boils down to human quality and silence, to not living by lies and bluff—which may bring short-term success, but which in the long run destroy and perish—but rather by the truth. For only the truth prevails.

Our generation needs no one but itself. It needs no one. On the contrary, they need us.

Our role boils down to accepting the situation and facing it head-on. The struggle of the generations, today, against
unfortunately, does exist. Tomorrow, perhaps not. (I have previously attempted to tackle this subject by writing here and there in some short-lived magazine).

The fundamental difference (regardless of whether this sentiment is shared by all representatives of the new generation) lies in a person's attitude towards life. I am not interested in literature, nor in poetry, nor even in the short story for the sake of the short story.

This anthology, with one exception, features the new generation. And within it, I draw sharp distinctions, though I do not believe the time has yet come to examine them. As I write, I am thinking of those short-story writers present here for whom the short story—art—is merely a transitional form of expression in their lives; that is to say, for the artists. It is for them that I write; primarily for myself, and for Barreto.

This volume is united by a common quality, by a desire for fulfilment, for expression today. It is essential that be heard. Silence has spoken enough already, as have 'nonsense', the vulgar drunkard, the radical politician at banquets, the bitter soul at seven o'clock in the evening; that whole dark procession of Chileans still submerged and crushed.

The 'criollistas', the 'marinistas', the doctors, the boxers, the second-hand book sellers, the grammar teachers, the travellers in capes and those obsessed with Eastern exhibitionism have all fancied themselves storytellers. So many people.

In what I have written so far, in this first part, I am attempting to outline briefly and as clearly as I can the current situation, chiefly that of our generation.

The situation is even worse.

It is not a question of securing—at the cost of a few humiliations before the pale ranks of magnates—a publication in their magazines, a greeting on the street, an appointment, or, at last, being published. It is nothing of the sort. The petty demands of a democratic nature are best left to university students, beings who generally dwell on the lowest rung of the social ladder, mediocre to the point of ecstasy.

Now, someone once coined the following aphorism: 'When the work begins to speak, the author must remain silent.' It is not in an anthology of short stories that one should discuss the short story itself. Personally, I have written a few thoughts on the matter.

Anyone wishing to read them may refer to the articles and the debate in question. I do not wish to discuss the short story now. We must let the stories speak for themselves. I can, however, repeat some of what I have said elsewhere.

Some of the concepts—which are new—have, precisely because they are new, provoked indignation or discredit. From both sides, young and old alike. The fact is that they attempt—in this anthology in particular—
to make a genuine case, in this instance, for the short story.

It is not that I wish to make a petulant and capricious distortion of what everyone understands by the term 'short story', or of the concept of the short story itself. Nor is it my intention to give the genre precedence over creation, to put the cart before the horse. The artist expresses themselves in one way or another, and that expression—being equivalent to a unique, specific psychology—crystallises into a body of personal, unchanging laws, which constitute that unique psychology. By specialising in this equivalent form of expression—the short story—one achieves perfection and knowledge—which is equivalent to self-knowledge, to a serene relationship between the inner and the outer. One achieves virtuosity; one can express so much more.

My sole wish is that the short story be respected, just as the poet has respected poetry and the novelist has respected the novel. The short story, as a concept and as a reality, was still in its infancy; it did not exactly correspond to human psychology. The Americas, particularly Chile, have vindicated it and redeemed it. The possibility of the concept's further development has always existed; it is just that, until now, the short story has been like
a hunched back. It needed to straighten up. This is why one can deny perfection—in a word, reality—in the past. The short story is born today.

The short-story writer begins his journey alone and travels it to the end in the same way. For where is the master, the model, to revere, to love? His footsteps will echo alone in his solitary presence; a universe of proper names, of unique essences, of elements that are his own—belonging to him through pain and through his
, singular vision. This experience eludes the poet or novelist of today, who has before them the names of the artists, the great busts, of those who achieved the sporadic perfection of the genre.

One might ask: 'What about Maupassant, Bret Harte, Gorky, Baldomero Lillo?' Gorky came after Bret Harte; Baldomero Lillo was influenced by both. Chilean 'short-story writers' hold these names in high esteem. Who are they? Were they, in fact, short-story writers? I do not think so. I regard them as mere storytellers, perfect ones, if you will.

There is a fundamental difference between a storyteller and a short-story writer. Until now, storytellers have been confused with short-story writers. Mainly the Russians.

What, then, is a short story?

At present, I could only offer a definition by way of negation, stating that it is not poetry, that it is not a novel, that it is not a narrative, that it is not a letter, that it is not a play.

It lies, perhaps, between the novel and the poem; yet it is not, nor should it be, either one or the other.

A short story need not overflow or be overloaded with poetic elements (it being well understood what a poetic element is) that distract from it. Just as music composed of elements foreign to it—from
literature or painting, for example—it is imperfect.

This is something that several poets—who write short stories and are also featured in this anthology—refuse to understand, presenting us with beautiful monsters, which are like ailing feet that splay out in both directions.

This anthology is of the Chilean short story, although many neither know nor wish to acknowledge its national identity and naively disown it, adopting a French style. The land stirred them; from there they come; to it, and to it alone, they owe their greatness or their misery. Proof of this is that they have not emerged anywhere else but in Chile. The deep or heart-rending tone, which recurs as a fundamental and constant motif, is characteristic of the crucible that is Chilean territory.

Chile, at present, is the country of Art, which, in meaningful terms, signifies preparation for something. Art is transitory.

The previous generation was that of Poetry. The new generation is that of the Short Story. Chile is a country of short-story writers. This anthology is intended to be an 'open anthology'. I would like a blank page for every letter of the alphabet, where the names of future short-story writers might come to 'take their place'. I have included only those I know; as for the others—who may well exist—I did not have time to go out and seek them out thoroughly.

This anthology cannot and does not wish to be overly weighty or definitive; it is, to put it in everyone's terms, entirely relative. For short-story writers will keep appearing at an incredible pace, from the very vegetation itself, from our southern forests, from where one least expects it. Here I can repeat the story someone once told me: 'One day I came home and found, sitting on the chair in my bedroom, a short-story writer smoking my own cigarettes'.

This 'anthology of the true Chilean short story', this 'anthology of the true short story', is intended merely as a document. Nothing can better guarantee its artistic quality.

There were better times in the world. And yet, at times, there weren't. Back then, when the earth wasn't round, lying horizontally or vertically, right up to the very edge of ghosts and terrors. For back then, man dreamt with his eyes wide open; he saw winged beings, falling, or rising, or contorted into shapes of smoke and infinite punishments. I remember that fantastical age, which belongs to me only by way of analogy to distant gardens and childhood nights, or to a present that is diametrically opposed, though not quite so much. I remember the age that preceded Columbus, who was a madman in his right mind, the most deranged of all, the weary and numerical madman, rising—cap and all—from the centre of a belly of Renaissance tiles, where Gutenberg lies and the machine is preached and glimpsed, with immense terror for the human core. For true madness lies down and rests, in a way, from the world, and sees the night empty of stars, like a globe. Columbus himself claimed that the river flowing into the Atlantic via Brazil had its source in the earthly paradise, that the world was shaped like an orange, from whose front dent grew a branch that was attached to the tree of the first parents or to paradise.

An incredible paradox: who lost the umbilical branch that binds us to the dream—or to the very best possibility of giving flesh to the dream that today wanders like a pilgrim, from sea to sea, from flower to home, from eye to longing, far, far, from the human breast? Who shattered the myth of the flesh-coloured orange, filled with the central sun and representing the world's sexuality, melting in the mouth, towards the soul, reaching Paradise through its branch?

Columbus himself.

Columbus as a human being, a product of a new era in the West—an era that would find no redemption—with a new human imperative determining his course and that of his three caravels. An imperative that shapes an era that advances and pales away without a transcendent or better solution, in the future murderous war of the present, waged by the humiliated. The ecumenical, the roundness of the world, the machine.

South America, deep down, knows nothing of these things; for now, it rests upon another rock, upon another point in the celestial constellation, which depends solely on the confederation, the formation and the unique human spirit.

I return to the era of Europe before the discovery of the New World and the roundness of the earth. (For I do not know who has already said that Columbus did not discover America, but rather the roundness of the world.) I return to this past to dream—which is easy, by analogy with the situation in Chile.

So man populated the earth—flat as a table, veiled in clouds—with fabulous creatures, and his unconscious took shape in accordance with his beliefs, filled with ghosts, fire-breathing dragons, from hell, visions of geological abysses, deep waters and impossible skies, existing on the very edge of things. It was a world that was physically smaller, yet infinitely superior and richer in human possibilities than today's world—small and geometric, like a plum stone.

So the world was like that in every respect, because man believed with absolute conviction that it was so.

Chile is a narrow strip, like the dream of a man sick with grief, who falls asleep gazing at the feverish threads of light seeping through the doors; surrounded by mountains, like the dream of the saddest of men
sorrowful men, who have fallen forever in love with human perfection; lapped by the ocean, like the sex of Woman, full of stars. Ravaged by earthquakes, clear premonitions of the abyss. Tragedy, ill omens and portents cling to the wind of the extremes.

Is there a single Chilean who has not, with pain, clutched to his chest, during dark nights, dreams of geological cataclysms, of falling moons, of infinite skies, of waters rising like inevitable punishments?

The unconscious bears the weight of the earth, of the mountain, of the fate of dust and granite. The soul knows that the Ocean polishes the earth green, that it erodes, that it crumbles; that the great rock of the Mountain might topple like a stage set, that the Volcano would groan, projecting its abyssal broth towards the heavens, scorching the faces and the last hands of the inhabitants.

The concept of dimensions does not exist. We know there are pieces in the world. We have an eschatological sense of events; because the earth helps us. We know our crucible, our duty at times, the destiny of humankind; our duty to fulfil it.

Therein lie the climate and the window onto art. The tale. Manhood, confidence.

Right. When men had not yet circumnavigated the world, they did not know that the earth was round. Perhaps there was a man who did not wish to circumnavigate the world, because he saw that it was more beautiful, more fabulous.

In Chile, we find ourselves contemplating the weight of the Mountain, feeling it, seeing the immense Mountain, yet sometimes never really looking at it. The Chilean looks at the Cordillera and believes there is nothing on the other side. How could there be anything? That is where the world ends. The Chilean believes, in short, that there is nothing on the other side. The Chilean believes that only Chile exists. Because the Mountain, were it to fall, would reach all the way to the sea. And the sea beyond their horizon is empty. So the soul dreams and gathers ghosts of the afterworld, of that fourth dimension. Beyond, there is nothing and no one. Beyond, terrors roam and coalesce—they are hairy and give rise to pigs and water-birds. Beyond, there is no one. The beings who come—the Argentinians who claim to live on the other side of the Mountain—are nothing but common charlatans; or they do not exist; or they also live on this side and have been hiding for some time behind some random tree or a rock.

One must have the heart of a dog to travel; one must have a very steadfast heart to accept the collapse of dreams, of mysteries, of wonders, of truths, which slumber deep within the soul, at rest, and which aid us on the path of the earth, on the journey back to what it means to be human.

For whoever crosses the mountain and sees that there is something there is lost. Who will restore his wonders and his dreams to him, who will restore his atmosphere and his mystery to him, who will restore to him those eyes, terrified by infinite destiny? Who will restore to him the precise and enclosed dimension of life?

He who travelled renounced his ghosts. But he was not always lost. The earth created him and watched him grow as she does her plants; she nourished him with her influences, with her winds, with her mists rising from her clay valleys, with her violets fainting in the colour of the rain, with her aromo trees, with her very essence, which is the very scent of the wind itself. The earth watched him grow and held him fast with its roots and its hooks. Thus, often, the returning traveller forgets his journeys, or remembers them as a
strange dream—under the power of the saving earth—which withdrew from the day and from space to dream itself, which did not exist, like a strange minute of non-existence within existence, like certain hours when his life was not, like something that does not know, that does not ponder, that does not feel…

We shall recognise these travellers because a spark in their eyes has gone astray and asks persistently, in bewilderment. They may think of their journey, just as the ‘primitive’ being thought of his dreams: that the soul fled through the nose to seek adventures in other landscapes, or that, for a moment, he died a little.

I firmly believe that beyond the Mountain there is nothing, that beyond the sea horizon there is someone drinking the water.

When someone has asked me: ‘Why don’t you travel? Why don’t you go to Europe?’, I have replied: ‘Because Europe does not exist, and because, even if it does, I, for my part, prefer it to remain non-existent, because that way life is more beautiful, or has a greater chance of becoming so, through my own efforts, one day’.

How to take a wrong step, how to shatter, to renounce, the crucible, the wonder, the very difference, which helps us so much more in the Vision, which then enables us for the Great Conquest —or reconquest—. This which is Chile’s, this which belongs to the Chilean; which for today counts as a record of events unfolding whilst living, its art, or as a window that glimpses and yearns. This which, for today and only for today, in a transient form like art itself, is the Story, utterly personal, grand and our own.

The Quest

for the Short

Story

The magazine *Atenea* published it in September 1948.

A vague memory haunted him as he remained motionless in that world where everything was created by the imagination. Here it was so different that he could barely fix his memory on those distant events, which had taken place in a physical world, down there, or in there, where the senses perceived and touched things from the outside. This soul, seated upon a mound of sonorous light, began to recall, with great effort and pain, the last moments he had lived through there.

There have always been places on earth that man has held sacred because of the inner resonance they awakened within them. That was why that place, discovered amidst the mountains of his homeland, filled him with a gentle joy and a deep emotion. He remembered it hazily on the mountain peaks. Riding on the back of something—a horse (as they call it there)—he crossed the stone walls and galloped across the white moorland, covered with hawthorn trees that stretched out their twisted, tortured branches. A strange landscape high up, surrounded by dark mountains, with the distant snow-capped peaks and the presence of barren, bare hills, covered in loose, flaking, ancient rocks, among which grew ancient, straggling boldos, with semi-petrified trunks, living testaments to the torment of a millennia-old existence that has changed neither in form nor in demeanour.

The hooves of the distant horse slid over a sprawling rock. From there, one could gaze out over the open spaces and fields.

He always came here; he chose this spot for his solitude and here he began to meditate and wait. Physically, he sensed the antiquity of this place and despaired at being unable to penetrate the depths of its secret. He would sit beneath a dense boldo tree and gaze intently at the rocks, which took on the shapes of human faces or animals; there was one that was hunched over, like a sea lion with her youngest pups. In the parched shade
of the boldo trees, the wind created shapes of tiny little men. He closed his eyes and, in the silence of his weary soul, listened to the myriad sounds of the world: the song of the birds, the yearning of the hares, the distant cry from the valleys, and the silent, invisible blaze of the sun. He would rise, opening his cold, proud eyes towards the heavens.

And it was only one day, struck by the rise of a cloud climbing the foothills and by the distant, melodious cry of a shepherdess, that he resolved to exclaim: ‘O Impalpable Light, who art far away and ruleth over me!’

Disheartened, he sat down on a rock, beneath the canopy formed by the branches of a boldo tree. He felt his chest pierced with anguish. And there he remained for a long while, until a daze, an unfamiliar lethargy. He remained in this state for so long that he could not say at what stage of the morning the day had reached. And so it was that the fainting of his will gradually became a strange phenomenon impossible to overcome. There he remained, until the wind came and lashed him. And afterwards, the mist covered the fields and reached the high peaks. The sun vanished into the distance. The sounds of wildlife faded behind the veils that began to shroud the air. And suddenly, in wonder, yet still deep within that strange and compelling stillness, he began to hear a voice speaking to him as if from within himself. It was an instantaneous, solemn word that also sprang from the very existence of the surrounding things, as if he were inside them. And he knew that it was the voice, the word of the landscape—that unique sound which everything had been making for thousands of years on the summit of these mountains, which at that very moment were drawing back their veil of mystery and death before the persistent traveller.

And the secret of that landscape was profound and terrible; before it, the soul was seized by a chill like that of the mist enveloping the heights.

One by one, the rocks spoke their ancient word. First came the voice of that stone embedded in the summit. It came up beside him and fell, crumpled and broken, at his feet, saying:

—Look, if you have a soul and courage, my impossible existence, my unspeakable torment. I am almost a face, almost a form; yet I have no eyes to gaze upon the spaces; if you come closer, you will see that they do not exist and are merely an appearance, an illusion, a false crevice, achieved at the cost of countless anguish and a terrifying desire to change my attitude. For thousands of years my energy has remained unchanged. I thirst for change; I am in pain; I long to dissolve, to split apart, to shatter, and to follow, in tiny grains, the tumultuous course of some river. My curse is this immobility, this weariness of remaining, and this oppression of a twisted form that I sense within my nothingness. If I cannot feel my suffering, surely there is someone who suffers for me. And my impossible desire is to be able to desire.

This rock fell silent.

As she spoke, he was filled with her mystery and her anguish, for it was as though the words and the awareness of all that were to be found nowhere else but within his own breast. The voice continued to reveal that adventure, and so the words of the stone—which resembled a she-wolf crouched in the hollow of a ravine—reached his heart:

'Behold what I ought to have been and what I have not been,' it said. 'The sea covered this world in its earliest days. I bear the waves etched upon my back. They were enormous waves, and those hills were the ridges of an underwater mountain range. Together with my sisters and the roots of these parasitic trees, which feed on our lives, we adorned the inner jungle of that monster, who is a prince full of stormy dreams. The sea receded. Where might it be today? And I have remained here, through my own fault, twisted and softened by the deception of a form I could not attain. I look like a she-wolf, and these hard scraps resemble my cubs.
Yet that is not so! Within me there is not even dried milk. Come closer and you will see that my arteries are nothing but pain turned to stone, and my form, a wasted effort, made at the wrong time. I have deserved neither the blood nor the air, nor the skin nor the love of this cruel simulacrum. Go away, stay away from my terror; look no longer upon my deception, nor upon my pain that contaminates!

The voice fell silent, and then he, sitting in the same spot, began to listen to the confession of a collapsed, misshapen rock:

'I am a monster; I terrify my brothers. Within me stirs a passionate yearning that finds no outlet in the hard folds of my strength. My own weight oppresses me, and my uncertainty cannot settle on a position; I am far farther away than my neighbours, even farther than this mountain; nor do I even glimpse a human or animal form; I am a stranger in the midst of all this, and for that reason I am also happier—that is to say, more rock, more nothing.

When this shadow fell silent, he perceived the murmur of the highest stone, which, like a monolith, curved gently, bearing the wind of the harsh seasons. It moaned:

'I could have been sweet wood, fragrant dry life, moistened from without and dreaming of the icy, succulent torrent in my plant veins. And one day I must have been cut and polished until I took the form of a seat of honour, a bed of love or a pontiff's throne, upon which the contemplation of a human spirit would have left a beneficial mark on my story of triumph.' Ah, how I would long to feel even the lash and the whisper of the wind upon my feverish rock! It would be a stimulus and a balm for my centuries-long stagnation!

And so it was that the tortured rocks of those heights of the earth drew back the veil on their secret. And then it was the plants' turn.

'Look,' said the gnarled and sombre boldos, 'at this paralysis of our branches, these twisting forms that cause us pain, these withered and half-serrated leaves. We have been growing amongst these
, feeling the chills of the abyss. The dry stream that runs through us would like to implore the sun for a little warmth of blood, and yet, at times, it comes to a halt in the foothills, constricted by the roots. Our feeble life always dreams the same primitive dream; we have taken a step beyond the
mineral; yet we have been unable to bridge the abyss that separates us from blood. What was our sin? If only we had the memory to recall it! All we know today is the icy terror of the birds that visit us and scarcely dare to build their nests in the gloomy hollows of this vegetation. It is there, in our shadow, in our green twilight, that the ghosts and apparitions of beings
that you thought you saw. They are little devilish dwarves, who huddle together, moaning or laughing heartily, and whose children are spiders. Listen, hear their noises and their voices; they will tell you more about our
mistake, for they are the conscience and the product of our sin. Oh, if only the birds could lend us a few of their feathers, or the wind, in its kindness, with its harsh lash, could bend our backs and stoop us, until we took on the appearance of a human hump! Listen, this is our voice, traveller, speaking to you of the torment of the human form as it strives to find an expression, a path, through a wretched crust of ages.

The boldo fell silent, and the hawthorn spoke thus:

'My thorns are not like those of the roses, which grow them out of delicacy and the extreme sensitivity of their existence; my thorns grow out of spite and are an expression of the desire to cause harm. Unable to
hold anyone back, I draw the attention of the traveller who is moving away through the pain I caused him when I pricked him. I am sullen and cruel; not even the scent with which I perfume the fields in summer is my own; that scent comes from above, from that being who has created me and who, through me, expresses itself and suffers. Only the hare has been able to love me and takes pity on me.

At that very moment the mist on the peaks was beginning to lift, and he, remaining in that unusual state of stillness and oblivion in which he seemed to find himself at the centre of all things, sensed deep within his heart the sun's struggle to break through the darkness, to tear away the
of the low, damp, icy clouds. The small, tortured voices fell silent, and somewhere a distinct word began to resound, filling the space and, travelling from mountain to mountain, covering the peaks with echoes. He saw no one, but he heard this warning clearly.

‘You have seen and you have heard: only shadow and pain. An illusion! Only I exist here; I am the soul of this place. It is I who feel the pain of these rocks and these trees; I alone am to blame, the one who learns and the one who gains experience. I do not show you my face because it would terrify you. I shall never meet you again in this life, and
I shall no longer be what you are at this very moment, nor in this emotion of the world. I have been left behind, and it is only from behind that I shall return, in a new hour that will not be mine either. Behold the vertigo of my torment. Learn, and let this serve as food for thought; never pause in your stride, do not look back, lest you return to the boldo or learn to look me in the face; strive, aspire to rise, to break free from your form, to change your attitude, on the living path of the worlds, in the sound of the heavens and in the blazing wasteland of the ages.

From the four horizons, a heavy silence settled in the air. He remained with his head bowed to his chest, without moving a single limb. Already accustomed to the voices, he listened, puzzled by the stillness that had fallen, and, as the sun gradually parted the mist, he thought he could hear the sound of silence. He strained his ears, and every time he did so, it was as though he were helping the sun in its struggle against the shadows and becoming a part of its profound emotion. Little by little, he felt his heart beating with longing, as if he sensed an expected event, in the face of which he could not help but feel unease and anxiety. It was as though what was about to take place were the one and only longed-for event, for
which everything that had happened so far was merely the prologue intended to introduce it. He felt a shudder and the sensation of returning from far away. For some time he had sensed the presence of someone high up in the trees, amidst them and high above the valleys enclosed by the peaks. Day broke, and in the sunlight—yet seeking the soft, unreal half-light of the dry grasses—a
human figure, trembling in the triumphant light, whom one had to gaze at intently lest he vanish.

Shaken by grief, he recognised the figure as that of a dear, long-lost friend. Dead for several years, during his brief time on earth he had upheld a heroic dream and a supreme truth that found no human warmth in our tragic times. He had died violently one night, alone, without ever finding even an understanding of himself. Afterwards, he had searched for him in vain. And now there he was, shimmering in a patch of light, in a ray of sunshine. His first reaction was one of fear; then he wanted to draw near and hold him close to his chest. But that strange stillness with which the figure gazed at him kept him with his head bowed, unable to
change his posture. It was through tears that he continued to gaze, so as not to lose sight of him, and that he heard his old voice, accentuated by those very gestures he had long forgotten. He smiled wistfully as he spoke:

‘Dear friend, I have faced the pain of this visit, the weight of this ancient atmosphere of sadness in which your souls either crumble or are tempered, to look upon your brow, now that you too have seen what I once perilously sensed and dreamt of. Back then, no one wanted to understand; we lived shut away in our harsh lives, in difficult and tormented worlds; but now I have come to tell you that none of
us will be saved; some halfway along their path, others at the end, we will have to face that

truth that the world has forgotten. Our mission was to be born in order to sense it, and our pain lay in struggling against our very existence, against our impossibilities, our incapacities and our fears. Only heroism can save us in a world that is collapsing in order to be reborn. Yet you and I and all of us—those of this generation—shall meet again for eternity, just as we did
before. And it is of the truth of the existence of infinite places and of terrible and sublime wonders that I have come to speak to you today… Farewell, brother, for you remember me and dream of me…!

He wanted to speak, to ask questions, to run towards the light, to go to that figure, to talk about so many things that had built up over the years; but everything remained as if it had never existed; the morning light was clear once more. He felt a shudder run through his body and found himself sitting in exactly the same position in the shade of the branches. The
The sun was high in the sky and he looked at the bushes and the mountains as if he were seeing them for the first time, with their precise, distinct edges and outlines, floating, shrouded in the thin air of the heights.

His horse remained tethered in the same spot. When he approached to mount it, it was skittish.
Shortly afterwards, as he was riding across the moor, amongst the thorn bushes, the animal suddenly threw him off and killed him.

The next day, some villagers, passing through those highlands, found his body lying peacefully, covered in dewdrops and pierced by a few thorns.

—

And this was what he was now recalling with great difficulty, as if trying to pin down a painful shadow, whilst he remained trapped, a prisoner, in this other, very different world, in this
'second earth'.

Afterwards, everything had been like a terrifying dream within a whirlwind, until he found himself here. Why recall it? Hours of light passed at his feet. He had cried out his friend's name across many worlds, seeking his help and advice. Only the infinite echo of the vast expanses and the abysses answered him. And once in this world—conical yet round, where everything was created by the imagination—he tried to conjure him up, and indeed, his form materialised precisely in the white air; but the realisation dawned upon him that it was merely an extension of himself, speaking his words and responding as he wished. That new form could never teach him anything more than he already knew. How great and terrible was the power of the mind, of the imagination! In this place it became a torture, for

the uncontrolled flashes of the mind's desire create real beings and forms in space, which are enemies that torment one until one manages to conceive another thought capable of destroying them in turn. The imagination and the mind devour themselves, and he who failed on earth to break free from and transcend the moulds of his soul, nor to control his impulses, suffers within this circle—a cold world that
holds them captive at its centre.

For a long time he had been lost in a single thought: how could it be possible that everything was a projection of himself? That magnificent adventure, that pure manifestation of light, descending from the immense peaks—as it passed through him, it disintegrated and was transformed into a paltry personal dream, rendered barren by the mind and diminished by its limited strength and possibilities. Sitting, with his arms supporting his head, he gazed at the procession of colours descending in countless numbers, their passing close by creating an echoing song. He knew that, within
those lights, hundreds of millions of forms were contained, for the whole universe tends towards form, and that sublime adventure, that pure event, is expressed symbolically, heroically, in the delight of a form, which then imprisons and tortures them, until it is shattered from within and overcome by love, and replaced by the beauty of a purer one. He knew all this; but in a mental,
intellectually, without stepping outside himself. And that was why he did not dare to focus his attention on the innermost part of the light that traversed the abysses, lest he suffer the disillusionment of realising that those forms contained within were distorted and diminished by his own mind, warped by the experience and prejudice of another world.

Until now he had remained alone, seated upon a mound of light, struggling to recall what we have described here. Caravans, flashes of light, had passed since then, and the boundaries of this universe stretched out indefinitely, repeating everywhere its own image and its name, which he could not bring himself to forget. But now he wanted to see, and he looked up.

Against the blue and gold of the heights, a marvellous being came to a halt. It was a young man clad in a robe with sky-blue trim and hands as white as clouds, who had stopped to gaze at him in wonder.

'What are you doing sitting there, soul?' he exclaimed. 'I can see your thoughts, and your worry has made me stop.'

She held out her hands imploringly.

‘Oh, traveller, tell me, if you know, where must I go, where might I find that source, that central, luminous point from which all things proceed and which lies beyond myself? I suffer because I cannot break free from the
boundaries of my imperfect form, which leaves its mark on everything I see. In you I realise that there are latitudes and distant realms that surround me; in the light that envelops us, I glimpse the immense universe that reduces my existence to a fleeting and perishable shadow. I have left a prison behind, and yet I remain a prisoner! I wish I could rise up into the light that would dissolve me and allow me to contemplate the infinite worlds that revolve beyond myself. To that central point, to that cause, to that grandiose dream of Another Being, to that perfection which would reduce me and grant me an organic place within the light and the pulse that permeates everything.

As he spoke, the radiant young man watched him with a mischievous smile.

‘My brother, I understand you,’ he said; ‘I sometimes see that which you seek. But I can point you in no direction. You have disrupted the workings of your soul in other places and at a dark and tortuous hour. You also bear upon you the imprint of a dead woman who spins through space. She is a dry,
frozen star; its soft, celestial light does not penetrate but merely rests upon objects. It is a dust that magnetises with the ice of death and makes one dream of impossible sorrows whilst it remains unknown; yet it is nothing more than a world of thick shadows that taints beings with its unreality. That dust of dreams is the
opposite of what you desire; yet your heart is covered with it. Overcome it, pierce it with the sword of your soul, sever its voracious tentacles, which feed on the night, stealing warmth for their
death. Oh, how much ignorance is reflected in those who still dream beneath that trembling flash which casts its spectral sound into the abysses of the sky! Shake off its bewitched dust if you wish to ascend!

He reflected that he had seen those abysses and those shadows somewhere before. And when the figure of the radiant young man receded behind a flash of light, as if captivated by a mysterious word he had heard, he was left even more alone, thinking that perhaps that figure, too, had done nothing more than echo his own obsession.

He clasped his head in his hands once more. Nothing could be seen now, nothing could be heard, and, holding his thoughts in check, he felt only the slow beat of his sorrowful heart.

And it was then that, from the heights of the heavens, from those transparent realms, a star broke away and began to fall through that ethereal atmosphere, which filled with harmonious sounds and echoes

to its very furthest reaches. And, without meaning to, he snapped out of his reverie to contemplate this unexpected event. He thus saw how that star drew near to his region and then veered off to pass by. He looked more intently and could make out that within the star was a majestic retinue driving a royal chariot. Upon the chariot, a magnificent woman stood holding lamps from which the star's light radiated. Without realising what he was doing, he raised his arms once more as he fell to his knees.

'Mother of the worlds, distant light, stay!'

And miraculously, the chariot halted its journey of infinite years, and the majestic woman lowered her abyssal eyes.

He could not speak.

Then the voice of the queen-woman was heard from the depths of the distances.

'Because you once called out to me, I heard you and have not forgotten it. I exist at the centre of what you seek; from that single origin I come, from that final heaven beyond the heavens. To reach this place, one must take such a great leap; one must bridge an abyss greater than that which separates the mineral from man, and man from the living sun
. To descend from there into creation, one must cross from nothingness into suffering. A mystery so profound that you will never be able to comprehend it! Yet we are all permitted, one day, to see and feel this ineffable event. Even I, who, whilst I am that centre now, am not so.

He, bathed in the pale light of his world, asked once more, as if in a dream:

'O thou, mother of light, what is the path? Where is that outer centre, that circle beyond myself, that source of the unspeakable adventure?'

'From there we come,' replied the magnificent figure, 'and there we shall return. Everything proceeds from there. That is where that unforgettable dream has its origin. And all the great emotions you have ever experienced are but pale reflections stirred by some earthly music. There is no loneliness there, for that is a

human invention. Your faint voice has stopped me in my tracks and revealed to me what you seek. I do not know if I am doing the right thing, but my mother's heart compels me to intercede for your pain. You are free to ascend and tarnish the growing purity of the heavens! Seek, keep seeking, my son, until your quest shakes the gates that no longer open!

And it was at the very moment that the Light was once more lost in the twilight of the worlds that he felt free, free to go wherever he wished.

And so began the end of his quest through the bottomless and boundless expanses, through the suns, the colours and the infinite sounds. Images impossible to forget, dreams, forms, battles, lives and deaths. He kept asking, asking…

Until, one day long ago, he found himself in a hall where some elderly men in white robes were guarding doors of pink light. They were chatting amongst themselves, sitting quietly, their gazes deep and gentle. He approached them and said:

'Dear masters, can you tell me where…?'

But they, smiling, placed their fingers to their lips and interrupted him:

'Shh, shh…'

And that was how he came to realise that he would still have to wait another two thousand four hundred years.

The Forgery of Hermann Hesse

Sign on the entrance gate to Hermann Hesse's house in Montagnola. El

Mercurio (Santiago de Chile), 10 March 2002.

'He is an eternal writer, not of a particular era, but for immortality.'

A Santiago newspaper has published an article on Hermann Hesse, attempting to portray him as an 'old-fashioned' writer.

I was fortunate enough to be a friend of the great German writer. Even after his death, and having already left the diplomatic service, I lived for ten years in the former Casa Camuzzi, in Montagnola, in Italian-speaking Switzerland. This was Hesse's first home in that little mountain village, near Lugano.

It is utterly absurd to believe that Hermann Hesse 'went out of fashion', as a writer for young people from forty years ago. In truth, Hesse was artificially made 'fashionable' and used for specific purposes to mislead the younger generations of the 1950s and 1960s. I remember very well that Suhrkamp Verlag, Hermann Hesse's German publisher, was obliged to sell
forty thousand copies a month of Hesse's work and, to this end, resorted to all manner of publicity and pressure on the younger generations of the time. This is how, in the US, Hermann Hesse was misrepresented and distorted, made to appear as a hippie, a proponent of drugs, and so on.

One day, Hermann Hesse's children came to see me in Montagnola to consult me about the imminent film adaptation of *Steppenwolf*. They wanted to know my opinion on the matter. I was accompanying Heiner
Hesse, the American producer and screenwriter of the proposed film. I replied by telling them that I remembered very well a conversation with Ninon Ausländer, Hermann Hesse's last wife, who had revealed to me her husband's opinion (which was also her own) against any film or television adaptation of his works. Furthermore, this was stated in Hermann Hesse's will, with one
exception: 'Only if his children were in financial difficulty would he agree to any of his books being adapted for the cinema
any of his books' to the cinema." I asked Hermann Hesse's children whether this was the case. They replied that it was not, but that they agreed to the filming in order to 'help the youth of the world'. They
took their leave and left me the manuscript of a film project based on the novel *Steppenwolf*

of the Steppe. They urged me to give them my opinion. I must say that the author of the screenplay was the same director of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which had also been adapted for the screen.

I read the text in question and, to my genuine surprise, discovered that long passages had been invented – passages that Hermann Hesse could never have written: speeches against National Socialism. Hermann Hesse could not have written them, as *Steppenwolf* was conceived and published before National Socialism
came to power in Germany.

I rang Heiner Hesse and we met up again with the screenwriter in Montagnola. I expressed my indignation to them. They admitted that it was an addition, made deliberately: 'Because in the US, Hermann Hesse was accused of his literary work being inspired by the very same Norse-Germanic mythology and tradition that was to blame for Nazism,' they told me. After that explanation, I had no choice but to return the draft of the screenplay to them, stating that I was opposed to the film being made.

*Steppenwolf* was made into a film — as far as I am aware — but without those additions, I believe.

Unfortunately, the profound writer and poet Hermann Hesse was distorted and trivialised by a world in decline. He needs to be reread today by the very people who were once moved by his mystery. *Demian*, for example, was always understood by serious readers of that era as a symbolic work, which, moreover, reflects the Masonic legend of Eve and the 'sons of the widow' (Demian being one of them), and Sinclair (a name representative of the great hereditary masters of Scottish Freemasonry), who also embodies the Jungian conception of the Self, or the 'True Self', with the anima already united with the True Self; the Absolute Man. That is the character of Demian (Sinclair's Self). Demian
is also a follower of the Gnostic god Abraxas, who unites opposites within himself.

Now, *Steppenwolf* is a marvellous interplay in the vein of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* (a composer whom Hermann Hesse admired). Pamin and Pamina, Papageno and Papagena in Hesse's work are Hermann (Harrier) and Ermine, the feminine counterpart to Hermann (unfortunately, in the Spanish translation, Ermine's name has been changed). In other words, this work once again presents the mysterious and profound metaphysical interplay of Mozart and Jung, of Orpheus and Plato: of the anima and the animus.

Regarding Hesse's most significant work, *The Glass Bead Game*, the Secretary-General of the United Nations in the 1960s, Hammarskjöld, declared that if he were to be marooned on a desert island, the only thing he would wish to have with him would be this marvellous work. And Henry Miller, author of *Tropic of Cancer*,

wrote to me saying that, for him, *Siddhartha* was the most important book he had ever read, because, in just a few pages, it summed up the whole of Zen Buddhism. He also told me that on his bedside table he always
kept a copy of *The Hermetic Circle*, a book about my conversations with the writer. Unfortunately, I had not been able to meet Hermann Hesse in person, because, having gone to visit him at his home in Montagnola, he came across a sign at the entrance gate written in German, which read: 'Bitte.
'Keine Besuche.' Miller knew German and was able to translate it: 'Please, no visitors allowed.' Fortunately, I didn't know German, so I was able to go in, be received by Hermann Hesse, and to this day I feel that I was a fortunate soul, blessed by the gods, for having come to know him and been honoured with his friendship.

In memory of those great times and that sense of mystery, I have wished to write these lines, to show that Hermann Hesse is a timeless writer, not of any particular era, but for all time.

Yes! We must read his books again. And bring him back to life…

The Story of Antonio

Cuento

It formed part of the literary controversy that arose that year surrounding the short story.

Hoy, no. 338 (12 May 1938).

Years ago, one day, someone sang a melancholy song at a window.

Antonio, who lived inside a wardrobe, woke up. He brought his white hands to his hair. His hair was smooth, like an inner mirror. The song was reflected there. His left leg—or perhaps his right —how could he tell?— had frozen, asleep, silenced by time, already mimicking the sweet inner moulding. He leapt out. 'Who's singing?' he said. There lay the life he had left behind.

Before setting off, he began to take the little mothballs out of his pockets—the ones he'd placed there with patient care before putting them away, to ensure he'd remain unchanged over time.

Antonio took three steps. How strange. My God, how a man changes if he's kept in a wardrobe for a few years. He looked exactly like a wardrobe whose key had snapped when it was shut, leaving half of it inside the lock. A hermetically sealed wardrobe, with a cracked mirror to boot. He took another step. What good had the mothballs done him? The moth had got into his soul, into his very soul.

Outside lay life, what they call the 'bad life'… Telling the story of a man who has shut himself away in a wardrobe is a strange thing; but that doesn't make it any less possible. I saw him; I knew Antonio very well.

Here is Antonio's story.

He looked around the room. Everything was just as it had been. The door ajar, the window shut tight, on the table the papers he'd had to blow away before he died — before what? —. He made his way to the window. 'Who could have been singing, to make me decide to return to life like this?' He looked out.

Over there, opposite, there had always been a white house, Antonio recalls. Someone quickly shut the shutters at the front. Antonio made up his mind. It was the moment, it was the hour. He ran down the stairs two steps at a time. Down below, in the courtyard, stood the landlady.

—How are you…

A strange woman; she didn't even seem surprised.

'I'm a widow, I'm a widow.'

'I'm leaving, old woman, I'm moving away for good. Don't you remember me? Give me back the mirror, you thief.'

'I'm a widow—can't you see I'm wearing black?'

—What's it got to do with me! I'll get my own back in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

—My black clothes hanging out to dry in the sun.

—My black petticoats.

—My black knickers.

How was it that this woman wasn't surprised after so long without seeing him in his own home? Antonio tiptoed out. The maid was waiting for him behind the front door. She drew him into the doorway, into the alcove.
'Antonio, my lord, the smell of mothballs and damp…' The maid rubbed up against him, her skirts gathered and pressed tight against her stomach.

—Leave me alone.

He went out. He tiptoed across the street. It was dusk. The sun was setting over the green trees on the pavement. The music of twilight was weeping. The world. 'One afternoon I abandoned existence, one afternoon I returned to
existence.' Antonio stretched out his white hand and rang the doorbell at the house opposite. He waited. Waiting was easy for Antonio.

When the door opened from above, pulled by a cord, Antonio asked:

'Tell me: is this where a voice has been singing?'

The woman upstairs didn't understand.

'What do you want, sir?'

Antonio repeated the question.

The maid, whose bare legs made her look as pale and tall as a statue—at that moment she was the goddess of doorways—closed her eyes, pursed her lower lip, clenched her fist and withdrew.

She returned a moment later accompanied by a dark-skinned man of medium height.

'What do you want?' said the man in a hoarse voice.

Antonio repeated the question for the third time.

‘He needs a beating,’ murmured the man above. ‘Come in!’ he shouted desperately.

Antonio climbed the stairs slowly. The man led the way. The maid had vanished. A long corridor. At the end, a small blue lamp. Inside a glass cage, a yellow bird was chirping as dusk fell. In one of the rooms, a naked child was crying and someone was speaking to him softly, monotonously, like silk. The man opened a door. Standing by a window was a tall, pale woman. The closed window had caught the net curtain in its haste. The woman did not even turn her head when the man, addressing Antonio, said:

‘This is Marta; we call her Maruja.’

A silence followed. The silence spread like the sudden flooding of a distant landscape. The silence deepened. The infinite pleasure of falling silent in honour of that which was growing. Antonio fell to his knees. The man said:

‘Let us kneel… on our knees! This silence is God.’

The woman stood up.

‘What a farce,’ she said.

Antonio knew it.

Maruja, bowing slightly, gestured towards the dark-skinned man.

‘May I introduce Bautista.’

Antonio held out his hand. The man shook it listlessly, with a cynical smile, and sat down. He was stocky and well-proportioned.

‘Bautista is “well-proportioned”,’ she said; ‘that’s his flaw. The world is full of men who are ‘well-proportioned’; they grow symmetrically as if they were perfect. I don’t know why, but they grow on their own, without doing anything about it themselves. They look strong, they are strong, and yet they aren’t; they look healthy, and clearly they are. But there’s something—there’s something—a certain emptiness, a certain whiteness. You aren’t dark-skinned; you’re white.”

Bautista smiled. He took off his blouse, rolled up his shirt sleeves, clenched his fist and bent his forearm, showing off his muscles. His bicep bulged like a miniature buttock or a soft stone.

‘After all that, it’s just a soft stone,’ she said; her eyes took on a deep, dark gleam.

Bautista, gesturing towards Antonio, said:

‘You know, I could smash his face in as easily as going for a stroll.’ Maruja threw herself at Bautista, embraced him, lowered her head and pressed her lips against his bicep. The man tried to resist as much as possible with his hard bicep. Her lips finally overcame him.

Bautista laughed loudly, as if he were being tickled.

‘It’s because I love you so much, you know,’ she said, her eyes brimming with love.

‘Deep down, behind those words, there’s anger, there’s hatred,’ said Maruja. ‘Why, why is it like this? Oh!’

The three of them sat down. Bautista began to speak.

‘I adore Maruja,’ he said, looking at Antonio, ‘I love her and she loves me; I’m going to marry her. I’ve bought one of those lorries… You know the sort, the ones that go out after midnight to water the streets and splash water everywhere. Once I’ve got her, I’ll go out and water the streets.’

She had sat down, her hands resting on her skirt. She drew her knees up and, revealing her white leg, exclaimed:

‘Bautista, I adore you.’

Bautista sprang to his feet and, in the middle of the room, with one arm raised, roared.

‘Maruja, I adore you!’

Immediately, turning abruptly towards Antonio:

‘Why do you say I’m lying?’

But Antonio hadn’t said a word. Bautista knew that too.

‘Yes, you haven’t said a word, but it’s your hair—I see myself in it as if in a mirror; you look so much like a wardrobe… Maruja, look, look here—a man-wardrobe…’

Maruja was looking out of the window. Bautista, laughing out loud, said:

‘Do you want to look after my clothes, my good sir? Do you want to hang my suit on the hanger of your soul? Do you want to see me naked?’

And suddenly he began to take off his trousers.

'Bautista!' she cried.

Bautista grew serious. He looked sadly at Antonio.

'I don't know what you want; but I'm mad; perhaps you could have saved me…'

Maruja turned to Antonio.

'I knew that a man lived in that house opposite. We all knew it. We never saw him, but we knew. I, Marta, knew that today was his time.'

Bautista, walking away through the door, said in a plaintive voice:

'I mustn't leave you; I have to stay; I can't go.'

And he left.

'I knew,' said Maruja, resting her forehead against the windowpanes, 'I knew more than anything else. And when his time came, I opened my window and sang—I sang a song as sad as my life, as the life of that man, of our man.'

'My story is a short one,' said Antonio.

'I know,' she said. 'Tell me, my love.'

He plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out a final mothball, which he'd forgotten.

'This is my story,' he said.

'Round like the world,' she continued, 'a little smaller, or a little bigger… Or is the world just a little mothball?'

'Why are you…' he began.

'It's just that every woman,' Maruja interrupted, 'thinks her love is like the world, and if her love is 'this', then 'this' is the world.

He fell silent, embarrassed.

"That's a lie," shouted Maruja. "Bautista couldn't smash your face in – it's impossible. Strength isn't about biceps; strength is the smile that lies dormant in the sole of your foot, or the flame that lies dormant in your navel."

Antonio was looking at his own house.

'Over there, opposite, there's a wardrobe. I lived inside that wardrobe for many years.'

'Go on, my love.'

'Until one afternoon, several years ago, I heard a song.'

—You heard the song this afternoon.

‘And this afternoon—when did that happen?’

—Over there, straight ahead, that’s your house.

‘How strange it is,’ thought Antonio, ‘to be able to suddenly see our own house.’

—Go on.

—‘Yes,’ he said, ‘my time… This is life. Without you, ugh! Inside the wardrobe, as if inside a mother. Dim light, sleep, damp, dark herbs, animals singing, and, sometimes, shit. Sleep. Landscapes. Always thinking about life and what was lost: a sun, a tiny, happy little animal, a fierce pleasure, a woman who held the sun in her arms, a man who was God; because God does not exist, only the sick man exists, and God is the healthy man… Trees, legs, eating mothballs, taking off all the outfits to hang them in my soul… Dreaming, dreaming of you, warm Maruja.

‘Oh,’ she said, ‘you never hung up my dress.’

He stepped away from the window.

She began to cry. She had lost her mind. Or, suddenly, she had reverted to childhood.

She took off her shoes.

‘I, I want to hang my dresses on your hanger.

And between sobs.

‘Because you’re a wardrobe, yes, yes, yes, you’re a wardrobe.’

‘You’re lying!’ he cried, furious… Little by little, he was losing his mind.

She fell to the floor. Antonio knocked over a piece of furniture. There she was, tearing at her dresses. There she was, naked, pale, on the floor. She undressed him, so to speak, with her own mouth. Antonio’s role was to soothe Maruja’s mouth, her moist, sweet lips, like evening fruit. After that, no one knows.

She would later clarify:

‘You, Antonio, are not a wardrobe; you are a man who chose to hide away in a wardrobe and wait for my song. I am life, I am Marta; my song would be the song of life; life for a man will always a woman… Then, very soon, Bautista will come…

The door burst open with a crash. And Bautista entered, sobbing.

‘I am not Bautista, I shall baptise no one, my lords…’

He fell to his knees beside them, naked.

‘I am John.

La Panair, a conference and an ambassador

Published in Santiago de Chile by El Mercurio on 15 August 1951.

In this first account, I simply wish to provide a general overview of the many interesting things I saw in Europe, whilst at the same time offering a necessary introduction to the articles that will follow.

I travelled to France accompanying Mario Vergara Parada, editor of *Vea* magazine, and Mario Vargas Rosas, a Chilean photographer who, together with the journalist Gamonal, had been appointed by the Chilean Journalists' Circle to take part in the International Congress of Journalists held in Évian, France.

For us, France began on the aeroplane, just as we were flying over the vast Andes. There, the lovely 'hostess' approached us and offered us some small bottles of French wine. Later, in Rio, the hospitality we received from the Brazilian airline 'Panair do Brasil' was beyond compare. Both its staff and its chairman, Pablo Sampaio, were exceptionally gracious and kind.
We were able to visit Panair's hangars, factories and technical colleges, so that when we set off on our flight across the vast ocean, we were calm and confident in the airtight cockpit of the 'Bandeirante', as both the pilots and the aircraft were already familiar to us.

Hours upon hours above the clouds, at an incredible altitude, with the fantastical bird barely moving. Only the rumble of the engines. And, down below, suddenly, through a tear in the clouds, white marks against a burnished, blue expanse. It was the Atlantic. Its tiny waves rippled barely, like a thread of a dream, in an ethereal distance. I thought of the first seafarers, of the daring adventurers and, further still, of the sunken palaces of Atlantis. To go there, there, to visit at the bottom of the waters the lost shadow of the ancient Adam…

And suddenly, without knowing how or when, Paris, France. Mario Vargas, sitting beside me, asks me to touch him to make sure he's awake. He has dreamt of Paris all his life; he knows it by heart, even though he had never been there, so that upon seeing it now, for the first time, he exclaims: 'It's exactly the same'…

I was never much of a fan of France. Quite the opposite, in fact. But today I say, like others: Paris is the capital of the world. I heard so much talk of France amongst my own people that I reacted against it. But here it is: Paris is something unreal in its beauty. I have walked in the evening, alone, across the bridges, gazing at those grey stones, weathered by the passage of time, in that light from *One Thousand and One Nights* that falls from a cloudy sky, where the twilights stretch towards eternity. That sky is full of omens, of premonitions, hovering over the rooftops and statues of Paris. Just understanding this fills me with emotion. When will the infinite omens of that light come to pass? Perhaps never. And that is precisely why it is so beautiful. Paris is Paris. For me, it is not its people, nor is it anything other than its stones, its rooftops, its bridges, its light, its signs in the sky…

From Paris to Evian. The latter is a spa town on the border with Switzerland, famous for its thermal springs and its lake. In Paris, I had been handed a letter from Ambassador Joaquín Fernández informing me that he had had to leave for Evian the day before our arrival, as he had been invited to the congress, where he would be representing all the South American countries. Among other things, he wrote: 'I'm leaving you a few thousand francs because I know that today, being Sunday, you won't be able to change money in Paris.' I met him in Evian at the very same hotel where I was staying. The 'Hôtel Royal', for princes or kings. It stands on a hill, surrounded by marvellous gardens, and overlooks the calm lake, criss-crossed by small boats and sailing yachts.
During the occupation, the Germans turned it into a hospital. It reopened just two years ago. I spent a morning leafing through the pages of its guest book, in which, beneath the date
(1900, for example) the name of an English lord appears, alongside that of the most famous artist of that era.

Taking part in this congress, alongside the Chileans, were journalists from Uruguay and Argentina. Almost every European country was represented. As Gamonal, who is currently in Europe, did not make it to Evian, I had to attend on behalf of El Mercurio, something I had not anticipated, as I was travelling simply as an employee of an airline. I did so as discreetly as possible so as not to cause offence in Chile. Journalists are very protective of their privileges. I state this clearly: it was not my fault.

According to my colleagues, this conference was not what they had expected, as there were no professional journalists present and most of the French attendees were government officials. The most delicate matter would be to
avoid any criticism of Argentina; or rather, we believed it was possible that the issue of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires might be raised. We Chileans could do nothing to prevent this, nor should we have; but neither did we wish to give the impression abroad that our South American countries lack solidarity and brotherhood amongst their governments. To be more precise, we thought a great deal about the well-known phrase from *Martín Fierro* concerning the quarrels between brothers and the danger posed by outsiders. Fortunately, none of this came to pass. And the marvellous congress, to use Mario Vergara's charming expression, was a 'thermal congress'—like some others—where we experienced the unrivalled excellence of French cuisine and banquets, and which concluded with the songs and candlelight of Edith Piaf at the casino and the roulette wheel at Evian.

But there was one thing. It was the presentation by the Chilean delegate, Vergara, on journalists' rights and their trade union organisation—something the French and most Europeans are unaware of, and which they find even harder to believe could exist in Chile. Shortly afterwards, at the 'Banquet of the Americas', Ambassador Fernández presided, and at the time of dessert and cognac, he was introduced to the large gathering by Mr Rió, the organiser of this congress and a dynamic young man. His words surprised us with their high praise. He said that our ambassador was one of the most beloved in France and one of the most prestigious, and
that the French were honoured to have him present there. He then gave him the floor. The ambassador's speech was a real test. The audience fell into absolute silence. He spoke of great continental entities and then touched upon a thorny issue: the French people's ignorance of South America and, in particular, of Chile. He said that several people, including even political figures, had consulted him on various occasions about the language spoken in Chile and whether the country was in North or South America. He said that, in his view, this ignorance stemmed from the education system
of French youth, and that I had personally already pointed this out to the President of France, to whom I had suggested the idea of amending school textbooks so that they might include
information about our country and our history.

The ambassador finished his speech and the French people gathered there burst into applause. They applauded in a rather unusual way: they clapped three times and paused for a moment, whilst letting out a cry. They explained to me that this was a traditional form of ovation. Everyone was in agreement and wanted to express their goodwill towards the Chilean ambassador.

The conference concluded with an invitation from the Chilean delegation to hold a Journalists' Congress in Chile, and with Monsieur Rió kissing my companions on both cheeks—something he did not do with any delegate from another country. Indeed, it seems that we Chileans are well-liked by these amiable and intelligent gentlemen from Evian.

I am not familiar with the conclusions of the congress. I was only there in a semi-official capacity. I left before it ended, for something so alluring to me was looming on the horizon that, even if the world had come crashing down, I would have done the same. It was a pilgrimage in search of a myth. In pursuit of the
of the German writer Hermann Hesse. He was in Switzerland, I thought, just a stone's throw away. No one, or almost no one, knew this; almost no one had ever met him. And I would find him, come what may.

But that is a story for another time.

Evian fades into the distance. I might never see him again. Mario Vargas and I used to go for a glass of wine at the ‘Dente D’yoche’, a little sailors’ hotel, brimming with the flavour and artistry of that country. Then we’d stroll through its steep streets. Until the time came to set sail towards new, very brief and even more interesting adventures.

# The Pilgrim's Return

Walking along a path in Montagnola.

La Prensa, Buenos Aires, 14 November 1971.

Written in Montagnola in August of that same year.

Few are lucky enough to be able to start life afresh, stripped bare of everything, as in the years of adolescence. Vaguely, I glimpsed this possibility for myself; I think I even longed for it, from the deepest part of my being, to the extent that I had unconsciously sought it out, bringing it about through actions, unusual deeds, unspoken words, and unarticulated dreams.

And so, having passed the half-century mark, whether by chance or fate — if indeed fate or chance exist — here I am once more, stripped of trappings and dignities, transformed once again into a wanderer, far from everything, travelling with a walking stick and an Andean jacket along the very same paths I found twenty years ago, when I left my homeland for the first time.

Back then I was young, full of great enthusiasm and ideals. I had come to Europe in search of revered heroes —for back then heroes and 'encounters' did exist—. The youthfulness of both soul and body also existed. All paths lay open before me.

As if fulfilling a symbol, I wish to return along the very paths I once travelled, to see if I might find the old imprint of my footsteps and to place my mature feet upon those of the young man now long gone. I thus discover that youth endures amidst the shedding of forms, masks and disguises, which imprison the body and the soul, causing our lives to stagnate.

For nearly twenty years, I served as my country's ambassador in various parts of the world. By a stroke of glorious chance, I am no longer in that role. I know I never felt at ease behind that mask, playing a part in the comedy; I was an actor within 'maya', the illusion. I remain so even today, in this new 'incarnation'

—a more essential one, of course— of the pilgrim who sets out once more on the eternal journey, reunited with his old staff and his Andean cloak.

Let us begin the journey through the very twists and turns of the years. Yes! I already recognise that valley and that lake in the distance! It is Lake Zurich. There stands Jung's old house… I step inside and read an inscription:

'We were young.

That is why they called us 'young' (Jung).

We shall belong to eternal youth.'

The passage of time

In my book *The Hermetic Circle* I have spoken of this city. In Zurich there was an old square, next to a cathedral with a great clock—the largest clock in Switzerland—; there was a house where Goethe once stayed and an immense, mighty tree, like history itself, like the dark forces of the peoples.

I arrive and search once more. But lo and behold, that immense tree—like history, like humanity, like Western civilisation—has vanished. Its power, its strength were merely apparent. It was rotten to the core; it was diseased. A stormy wind came and the tree fell, like history, like life, like Western civilisation.

I continue on my way and arrive at Montagnola, a small hilltop town overlooking Lake Lugano, in the Italian-speaking part of Switzerland. Hermann Hesse lived here; he died here. I first came to this village exactly
twenty years ago. In the book I mentioned, I describe the emotion that overwhelmed me. I am once again standing by the gate of the villa. There used to be a sign here in German that read: 'Bitte, keine Besuche'. (Roughly: 'No visitors allowed'). This sign stopped Henry Miller in his tracks, but not me. I have a letter from the
, author of *Tropic of Cancer*, in which he tells me that he too wished to meet Hermann Hesse. He came to Montagnola and came across that sign, which he was able to translate, but I, fortunately, could not at the time. Henry Miller told me that Hesse was one of the greatest writers of our time, because in the few pages of *Siddhartha* he had summarised the whole of Zen Buddhism.

From Montagnola, and after meeting Hesse, I went on to Florence, in search of Papini and Fra Angelico. In 1951, the occupying forces were still there; there was poverty and hunger in Italy.
I found Papini in Forte dei Marmi, by the sea. We talked at length. I remember he asked me if I was Indian (from South America, not from India) and told me that Gabriela Mistral, our poet, had visited him to bring him an eye remedy made from indigenous herbs. The writer was almost blind. He then offered me money for my travel expenses and led me by the arm to the door of his house.
At that moment, he embodied all the warm humanity of his Latin heritage.

I remembered his book *Il uomo finito*. I had given him a copy of my own, *Ni por mar ni por tierra* (another autobiography, like his), which was also to serve as my introduction to Hermann Hesse.

I remember all this now, as I walk up the entrance path leading to Hesse's house once more. Here is the house! On a window sill there was then a poem by Mench−Hsi, apparently translated from Chinese; but in fact written by Hermann Hesse:

'When one has grown old and

fulfilled one's mission,

one has the right to face the idea of death

peacefully.

He has no need of men.

He knows them and knows enough

about them. What he needs is

peace.

It is not right to visit this man, to speak to him, to

make him suffer with banalities.

One must simply walk past,

past the door of his house, as if no

one lived there.'

Some shrill shouts, in Italian, snap me out of my reverie. At a window on the upper floor, a

man in a T-shirt is shouting at me to leave, whilst gesticulating furiously with his arms and nearly falling into the garden. He orders me to leave ‘at once’, because I am on his property and trespassing. I try to calm him down, explaining that I have come on a pilgrimage to this place where a friend of mine, the writer Hermann Hesse, lived and died. But he is unimpressed, insisting that he is the owner of the house and that it has nothing to do with Hesse, or anyone else for that matter. I realise that there is no reasoning with this madman. I walk away with my head bowed.

Later, at the ‘Albergo Bellavista’, Mrs Ceccarelli explains to me that the Bodmer family, owners of the house where Hesse lived, have sold it to an Italian businessman (a ‘spaghetti’ manufacturer, I believe) for a substantial sum of money.

That beautiful house on the hill was built by Hans Bodmer for his friend Hermann Hesse. Mrs Bodmer left it to Hesse’s wife upon the writer’s death. When Mrs
Hesse and then Mrs Bodmer died, their children ignored the wishes of those who wanted to turn the house into a Hesse museum and sold it to that Italian for several thousand, or perhaps millions, of Swiss francs – money they did not need. The Bodmer family is one of the wealthiest in
Europe. Its collection of paintings is famous, as is its collection of letters and manuscripts by famous men.

Yes, there is something rotten at the core here, like that tree in Zurich, which collapsed at the first gust of stormy wind.

Klingsor’s Garden

Montagnola has been, and still is, a village of painters. There is something in the air here, a certain delicate luminosity, as one finds only in Paris, in Montmartre. Hesse also began painting here. I have a watercolour of his, of Ticino, which he gave me, with the words ‘Ricordo de Montagnola’ written on the back.

Montagnola’s ‘Collina d’Oro’ has been home to families of renowned architects and artists. The Lucchesi were architects at the courts of Prague and Vienna in the 16th and 17th centuries. The Adamini built in Calcutta, Bengal and Madras. The Bernardazzi brothers were architects to Tsar Alexander I. Giuseppe drew up the plans for the Villa in Pyatigorsk, where he died in 1840. Another Bernardazzi built the fortifications of Sevastopol. Some architects from Ticino travelled with Napoleon’s armies that invaded Russia. The Gilardi family worked on the reconstruction of Moscow. Camuzzi returned from Russia to build a house in Montagnola in the Russian Baroque style, similar to those found in St

St Petersburg —now Leningrad—. This is the Camuzzi House, where Hesse first came in 1919, at the end of the First World War. He arrived here with nothing but a mountaineering jacket and asked for lodgings. He had a letter of recommendation for the landlady, Mrs Camuzzi, who took pity on the wayfarer and gave him a flat in her house. Hesse lived there for twelve years, until his friend Bodmer built him the villa
on the hill. At the Camuzzi House, he wrote *Demian*, *Steppenwolf* and, perhaps, *Narcissus and Goldmund*… All this is told to me by the daughter of that Mrs Camuzzi, and she shows me a photograph in an old newspaper from 1927, marking the writer's fiftieth birthday, in which two little girls appear alongside him. They are in the garden of the house. One of those girls is her.

It's strange, but in all the years I've been visiting Montagnola, I've never actually gone inside Casa Camuzzi. I've only ever stood in front of the garden, gazing up at a high balcony, where Hesse wrote *Klingsor's Last Summer*. That balcony was his favourite spot. From there he would gaze out over the hills, the snow-capped peaks and that garden of dreams and magic, which has since been called 'Klingsor's Garden'. The garden of the Camuzzi House.

And it is now—when I too have come here in a traveller's coat; having left my homeland to recommence the symbolic pilgrimage of human life—that the doors of this house open to me mysteriously, and I am admitted into the apartment where my great friend once lived, and 'where his sacred thoughts are still preserved', to quote a verse by the Chilean poet Omar Cáceres.

The bed and the grave

I have spent a whole month here. I am the guest of my old friend. He has extended his hand to me during these
, opened the doors of his home to me and said: 'Take heart! I know what is happening to you, better than anyone else. I, too, set out on this journey; I left my homeland, I abandoned people—or perhaps they abandoned me. Here I suffered, here I dreamt and my wounds began to heal; I nursed them back to health little by little. Here I learnt to be wise… Come, let us gaze upon the garden…'.

From the top of 'Klingsor's balcony' you can see the wooded, dark garden. There is a large magnolia tree. This summer it no longer has any flowers. Yet, curiously, a magnolia blossoms during my stay in the house. It is 'Klingsor's magnolia', I think, 'of the painter who, in the last summer of his youth, painted his self-portrait so furiously and desperately, as if trying to capture for
forever what the years carry away, what time robs us of'. In the end, once the painting is finished, Klingsor realises that it is not just his face, but that of all humanity, of every species on earth, subject to the same process of transformation, which is death and also life.

The bed in which Hermann Hesse slept, more than forty years ago, is still kept at Casa Camuzzi. I sleep in it. And I dream. I see Klingsor's face, which is Hesse's face. I enter that face as I would a house, as I would this house, as I would the world. And I am part of the process of eternal transformations and metamorphoses. Men, peoples, old and young; the old peoples who become young again, resuming their weary journey, as if they had never done so before. The unfolding of war and peace, of slavery and freedom. Slavery sought voluntarily, accepted, to shed blood in the new conquest of freedom. Men, driven mad by power and glory; nations and worlds, reduced to dust in a single night, when a stormy wind blows, rise again from that dust, like a tiny winged speck, like a feather of the Phoenix. So too the worlds, the universes.

I pass through Klingsor's face, Hesse's face, and I am once more on the balcony, on the night of the full moon. The magnolia glows with magic. I fly towards it, floating gently through the air.

Upon waking, lying in bed, I hold the magnolia in my hands. Hesse smiles at me, as he did long ago, as when, on the doorstep of his house, he bid farewell to a young man who had come from Chile, saying to him: 'If you ever return, I may no longer be here…'. It is the gentle, sad smile of one who has crossed the great face of Klingsor—which is the very face of creation.

That day I go to the cemetery in this little mountain village and look for Hesse's grave there. It is a great open book of stone, with the writer's name engraved upon it. To one side there is a concave stone, so that water may pool there and the birds may drink from it. Two flowers have been laid very close together. There is another stone in front of the grave, so that the pilgrim may sit and meditate. But next to the heart of the dead man buried here, of the body that is decaying here, or has already decayed, lies the stone of another grave. The grave of Ninon, his wife, his companion.

The pilgrim, still wrapped in the dream of the night, in the legend of his life, holds the magnolia in his hand. He strives to discover the true name, or title, of that stone book, open before his eyes. And at last he is granted the ability to read it: maya, illusion.

Beside the stone book of maya, I lay the magnolia from Klingsor's Garden.

Tito's Eighty Years

Written in Vienna in May 1972.

Ten years ago now; in 1962, I was transferred from India to Yugoslavia to serve there as the first permanent ambassador, based in a socialist country, since the end of the last war. My remit was to cover the entire socialist bloc, including the Soviet Union.

I presented my credentials to President Tito on the island of Brioni, in the height of summer. My brief speech was as follows: 'I am honoured to be able to represent my country before the leader and founder of humanist socialism.' Tito smiled, clearly pleased with this description I had given him.

Not a month had passed since my arrival before I decided to consult my country on the possibility of inviting Tito to Chile. President Alessandri, with the vision of a statesman, extended the invitation. This made it possible for the Yugoslav politician to fulfil his dream of travelling to South America and, from there, to the United States, at the invitation of Kennedy.

What was my first impression, my intuition, my feeling, upon coming into contact with the socialist countries (not so much in Yugoslavia, I must confess), having come from India, where I had lived for ten long years? The impression was one of tremendous sadness, of a leaden hue that enveloped everything; a leaden hue that seemed to emanate from the very soul of people, so to speak, and tainted even the grass, even the wheat. A great sadness that enveloped people, the landscape, life itself.

On my trip to Chile, to prepare for President Tito's invitation, I happened to bump into Eduardo Frei Montalva in the street (Moneda or Agustinas, I can't quite remember). We stopped to chat for a moment. He asked me the following question: 'If there were free elections in Yugoslavia, what would happen? Who would win?' I replied without hesitation: 'The Communist Party would lose; it would be defeated. But Tito would be elected president unanimously. Yugoslavia loves Tito; it admires him; he is its national hero.' Frei continued:
'Summarise for me your human experience—not your political one—of India, the East, and, now, the socialist world.'
I reflected for a moment, then tried to summarise. 'There are two kinds of misery,' I said, 'physical misery and moral misery. I have seen the worst physical misery in the East, a misery that was almost cosmic. But there was no moral misery there. I have now seen moral misery. I prefer the former, because even there, in the most appalling physical misery, man remains human, he still has a soul and, however strange it may seem
strange, he remains free. It is moral misery that casts a shadow over the landscape, the pasture, the wheat… We must put an end to physical misery, but without causing moral misery.'

The years have passed; another ten years have gone by since I arrived in Belgrade. And now I realise that what Tito has sought to do in his country is precisely the latter: to put an end to physical misery without
causing moral misery. During my stay in Yugoslavia, he dealt a fatal blow to the police state by removing Ranković, his vice-president and head of the political police. Whilst
acknowledging the 'erosion' of the state, he has sought to acknowledge the 'erosion' of the party. If he has not gone further in this regard, it is due to two fundamental events: the invasion of Czechoslovakia by Russian military forces and the Croatian nationalist movements, amongst others, stirred up precisely from abroad by the very same imperialist forces—or 'social-imperialist' forces, to use the term coined by the Chinese. A humanist socialist revolution (I would venture to call it, more aptly, a
'Western socialist revolution' launched in a Balkan country cannot but have a limited scope and influence unless it is extended and continued elsewhere and in other
that are more industrially developed, more 'Western'. Czechoslovakia, in this respect – the 'Czech Spring' – was essential to Tito's humanist revolution, so that it might continue its
redemptive mission and so that Tito might die in peace, confident that his brilliant work would endure. Perhaps Italian communism is destined to take up the 'deadly spring' of Prague once more. But there is a big 'perhaps' here. No one who has not visited Prague before, during and after the 'Spring' can even begin to imagine what that promise meant to the youth of the world, who would have been drawn into a redemptive mission for socialism and for all humanity. Who would not have been
a socialist, I wonder, had it triumphed there, had Tito's humanist socialism continued there?

One sometimes arrives at humanist socialism in the following way: when one has first gone through the destruction of the highest spiritual values, the destruction of morality and the economy,
when, in addition to physical misery, man sinks into the abyss of moral decay, denunciation and crime. Very few can escape from there. But those who do escape already know what the sunshine of humanist socialism is like. And those who have fallen victim to their own mental constructs, to 'theorising', to self-hypnosis and to the orthodoxy of a godless religion—where
the same fanaticism and cruelties found in all proselytising religions are nevertheless repeated.

What enormous changes I was able to witness from the time I arrived until I left Yugoslavia! The erosion of the socialist state and the party, coupled with a vast and free imagination, put an end to the absurd orthodoxy in agriculture, to collectivisation and centralisation in agriculture and the economy. Marxism is finding new channels; it is renewing itself. In this age of the technological revolution, of cutting-edge technology and space travel, only cretinism elevated to the status of a religion can continue to
clinging to dogmas coined in an era when aeroplanes did not exist. Either profound cretinism or a great sense of humour. Or perhaps an unbridled ambition for power, an unbridled desire to remain in power, or a covert imperial ambition for world domination.

Setting aside all personal merit and ability, I still believe, today as yesterday, that there is a destiny for individuals and nations. Was it Tito's personal destiny or that of his people that led him to shape the course of human history in such a fundamental way? As this statesman turns eighty, amidst the boundless affection and admiration of his people, I find myself pondering this. Among the peoples of the world, the Yugoslavs possess a great sense of beauty. They are, moreover, a beautiful people. Could it be
this aesthetic sense that has led Yugoslavia and its brilliant leader to the creation and implementation of humanist socialism? For humanist socialism must be beautiful, whereas police-state socialism—that of denunciation and crime—is not. The latter makes life ugly, makes the landscape ugly, makes human beings ugly.

Perhaps Tito and his people wanted to make the grass beautiful again, and the wheat beautiful. And they have succeeded.

The Ominous Signs (the Nazi congress)

There was a socio-economic form of Nazism—visible and external—and another with deep-rooted origins.

Rocinante, no. 20 (June 2000).

Ever since the outlandish idea of an 'international Nazi congress', to be held in Chile, was first mooted—almost two years in advance—I expressed my opinion on this preposterous proposal, which was bound to have disastrous consequences for all of us—consequences that would have been even worse had we not opposed it from the very outset.

The main aim of this suspicious 'congress' initiative was to provide an argument for those who wish to pass a law in Chile prohibiting all 'revisionist' activity and broad freedom of opinion on any subject, including the 'Jewish Holocaust', on pain of imprisonment, as already exists in other countries. The manoeuvre is something of a 'cliché', since in Mexico too, in the state of Guadalajara — where such a ban does not exist either — another 'international Nazi congress' was proposed. Immediately, there was talk of introducing the notorious law restricting freedom of expression.

I do not know what may have happened in Mexico, but in Chile every effort has been made—and continues to be made—to secure its parliamentary approval. To this end, and despite the shameful failure of the 'congress', the press continues to insist on a non-existent Nazi threat in our country, where there was never any possibility of imposing a Nazi regime, nor have Jews ever been persecuted.

Political Nazism came to an end on earth – at least in the world as we know it today – on 30 April 1945; since then, there has been neither the possibility nor the desire to restore it in the same form. Hitler
said: 'Anyone who sees National Socialism as merely a political movement has understood nothing.'

Indeed, there was a visible, external, 'socio-economic' form of Nazism, so to speak, and another with deep, 'hidden' roots, as Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke would explain, which are anchored in, touch upon and draw sustenance from the same eternal archetypes, the same myths and legends that, in the collective unconscious of

, give rise to religions. And that is indestructible; earthly and cosmic time
is responsible for opening up an unknown and mysterious path for them—though one that is always the same—in the eternal return of the archetype and the myth.

The Jewish sages, a minority amongst the rest of mankind—who are bewildered and hypnotised—are also aware of this.

In an attempt to prevent this, they resort to gruesome means (that is to say, tricks) that allow them to erect temporary obstacles, but which in the end will have little effect. They erect their 'Holocaust museums' in every city on the planet. They have achieved this in Chile thanks to the so-called 'Nazi congress'. (Exhibitions at the Catholic University, lectures at the University of the Andes, permanent museums in Santiago and Valparaíso). Without the 'congress', their actions would have fallen on deaf ears.

But something far more serious has taken place in our country, and it should give us
deeply. Always under the pretext of the 'Nazi threat in Chile', a veritable 'international Zionist congress' was held between 30 March and 3 April, attended by one hundred delegates from Germany, Israel, France, England, Italy, Colombia, Ecuador, Argentina, Brazil and, of course, Chile. The congress took place on the premises of the Central Bank of Chile in Punta de
Tralca, with security provided by Israel. All this has been reported by the San Antonio-based newspaper *El Líder*, a subsidiary of *El Mercurio*, and also by *Proa Regional*, from the same city, on 30
March this year.

Now, the enormous significance of this 'true congress' should be understood by reading the book *The Jewish State* by Theodor Herzl, founder of the State of Israel, written in 1895, in which he prophesied that:
'In another fifty years — that is, in 1945 or 1947, it makes no difference — the Jews will have a state in the Middle East, and in another fifty, that is, a hundred years, in Patagonia', in Chile and Argentina. (Read
Laguna del Desierto and Viedma, where President Alfonsín intended to move his country's capital).

This seminal prophetic book has been translated into Spanish and is available in Chile.

The hundred years are now coming to an end, just as a foreigner, Tompkins, has acquired an entire country in our Patagonia and Benetton has done the same in Argentina. Tompkins is linked to Rockefeller and both have supported Lagos, who in turn has appointed Adriana Hoffmann to a key post. She is a close associate of Tompkins.

This is the culmination of the ‘Andinia Plan’, revealed in Argentina almost forty years ago. And all these strange events and synchronicities—to which are added the bloodletting of animals and the disappearance of human beings (as has already happened in the US, according to the extraordinary Cooper Report and the book
*Behold a Pale Horse* by the same author), are like the sound of a gong, bell or cultrún, heralding the end of Chile as an independent territorial entity.

Beyond Nazism

La Nueva Edad, no. 9 (21 October 1941).

In publishing these rather lengthy notes, we wish to offer an explanation to our readers, who have been so kind to us. What follows is perhaps a little tedious and dry, and a subject on which we we have been unable to avoid digressions and detours. Readers interested in these lines will have to read them at home, devoting time and attention that they had surely set aside for other matters.
We are publishing these notes after much hesitation, and at the request of a few friends. We are doing so also out of a need for personal integrity, because this is the essence of our thinking and it is from this perspective on life and the world that we set out to fight and pour all our passion into the struggle. We know that in no way have we been mistaken to date in
our views, and that future events will prove us right in our faith in South America. In publishing *La Nueva Edad*, we have never sought commercial or popular success; our sole aim has been to leave a record of these years in Chile and of a revolutionary generation.
We have also sought to provide guidance to a certain readership and to combat evils resolutely. And on this point we shall remain unyielding. We currently have in our possession a number of sensational documents which we shall use in forthcoming issues. Whatever may happen to us afterwards, we have
wanted this issue of *La Nueva Edad* to be somewhat different, intended to reflect the essence of our thinking, so that it may serve as a record, even if this detracts from its readability and wider circulation. It is a concession we are making to ourselves, and we hope our
kind reader to allow us to do so, without this causing them to lose interest in future issues.

In the following lines, written some time ago now, we have endeavoured to condense, in a journalistic style, a subject that obsesses us—one that could fill a book—and which is a thoroughly anti-Marxist and anti-evolutionist interpretation of history. *La Nueva Edad* aims, above all, to be entertaining and accessible. It will always be so in the future. In this issue, which maintains a sense of unity across the articles by the various contributors, we have sought to summarise our doctrine, to express something akin to a compendium of our struggle and our intuition. We do not know to what extent we have succeeded, as difficulties and inconsistencies could not be entirely avoided. We once again offer our apologies to the reader, whilst at the same time extending our thanks for the support you have shown us
through their letters and for the unconditional support they have shown this magazine.

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The Meaning of Human History

There is no doubt that, above all else in their daily lives, people are concerned with the primordial darkness of the earliest times. Even classical antiquity, so devoted to immediate life and to the forms of the present, seeks to explain it through its abundant mythology. All peoples, all human beings from every corner of the earth or of history, seek answers through their myths, their religions and their cosmogonies. Not all peoples are happy, and all human beings seek and speak of happiness. Who has told them about it? Who has told them that it exists? How do they know, if they have never, ever known it? The ancient rituals, the ancient myths and allegories, passed down and written down, even modern philosophical systems, all agree on one point, on a single concern: humankind was once happy on this
earth; there was a paradise, a state of fulfilment, a power, a lost strength. That is the truth. And no other. The Aztec Bible of Chichicastenango also agrees with the codices of all ages and all peoples, who, at the dawn of a new era, young once more, listen more keenly to the memory of fulfilment.

The meaning of history, through its tragic and oscillating narrative, is thus the desperate search for lost power, for man's fulfilment, for the reconquest of greatness and for triumph in the struggle against the world—which is happiness.

It matters not that most people today, bewildered by long-held scientific prejudices or by the fierce material struggle of existence, scoff at these words and deny the teleological
of history (incidentally, this is not a metaphysical question), at this very moment when the great events of the present are proving it. Man is far more than he often believes himself to be.

The truth is this: at the dawn of time, that is to say, before history began, man was happy and perfect. Justice existed.

There was a central continent, serenely framed within the universal signs and forces, where there was happiness, energy and triumph, and where death—that is to say, the fear of death—had not appeared, because man lived powerfully immersed in the moment, fully present in the here and now. Man was different; he was so even physically.

Reducing the definition to its fundamental meaning—to what it ought to be, because it once was—life is man's struggle against the world and the humanisation of the world by man. In those days, man was triumphant. He struggled with the world, and in that primordial dualism—man versus the world—man prevailed, because he respected the law of the earth; he knew it through his body first, and then went on to utilise it, master it and humanise it. It was happiness, lost greatness—what is commonly called paradise. Myths recall that time because that is what a myth is: a biological—and spiritual, too—memory that
lingers deep within, like a great, distant dream of a grandeur that must be reclaimed.

The reason why man fell, defeated by his opposite, by the world, is shrouded in mystery. It is known that there were geological catastrophes, that continents sank, that that central region disappeared. The sinking of Atlantis had already had precedents, and that tragic story
stretches back in time, like a legend lost in the vast and mysterious origins. But the sinking of the lands was certainly not the cause that defeated man and reduced him to the
'historical' state of being rootless and imperfect; rather, on the contrary, the cataclysm was the consequence of mankind's defeat. The earth was left free and unchecked; it began to triumph, to take its revenge. From
then until now, it has never again been subdued.

The meaning of history is, therefore, man's quest for his lost greatness; it is the tale of his misery and despair. In this article, within the inevitable limitations imposed upon us,
we shall attempt to explain how contemporary events offer the possibility of bringing history to an end and how this is the role assigned to South America.

What is man?

The world begins with man. Before man, nothing could exist. The world is a mystery, because it is a mystery to man. And it is a mystery because man himself is a mystery.
man cannot explain himself, because the spirit, in order to unfold in this way, would have to cease to exist. Man need not ask questions; man exists, he is. He has always been; with him
the world begins; the mystery lies within him.

When man fell, losing his state of original perfection, history began—the tragic narrative of his quest and his missteps, and the struggle he wages
desperately to endure, so as not to vanish, destroyed by the elements he no longer controls and which strike him blindly. In this struggle, man has shown tremendous resilience. It is

no wonder, then, that he belonged to a superior line of kings. If man were to disappear, the world would shatter, for the unleashed forces would turn against themselves through a lack of control.

In this article, we are primarily interested in explaining history and its ultimate consequences. It is man who, upon losing Life, begins to make history, attempting to recover what he has lost. That is why we must begin by explaining what man is. Or rather, what man was.

Man was, in that higher age, a total being—that is to say, a complete being—a being in spontaneous and harmonious expression of his whole being: the body, the soul—or what has been called the unconscious—and the spirit manifested themselves simultaneously, as a whole, respecting one another, and not just one of them—as happens today—to the detriment of the others, whom it tyrannises. The motto 'a healthy mind in a healthy body' was fulfilled in an unknown and unsuspected way. In that—which is now
for humankind—lies happiness. That was greatness: the whole, full, complete human being, in the expression of all his human conditions, both physical and spiritual.

When man lost and was defeated by that unknown and distant event which took place here on earth, it is only right that he should have been unable to express himself in the fullness of his attributes, but instead
became an imperfect, fragmented, one-sided individual—the man we know from history.

Today there is no complete man, expressing his body and spirit fully, but rather a fragmented man. Throughout history up to the present day, there have often been men who expressed themselves solely through his body—and it is this man whom uncomprehending scientists have studied in terms of man's animal past; subsequently, there has been a man who has manifested only his unconscious —or soul—, and it is this man whom the historians of our time have classified under the label of 'pagan' (the classical and ancient pagan); later in history came the man of emotion, the man of the mystical spirit (the so-called Middle Ages form a subtle interweaving and confusion of these two), and thus we have
We have now reached modern times, in which a man has emerged who expresses only his spirit, who respects nothing but the mind that reasons mechanically, and who has created the rationalist type, tyrannising the body and the emotions to the point of making them groan with rage and despair. Since man is not perfect and since he began to suffer throughout history, trying to rediscover himself without yet understanding, history itself is nothing more than this change—this pendulum-like substitution of a fragmented and imperfect man for another just as fragmented and imperfect as the previous one. A past and a future. Never a present. One era replaced by another… And eras are just this: the expression of a
particular man, who realises only a part of his life and of his human nature, and who, proceeding along that single path of expression until reaching its ultimate limit, until exhausting it, thereby imprints

a style of its own to the space in which it is realised, in which it exists. Then, when life is already on the verge of being extinguished in this incomplete realisation, another man appears, defined by another aspect of life. This man, who is different, must fight the previous one, who refuses to perish and to give way. It is necessary to fight, to wrest the space from him, in order to express oneself in turn. It is the struggle of the
generations. They are also the revolutions and the wars. If man were to express himself in the totality of his parts, of his condition, in the aforementioned fullness, regaining his 'primitive'—that is to say, original—state and his lost greatness, wars, revolutions and all these upheavals would come to an end; this split-off time of history, which slips away and stretches out, would also come to an end; the past and the future would vanish (their meaning would vanish) so that only the present would exist. Man could live enjoying the present moment, something which does not happen today, when time is desperately consumed under the universal maxim 'time is money'. In a word, history would come to an end; but Life would be regained.

And the meaning of history, as made by humankind, is to attempt to bring about its own end, in order to bring about the triumph of Life, just as it once was upon the earth.

The history of humankind to the present day. Europe

In the light of these truths, events can be viewed with fresh eyes and without error. Everything is framed here and can be understood. Mankind's mission is to attain the highest level of consciousness and to adopt an attitude aimed at rectifying its error. Someone once said or wrote that if there were a man who, in the solitude of his life, turning a blind eye to the immediate events of the age, were to succeed, through personal effort, in individually attaining perfection—in becoming a
complete man, existing in balance within the harmony and strength of his body, spirit and soul, he would, by virtue of his perfection alone, gain unlimited power over the rest of inferior men, becoming something like a magician, who could guide the world towards justice and happiness through his mere presence, or through his gestures; through his influence. He could also prevent wars.

No doubt that would be the case; but today, in the present, can a man born of women as sorrowful and as ailing as those of today rise above his heritage and his misfortune to achieve that perfection? No, he can no longer do so, unless a catastrophe occurs—a war—whose destruction brings new possibilities to light.

The history of the last two thousand years is the history of Europe, of a man who develops on the continent of that name and lives whilst receiving the influences of that land and that sky. Europe makes its

history, so to speak, without looking in any other direction; it imprints upon its era a despair and a violent impulse contributed by the white man (races are perhaps the residues, the waste products of the superior man, of the original lineage of the victor, of the dominator). Europe lives out its tragedy, focused entirely upon itself, and is still unable to break free from this equally one-sided mode of existence. Yet, on its
soil, the ages have succeeded one another. Men shaped by one or another of the expressions of the human condition — whilst retaining a certain common characteristic of the white race — have traversed it, right up to the present day, where an individual governed
solely by the rational spirit and who oppresses and tortures all other human conditions and faculties. He imposes a particular style upon the life of his era, constructs his own means of expression and his objects, which will help him to express his own fragmented existence. It is in this way that technology emerges, as the logical outcome of this man determined solely by the
rationalist spirit, and it is in this way that the whole surplus of that cultural world we all know—the scientific and economic world—begins to manifest itself.

Every distinct individual creates a different era. This has been recognised unconsciously by
various researchers in recent years. Spengler was referring to this when he stated that there has never been a single, universal system of mathematics, because the meaning that numbers held for the Greeks was entirely different from that which they held for the Egyptians, or for people of our time. However,
, however, no one has yet got to the heart of the matter.

For it is man's duty to strive to overcome this difference—that is to say, this one-sidedness
to which we are referring in these lines, in order to attain the perfection of his integrity. The European, who was unable to rise to perfection, who did not allow himself to be carried along by the impulse of the yearning for salvation that beats deep within the breast of all men, to the point of bringing history to a close and resolving it, now finds himself at the end of his one-sided journey, of his illness, and is suffocating. Today, a new
historical phase has now been exhausted. And this is how a new generation has emerged in Europe too, defined in a different way, with different conditions and forms of expression that make up the human being, predominating—or beginning to predominate. This generation thus enters into struggle with the old world, with the old man, who still holds sway over the physical environment, the economy, and all the relationships and powers that make up civilisation. It enters into struggle to wrest from him dominion over space and all these things which, in turn, will offer it the possibility of self-expression. Yet many of these contemporary Europeans, though different from those of the past, will find it difficult to shake off their interests and traditional heritage. And so they take reactionary positions alongside the conservative powers.

The tragedy of today's European is that, faced with the prospect of fundamentally transforming one era for another, he will be unable to do so, because his 'new man' is not so different from that of the past as to avoid remaining, in some way, bound to tradition, and unable to love the monuments of an era which he himself represented, having suffered passionately.

Today's European is already somewhat historically exhausted. This is evidenced by the various signs of the present. Nevertheless, he still has to complete the final stage, and through his actions he must make possible the great future that belongs to us.

What Fascism and Nazism represent

In imperial Egypt, the centre of tolerance, 'freedom' and pleasure, when the signs were already pointing to its decline, it is said that the high priest of Amun worked to restore the old virtues of strength, frugality and discipline. He had gone so far as to form his own army, parallel to that of the pharaoh, with a view to reviving the inner strengths of the empire.

It is amidst Europe's exhaustion and weariness, at the heart of a 'historic' people—with its monuments and 'sacred mummies'—that fascism seeks to return to that primal impulse, to rekindle those half-extinguished embers. And it is the steely, tenacious will of one man that stirs
on the embers, to spur his people once more to 'make history'… Is this possible? Italy is already a 'historic' nation, which has squandered its substance on a fruitless quest. The new man who has emerged there mobilises another aspect, another part of its existence; yet he too remains incapable of destroy 'tradition'. And so we have seen how fascism has lost its revolutionary force by becoming 'humanist' and embracing Christianity within its ranks, subsequently expanding through a whole Renaissance-style 'mise-en-scène'. It is the tragic duality of a people reaching the final stage of one era and embarking upon another. The forces driving them are neither barbaric nor obscure, but conscious and 'civilised'. Just as Mussolini's great strength lies in his mental and nervous vigour.

Benito Mussolini is a man who, at the twilight of an era, struggles against destiny, turning against a part of himself. As Italy is a more worn-out and 'historic' nation, more at the heart of what has been called 'Christian civilisation', its current actions have something contrived about them. Contrived by the will of one man.

And Germany?

Alexander was a Macedonian, hailing from that land which the Athenian citizen regarded as barbaric. The son of a woman initiated into occult practices, who lived preoccupied with the stars and adorned with

snake necklaces. Yet it was in this land, regarded as such, that Greece found the strength to achieve its final imperial phase.

But Macedonia was Greece, just as Germany is Europe. (One must keep the proportions of the comparison in mind.)

Germany was biding its time. There are different forces at work there. For a long time, it was forced to live a life to which it did not fully belong. The German is a determined man, just like the contemporary European; but in Germany, new generations were emerging. The German is technical, rationalist and fair-skinned; yet he is also something different. He was oppressed and biding his time. Now that it has been unleashed, it opens up vast possibilities, but it will not be Germany that takes them to their ultimate conclusion, for it too has vested interests in the era that is drawing to a close.

It is primarily up to the Nazis to open new doors and begin building the bridges and the means which, once established for the future, will enable South America to put an end to the 'historical penance'.

And perhaps Hitler understands this too…

Russia, America and England

When, in another part of the world, there is a man who is entirely different (and not merely partially so, as in Germany and in Europe today), if this man remains true to himself and creates his own means of expression, he may one day prevail, through war, over those others who monopolise the world stage and even dictate the style of the age. But as it is still these people who dominate the world and impose themselves on others, forcibly imposing their customs, characteristics and relationships upon them, those entirely different peoples—who do not correspond to or resemble, at heart, those who are
'making history', will remain in a 'colonial' situation in relation to them, imitating a way of life that does not belong to them and often fighting for causes that do not concern them. That is why it will always
it will be the new man, the new generation, emerging at the centre of the world—dominant (in Europe today)—that will turn against the prevailing era, blazing new trails and serving as a bridge of sacrifice.

Current events illustrate this: Russia was different. There exists a different kind of man there, not determined by the rationalist spirit that holds the brain in sole esteem, as in the West. But Russia, oppressed by both the West and Asia, never truly knew who it was nor was it able to live its own life. It was in this way that it took Western rationalist 'theories' and carried them to their ultimate conclusions. It became technologised and began to live a life that did not belong to it. Yet, as Russia is fundamentally different and as vital forces prevail over all else, Russia was instinctively using these foreign means to one day turn them against enemy Europe and assert its dominance over it.

Today we can see that Russia has lost. It was bound to lose, for it remained distorted and, on the path it was following, could only end in madness. It has been unable to fight against the forces that fulfil exactly fulfil destiny. And it is for the best; for we can imagine what a triumphant Russia would have been like, and we can only understand it by comparing it with America. It would have continued, driven by its leaders, along the fatal path of a technology and a rationalism to which it did not belonged to it, soulless. It would not have been able to extricate itself from its error and, as it possesses far greater vitality than the United States, it would have reached the ultimate consequences of madness and, together with America and the Jewish race, brought about the extermination of mankind and, consequently, of the world.

The United States is in a situation similar to that of Russia. There, too, there is a different sort of man playing the part of the European and of 'civilisation'. But the United States will not be able to put up as fierce a resistance as Russia, because it lacks earthly vitality. It will be defeated more easily. And this is what we fervently hope for… because if it were not so…

Stalin is a strong man, far stronger than Hitler and Mussolini; his strength comes from the earth, rising up through the soles of his feet; yet he could not prevail, because he lacked the means and the mastery of those means, because he was merely putting on a grand charade, and because in this 'scientific' war his soul did not truly understand the technology, just as neither the Yankee nor the Japanese understand it.

This era can only be changed, for the good of mankind, by that generation emerging from within it, which is different, but not entirely so. In the tragic, internal struggle of that world are those who cannot comprehend and who remain fiercely attached to the old 'interests', which have taken root and spread like a fungus over the old disease of the dying era, and who, rather than opening new doors to hope, would prefer to see the world vanish into total disintegration. This is the traditional attitude of England, driven towards it, moreover, by the Jews, sworn enemies of salvation and of vital power.

The great destiny of South America

Catholic Christianity is the religion through which the rational-mechanistic man's yearning for salvation manifests itself, and which, like all religions to date, has also strayed from the path to the solution, placing it outside of life, beyond the earth. Man, driven by the rational spirit, is Catholic; that is to say, he is ecumenical, thinks in universal terms, and always extends
cause to effect, seeking the boundless. It is in this way that he has come to limit the world, upon discovering its smallness. Just as the machine, in its innermost structure, is nothing more than a line of reasoning, a
'conclusion', a syllogism, so too will the rationalist man discover technicality. Those peoples who are not driven by this same aspect of life, who do not think in syllogistic and
rationalistic terms, will be unable to produce technology, because they have no real interest in it, and will only adapt it to their lives out of necessity or for self-defence.

A perceptive European who travelled through South America made some accurate observations in one of the most interesting pieces ever written about us: the South American is shaped by another aspect of human nature (he claimed it was sensitivity). In our own words, the South American embodies a different kind of imperfection from that of the European or the man of
. Different lands, with their particular influences, set the human tragedy on distinct courses.

South America is today merely the land, the great continent, with its unique emanations and effluvia. The man who inhabits it is a defeated, crushed being, with no possibility of joy or of expression as a historical being. The mass of America is merely the beginning of a possibility, the hint of a future. There has been no more tragic fate in history than that of the present generations of South America. The South American is a man in whom the influence of this land of destiny causes great unease, yet who neither knows how nor is able to live his own life.

The pressure from Europe has forced South America onto a course different from its own. The South American does not even live his own fragmented life, his own affliction. He is afflicted by a foreign disease. We are in the same situation as Russia; yet we do not even have the strength to rebel. Moreover, the
does not allow us to take our imitation of the West to the dangerous extremes of North America.
We do not really know today what we are. That is why we have believed so many things about ourselves. The Chileans, for
example, were once the 'French' of South America, then the 'Prussians', later the
'English', and we have even claimed to be the 'Japanese'.

It is necessary for Germany, as it leads Europe to world domination, to stamp its mark upon the universe and open the doors to a new era. It is necessary for it to make us a little more pagan, to wage the battle

against Christianity and turn us back to the earth and the sun, so that we may rid ourselves of what does not belong to us and focus on our own distinctiveness.

We would never make the same mistake again…

Yet the race that inhabits South America today seems to be merely a race passing through. One might say that South America is today an uninhabited continent, devoid of men, awaiting the arrival of the legions.

To reclaim lost greatness and happiness, man must set out today from his particularity, from his own one-sided life, and, from there, rise to the totality of man, to fulfilment and perfection, which consist in the simultaneous and respectful expression of his body—which is what listens to the earth and lives through sex—; of his soul—which expresses symbols and engages in dialogue with the forces of the heavens and with the mysteries of nature; and of his spirit—which observes, comprehends, and utilises the laws of the world to overcome it and humanise it.

It is South America that has been entrusted with the mission of putting an end to the history of human defeat, of reclaiming a joyful life devoted to the present, and of bringing an end to a painful and miserable history. All the signs are favourable. It will be influenced by Europe and Asia; the astral age that is approaching
is passing over it. But it will not be the South American of today who will attain the happiness and strength of the Great
Age. It will be a man who is formed here, who will merge within this laboratory, where the superior race will emerge—the synthesis of all races, or rather, the transcendence, the sublimation of one of them—and which already existed at the dawn of time.

What, then, is the modest destiny of today's South American? The destiny of an 'elite', of a select few who, amidst our tragedy and in the slaughterhouse of these defeated generations,
aided by the unsettling winds of this land, have penetrated the mystery, being granted a glimpse of the truth. Their mission is to pass it on to the future; for the work of salvation will require the utmost awareness and a world governed by a select few, who know the truth, who know what it is and how it may be attained; but who also know that they themselves will not be able to live it and that they will have to sacrifice themselves for humanity.

It is here, too, that the German regime will facilitate its organisation and its system. At the very edge of history, extremes become indistinguishable. The total loss of freedom for the majority—
almost slavery, in order to regain the true freedom of the fully realised and superior human being. It will be necessary

an ecumenical, universal imperial system, so that all men may be guided and driven along the true path, so that the anti-universal way of life—rooted in the earth, anonymous, existing within a limited sphere, which becomes saturated and humanised—may be restored. Guided education, propaganda, a controlled press and a controlled economy are necessary to restore man
back on his magnificent and legendary throne.

Destiny belongs to South America. It is here that those who rule the world will have to attempt to bring history to an end. Perhaps all this is not so far off. But it is also necessary for
South American of today must fulfil his mission, which is to understand these things and pass them on, so as to teach them to those who will be able to bring them to fruition.

And this will be the new, the great, the true religion, the driving force of the future.

That is why we, who understand the true meaning of Nazism, and accept and support it, whilst striving to set an appropriate course for the actions of our peoples, are,
beyond Nazism, and regard it merely as the sole necessary means available to mankind.

## Final considerations

We apologise for the inevitable length of these lines, given the breadth, weight and obscurity of the subject. The times are ripe for setting out these matters, because the great events of the present provide a clear illustration. The war has been spreading further every day. Will the moment come when it reaches us? Let us hope that by then we are acting honourably and with idealism. At present, Chile has nothing to gain from whichever side it takes. Only the future belongs to us. For that very reason we must act with idealism, siding with the new and with the forces driving the world revolution forward. As the war spreads, it may, as some say, eliminate the possibility of a winner and bring destruction and desolation to the world. Nevertheless, this would still be better than continuing as we have done until now, and better than a victory for the Anglo-Saxon and Jewish powers. For the destruction of what has been called civilisation is not the destruction of life; it signifies a change, a fresh start, from the very beginning, by the rivers, upon the ruins of the cities, where the forests will be growing, to return once more to the cycle of eras and changes, which will continue the eternal return of history. Even there, there would still be the possibility that someone might remember the truth and, by placing their longing for salvation—which stirs in the very depths of man—at the service of that truth, might rise individually to the fulfilment signified by the

reconquest of man's full expression in the supreme power of all his might. Even there, that person would redeem mankind.

But it will not be so, for the time is near and the war will be won. The Chileans of today may not witness it, or may be sidelined. But our individual lives are of no consequence, especially when we belong to transitional generations who, though they understood, had the world against them; and as their sole compensation, they were granted a glimpse of the truth at last and made impossible efforts to attain it. Our mission is to fight and to pass it on. Great times are to come.

Maya, or Farewell to Nehru

Stones engraved by Buddhist pilgrims, bearing the Tibetan inscription ‘Om mani padme hum’. El

Mercurio (Santiago de Chile), 28 June 1964.

‘All religions and faiths come together to bid farewell to the hero.’

Dawn

The Yugoslav Government will send a special mission to New Delhi to attend Nehru’s funeral. There is barely any time, as it has been announced that the funeral procession will set out at eight o’clock in the morning the following day, heading for the banks of the sacred Yamuna, towards the pyre of sandalwood. A special aeroplane has been arranged to connect, in Beirut, with the Air India flight that will fly directly to New Delhi. I am told that a seat has been reserved for me.

How could I not go? How could I not be present at the final farewell to that friend of India’s for almost ten years?
It was only two years ago that I left New Delhi station. Nehru’s daughter, Indira Gandhi, came to the platform to see me off. She was holding a small sandalwood walking stick. It was the staff of office with which Nehru used to travel throughout his vast India and abroad. She was now sending it to me with the following message:
‘In case you need to hit someone in Yugoslavia.’ Here is that staff; I gaze at it for a long time. I also remember how Nehru received the news of my departure from India. I bumped into him by chance at the airport; I think he was waiting for a foreign leader – I can’t remember who. He came up to me and asked:

‘Is it true you’re leaving? Is it true you’re leaving us?’

‘Yes,’ I replied.

‘We’re very sorry,’ he said.

The memory of that moment is so vivid in my mind. I have never stopped writing to him, and he has always replied.
I have also sent him my books; the latest one is about India. He was more than a friend to me when, so many years ago, I arrived in India, young and inexperienced. Why? Nehru was no easy man. Chester Bowles, the American ambassador, recounts his anxiety during their first meeting, when Nehru fell silent for nearly ten minutes, whilst he did his best to engage him on some topic. These were Nehru’s silences, the voids, the abyss of the East, incomprehensible to a Western mind. I never fell into those voids; he never let me fall there like a stone. With him, too, it was a reunion—as it was with Hermann Hesse and Dr Jung—a reunion with a friend from hundreds of years ago, something that is established beyond words.

That is why I am now back in India, in this country to which I had not expected to return so soon, nor under these circumstances. It is the dawn of summer 1964. 27 May. Nehru died yesterday.
Once again, this familiar land and the same faces that are glad to see me. It rained yesterday and the morning air is pure and clear. It is not yet hot. The penetrating, enveloping scents bring back many memories. Birds perch on cornices and ruins. A taxi takes me to the Prime Minister’s residence. I want to go straight to meet him. Near the mansion, crowds of ordinary people are already gathering, and policemen in turbans, armed with long batons, are trying to keep order. The garden gates have opened, and through them pour those who wish to see for the last time the man who governed a subcontinent of such diverse races, languages and religions, driven solely by the power of poetry. They are
mothers, children and the elderly who have been there all night, waiting, singing the hymns handed down through the centuries.

I push my way through as best I can and reach the walls too. Someone recognises me, showing no surprise at my presence, and invites me into the spacious hall lined with blocks of ice to cool the air. The funeral has been postponed to allow time for foreign dignitaries to arrive from various parts of the world. Here are the faces so familiar to me. Since yesterday, without eating, without
sleep, Indira, the daughter; also Mrs Pandit and Mrs Hutheesing, Nehru’s sisters. I look into their deep eyes, clasp my hands in the namasté — ‘I salute the God within you’ — and bow. There, on a bed of roses and flowers, draped with the Indian flag, the saffron colour of God’s pilgrims, the ‘sadhus’, lies Nehru. In the buttonhole of his white ‘kadhi’ shirt is a
red rose, no doubt placed there by his daughter. I try to see, to gaze upon that serene, beautiful face, with a gentle smile, at peace at last. Someone takes me by the hand and leads me away. They take me up the wide staircase. I have walked this path so many times. We enter a room with a table in the centre. Someone comes in: it is Mrs Hutheesing, Nehru’s younger sister. Everyone else has left. We are alone. We sit down. She is at the head of the table and I am to her left. I remember: I was here on my last day with

Nehru, at the farewell lunch. We were seated in exactly the same way. Mrs Hutheesing was there, and here, in the chair on the left, was Nehru. This is the dining room of his house.

The Brahmins intone their chants, their hymns. The Ramayana and the Bhagavad Gita are recited alongside the Qur'an. All religions and faiths mingle to bid farewell to the hero.

The Karma Yogi

At midday the procession will set off. I check into a hotel room, have a bath and eat something. I haven't slept or eaten since dawn yesterday either. It's not yet six o'clock in the morning. I put on my old Indian 'kadhi' outfit and sit on the balcony to contemplate India, that 'land made for suffering', as Hermann Hesse put it. I see the domes of Humayun's and the Lodis' tombs, the ruins of the Purana Quila, the lush vegetation, the mango trees, the white cloths hanging out to sun.

And I begin to remember. I let the images come. Who was Nehru? Deep down, a mysterious, contradictory man, full of passion, fire and absences. He, like his daughter, would always find himself cut short at the moment of impulse, torn by opposing forces, frozen in mid-flight, held by silence, and by a cosmic and human pain; a tiger frozen mid-leap, held in the air by the power of his own will; or, perhaps, by a sense of beauty. Nehru had an instinct for beauty, in an almost Western way. Nehru was a poet of life. The flower in his buttonhole, the shape of His movements in space and the way he carried himself were Apollonian, not Dionysian, not abyssal, as was the case with his compatriots. Alberto Moravia, the Italian writer, who was also in India at the time, said: 'With Nehru's death, India leaves poetry behind and enters the realm of prose'. But there is more: Nehru, whilst being a man who loved himself, like all poets, was also an ascetic who devoted himself to his people, using his image almost like an actor, thus making the most of his charm to conquer, dominate and transform a world. Right up to the very end, Nehru gave himself entirely, without respite, without rest. His last words were: 'I have left all my papers in order; everything has been checked and is well organised.' He was a karma-yogi, a man who found liberation in sacrifice, in action and in passionate love for his homeland. Rossellini once told me: 'I knew Gandhi; he was a politician. Today I have met Nehru: he is a mystic.' Nehru, the Apollonian, the Greek god, the pagan —as he liked to describe himself—, the poet of life, renounced personal love, and life itself, to devote himself entirely to India.

As the years passed and weighed upon him, it seemed as though he were returning to his roots. Trained in the rationalist and pragmatic thinking of English socialism, he nevertheless felt a great

attraction to Buddhism. He once said to me: ‘We are all Buddha; Buddha is within us.’ And he looked at me eagerly, as if awaiting a response, a confirmation.

Nehru was a ‘servant’. He was also a hero, in the sense of the Greeks and the classical gods. An eternal youth. He could not accept growing old. He would fly into a rage with his body when it no longer obeyed him. As if by a miracle, he overcame his paralysis. His fury conquered it. And it was only his human heart, his all-too-human heart, that killed him.

I now wish simply to recall scenes, like paintings. I see Nehru at Delhi airport, upon the arrival of a Pakistani prime minister, in the midst of the mob that has broken through all the barriers, to greet the foreign leader and his own prime minister. The police are powerless to contain the crowds. Beside me, the Japanese ambassador has fallen to the ground. I climb onto a chair, alongside the Yugoslav ambassador, and we watch as Nehru snatches a baton from one of the policemen and begins to strike the crowd to restore order. As if by magic, that slight figure, lost amongst the crowd, calms them down. Those who are struck feel grateful, happy. The crowd settles down.

Another image. My young children: my daughter is carrying a bouquet of flowers. He is moved and takes those very same flowers to his daughter. Another: he takes my youngest son in his arms, hugs him, pats him on the shoulders and back, with familiarity and tenderness.

On my pilgrimages through the Himalayas, I once reached the Kulu Valley, or Valley of the Gods, and crossed the Rohtang Pass, at an altitude of over thirteen thousand feet. Shortly afterwards, Nehru also wished to visit those places. The entire Indian press and his aides were opposed to the idea. They considered it dangerous; the Prime Minister’s heart might give way. I met him at a meeting and said:

‘Don’t listen to them, just go. If you don’t, you’ll regret it later.’

Nehru walked away without replying; he took a few steps and turned back.

‘You’re right,’ he said, ‘one always regrets what one hasn’t done, never what one has done. I’ll go.’

And he did. He climbed those heights. At the top, gazing out at the distant lands—where Ladakh and Tibet lie, the blue mountains on the horizon—Nehru exclaimed: 'Over there, far away, lies another world.' (I remember the exact phrase, as published in the Indian newspapers: 'Yonder lies another world'.)

On his return, I went to meet him and asked if he had seen, up on the heights, a cairn of stones engraved by Buddhist pilgrims, bearing the Tibetan inscription 'Om mani padme hum'. He replied that he had not. I had brought two stones with that inscription with me. I sent one of them to him. It is said that taking such stones from the mountain peaks brings bad luck. But Nehru did not believe in such things and was delighted to receive it. He sent me a letter of thanks, which I still keep, along with my Tibetan stone from the Valley of the Gods.

Nehru loved the mountains, especially those of his ancestral Kashmir. He also practised yoga.
One day he sent his teacher to me, a tall, young, bearded yogi. He taught a sort of breathing exercise, , combined with salt-water rinses. Today I saw him there amongst those paying their respects to the Prime Minister.

So many memories! When Krishna Menon presented the 'Antarctica issue' at the United Nations, I went to speak to Nehru. I said to him:

'It's a romantic dream of Chile's. We can give up everything—copper, saltpetre—but not Antarctica, because a people cannot give up their dreams. If they do, they will be lost forever.'

Nehru was sitting at his desk. In front of him was a vase of red roses. He took the one from his buttonhole, placed it in the vase and picked up another. Slowly, he replied:

'Tell your country that we shall take its romantic dream very much into account.'

And Nehru withdrew the 'Antarctic issue' from the United Nations. (Without this withdrawal, the Antarctic conference and the first existing agreement to establish a
'nuclear-free' zone in the world).

When Professor Jung died, on the very morning I received the news, Nehru was setting off on his journey to the Valley of the Gods. I went to see him off at the airport and told him of the death of that man whom Nehru also admired. I suggested that he send a message of condolence to the family on his own behalf and that of his Government. He remained silent for a while. Then he said to me: 'I am no longer able to give the order personally; I
I beg you to do so. Go to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and speak to the Secretary for External Affairs, Mr Desai; tell him to send a telegram in my name.' I did so, and that was how India and Nehru were present at the death of that Gnostic philosopher, who took such an interest in this country, seeking to penetrate its secrets and make them accessible to the West. A circle was closing. Just as it is today.

Could these things have come to pass were it not for a connection spanning essences and centuries?

Nehru, amidst his greatness, also possessed genuine modesty and admirable simplicity. He lived like an ascetic, travelled in a small car without an escort; he detested police protection and pomp. He did not drink alcohol, even though he was not a vegetarian and also smoked. One day he said to me: 'I do not
understand whisky. I do, however, understand the red wine of the Latins, the pagan wine, and 'soma', the magical liquor of the Aryans. I would drink wine and soma.'

The sole of his foot

It is twelve o'clock. The procession is about to set off. The foreign dignitaries have arrived. They are there, and amongst them is the last Viceroy of India, Lord Mountbatten, with his daughter. He was a lifelong friend of Nehru's. Dressed in white, in his Royal Navy uniform, with a black mourning armband, his chest covered in decorations, he is visibly moved yet steadfast, whilst the soldiers and relatives remove the body from its bed of flowers to place it on the gun carriage that will carry it, through streets and squares, to the banks of the Yamuna, near the spot where Gandhi was cremated. They are working hard to place him on the gun carriage. I am standing right at the front and can see everything. He has already been
lifted and now he needs to be secured. A rope is brought over. The flag is moved slightly, revealing one of Nehru's feet. I see the bare sole of his foot, the lines of his foot, and I am left as if hypnotised by that very earthly presence, by that small foot, rooted in that profoundly human reality. The foot, the sole of that man's foot, that part of his body which he used to walk upon this earth for seventy-four years, which accompanied him throughout the world and which died with him yesterday. Yet
, it is still so alive, so very much present. And it is so humble, so bare, that it has the supreme power to pull me away from all heights and all distances and bring me suddenly back down to earth, to make me

feel the drama, the immense tragedy of a death; the incomprehensible disappearance of a man, ‘the offence done to man by death’ —as the Brazilian poet Ribeiro Couto put it—.

I find it hard now to control my emotions.

The hallucination

Truly, it is a hallucination. First, we walk through the garden, circling it. The throng of attendants blocks our view of those pulling the gun carriage, so that Nehru’s figure lies high above, over the heads of the crowd, gliding gently, as if flying. Thus Nehru departs, thus he vanishes, above the heads of his beloved children of India, his face beautiful in death, in supreme peace, with a faint smile.

Then, the streets, the sea of people, the millions weeping and singing. Ten thousand soldiers, powerless to stem that tide which tosses the procession about, which buffets the frail remains and carries them from side to side, as if
as if wishing to hold him back still, or perhaps to push him towards infinity, towards nothingness. The correspondent for the Sunday Times in London has dubbed this ghostly funeral ‘a festival of immortality and reverence in the face of death’. A symbol, truly, of all humanity. Foreigners may not understand, or may think they see a lack of respect for death, devoid of true emotion. But this is not the case; for India is something else entirely—it is a legendary world, a civilisation spanning six thousand uninterrupted years that expresses its
emotions without polarising them. Everything is intermingled there. God and nothingness. The eternal and the ephemeral. That which ends completely and that which is born in tomorrow’s myth, that which will one day live on in legend. India is the cradle of the gods. Here they are born and here they die. The gods are born from man’s nothingness, from the anguish of his nothingness and from the need to invent eternity, embodying legend and myth. To invent the
immortality, to create it, to recreate it. And that is why one weeps and laughs at the same time, why one prays and blasphemes, amidst the stifling heat and the mountains of dust, tears and flowers.

A people like this, capable of recreating such phantasmagoria from the depths of their soul, from their collective unconscious, is invincible. Let us not delude ourselves: India is, in truth, as eternal as life and death, and unbeatable in its profound weakness; for its weakness is that of life, of creation. India is solitary and misunderstood, just as Nehru himself was. Alone, in the midst of the world. There are no bridges that reach that far; there are no ties nor any possibility of personal contact. It is only through the impersonal that one can connect with this world, with this abyss that cannot be expressed in words or on an individual level.

The Sunday Times correspondent has also said that India is ‘a vulnerable giant, now wounded in its one eye’. He is mistaken. India will carry on, continuing like life itself, seeking its path, like that funeral procession, like that human river that shouts, weeps, flowing from one side to the other, lashed by a , yet certain to reach the sea, the fire, the river, the final dissolution and recreation. It is maya, it is the eternal wheel. It is the Eternal Return.

We are now standing beside the pyre of sandalwood. The flag that covered him has been removed, and Nehru remains in his white clothes and with his flower. His daughter climbs onto the platform and smooths a fold in her father’s tunic. She steps down; his son, Nehru’s eldest grandson, climbs up and lights the pyre. The Brahmins chant. The crowd stands up and bursts into an immense, enormous cry that sweeps across the parched plain, the dry clearing: ‘Nehruji! Nehruji!’ The flame rises, beginning its work. The last Viceroy, the English lord, also stands and salutes his friend, who is lost within the fire, within the flame.
His eyes are moist, his chin trembles. Beside him, his daughter clasps her hands in prayer. The President of India watches intently.

## The Last Flower

It is late. The foreign dignitaries and the Indian leaders have left. I remain there with the people, who continue to circle the pyre, throwing flowers and murmuring their chants. I
move closer. I am jostled, jostled by the crowd. I am now right next to the great flame. I do not know how much time passes. Twilight falls over the plain. The pyre dies down, the light fades. There within, the unforgettable figure of a man who loved and graced it for seventy-four years is consumed forever. It is ending, it has already ended. I approach the pyre and take some flowers. I gather a few leaves. I shall send them to my children — I think — and to the mother of my children. And as I pick up those humble
flowers, I feel myself weeping, like those who are pushing me and who are also carrying me, like a tide, towards that universal flame, the invincible fire of destiny.

## Radhakrishnan

The President of India, the Vedantic philosopher Radhakrishnan, receives me in his room at the presidential palace. We are friends. He has helped me with the publication of my books. I tell him about my experience by the pyre. I ask him:

‘Do you believe that anything endures? Answer me in all sincerity, beyond texts and beliefs.’
Where is Nehru now?

‘The rational mind does not know,’ he tells me, ‘but the intuitive mind does. He is here, alive, very much alive. There is no doubt of this. And he will return; you can be sure that he will return again, many times.’

He pauses and adds, with a look of anguish:

‘But he didn’t want to die. Just a few days ago he’d declared that he would live a long life…’

The ashes

In the garden of his house, beneath the tree where he used to sit, an urn containing his ashes has been placed on his armchair. Eight other smaller urns form a circle on the ground, like a ‘mandala’. On top of the central urn lies a turban, possibly the one he wore at his wedding.

I walk round and round that mandala. And his question comes to mind: ‘Is it true that he’s going far away? Is it true that he’s leaving us?’ I’m almost alone now. Only the gardener is gazing, head bowed, at the urns and the tree. And I think: if I were to ask this gardener where Nehru is now, where he has gone, perhaps he would reply that he is in the flowers, in the red rose he always wore in his buttonhole.

Yes, he must have already slipped inside his flower.

My farewell to the Dalai Lama

The fish, symbol of the Age of Pisces.

El Mercurio (Santiago), 3 July 1962.

This second meeting took place shortly before I left for Europe as Chile's ambassador to Yugoslavia.

Since his miraculous escape from Lhasa, the Dalai Lama has been living in the foothills of the Himalayas. Shortly after his arrival in India, I visited him in the little town of Mussoorie. Now, the Nehru's government has settled him in the Dharmasala region, near the Kangra Valley, also in the Himalayas. He lives there, devoting himself to his ministry and to the care of the ever-growing number of Tibetan refugees
, which now totals more than seventy-eight thousand. India, already overpopulated, cannot absorb them all. The United States will take in some of them. Switzerland has organised Tibetan settlements , particularly for children and lamas. It is said that Argentina and Brazil will also take in refugees. A year ago, I proposed that our country select Tibetan scholars specialising in Lamaist Tantric Buddhism to hold chairs at our universities. My friendship with the Dalai Lama would make it easy to select learned lamas to bring to our country that millennia-old wisdom, that
philosophy and that yoga which were preserved only in Tibet and which had been brought there from India in the 6th and 7th centuries AD. Tantrism, in its purest form, disappeared from India with the destruction of the library at the Buddhist university of Nalanda, in India, carried out by the
Muslim invaders. My friend, the lama Anagarika Govinda, who lives in seclusion in his retreat on a Himalayan peak, is currently devoted to disseminating the 'siddha' texts, which he smuggled out of Tibet during the first Chinese invasion in 1951. This lama's father was German and his mother Bolivian. His books are currently being published in every language in the world. The Argentine publishing house Nuevo Mundo will publish them in Spanish. Explaining Tantric philosophy would take us too far afield; suffice it to say that the purest principles of this mysterious yoga are preserved there, within the Buddhist tradition that penetrated Tibet and is known as Lamaism. The head of this philosophical, or scientific-psychological, tradition is the Dalai Lama.

At present, the Dalai Lama maintains not a government in exile, but a religion and a tradition in exile. And this is endorsed by Nehru.

Knowing that the Dalai Lama would be passing through Delhi on a pilgrimage to Buddhist sites in southern India, and realising that I will soon have to leave this country, I wished to bid him farewell.

He is now receiving me at Hyderabad Palace, where he is staying (the Chilean trade mission that negotiated our treaty with India also stayed at this palace). Unfortunately, I cannot wear my Tibetan ceremonial robes at present, as they have already been shipped. However, I am carrying with me the large white silk cloth that I shall present to the Dalai Lama, in accordance with the customs and protocol of his court. He then returns it to me with his blessings and the Buddhist swastika.

In the spacious hall where we find ourselves, the Dalai Lama looks at me with his serious, deep eyes, in which a flame of inextinguishable joy always burns. This young man has never forgotten that I was one of the first to visit him after his astonishing escape, and he shows me an affectionate and human warmth. He holds my hand for a long time, uttering a few words of welcome in Tibetan, welcome, which the interpreter translates. The Dalai Lama sent a personal telegram of condolence to our President following the earthquakes in Chile. I had President Jorge Alessandri's reply forwarded to him at his refuge in the Himalayas. He now confirms that he has received it.

We sit down and he asks me about my health and my leg injury. I am surprised that he is aware of it. In turn, I ask him about his state of mind and the conditions of the refugees. He smiles and shakes his head without saying anything. Then, slowly, he says to me:

'The principles of religious faith are forgotten and obscured in good times; it is in times of misfortune that they are put to the test and that they shine once more in their purest light. Therefore, what is now happening to us Tibetans may be for the best, provided we know how to understand the meaning of the tragedy.
This is my duty at this time. God's will must be accepted with faith. After this period of atonement, Tibet will rise again, cleansed of evil, if He so decides. In the face of the Lord's will, there no force capable of opposing it, no armies, however mechanised, numerous or powerful they may be…

He said all this gently and cheerfully, almost with a sense of light-heartedness.

The Dalai Lama will be leaving that very night to return to his refuge. I apologise for not being able to see him off at the station, as that very night, at that very time, I am due to attend a dinner at the German Embassy. I tell him:

‘I’ll be there in spirit and in my thoughts to see you off.’

And the Dalai Lama replies with a touch of humour:

‘Don’t “think” too hard, or you might ruin the table setting at the embassy…’

This remark reveals his subtle sense of humour, whilst also demonstrating his understanding of Western diplomatic protocol. It also gives me the opportunity to ask him a question that allows me to continue the conversation from our first meeting, which I had already recounted in an article published in this newspaper.

I say to him:

‘Do you believe it is possible to detach the psychic body—the subtle, mental body—from the physical body and project it over a distance, through practices of mental concentration such as those taught in tantric yoga?’

I recall that Harrer recounts in his book *Seven Years in Tibet* that the Dalai Lama, whilst still very young, specialised in these practices. But the Dalai Lama cannot answer such direct and sensitive questions whilst surrounded by his monks and interpreter, for every word he utters will subsequently be quoted as
a pronouncement, almost like a papal encyclical.

However, much to my surprise, he now answers me directly as well:

‘Yes, it is possible. There are several stages in this process. The texts first describe concentration on the object, then the partial detachment of the mind—when one perceives the object, one is within it and yet at the same time is not—and the next stage, when one is no longer within the object, or when one has penetrated or
become one with it—which amounts to the same as no longer being within it… All this requires discipline and a suitable teacher. It is very dangerous to tread these paths without a teacher…

Encouraged by this unusual statement, I began to recount to the Dalai Lama some of my own experiences—those I had previously discussed with Dr Jung and with certain Indian initiates, and which I describe at length in my book *The Serpent of Paradise*, to be published this year by Nascimento.

But the Dalai Lama, perhaps aware that he had already said as much as he could in this interview, now retreats into an almost philosophical dogmatism, claiming that all these subjective experiences possibly be better analysed and studied by Western medical science, using a purely objective criteria. He also returns to his religious orthodoxy and asserts that what matters most is humility and faith in God's will; the work to help alleviate human suffering; and Buddhist charity.

I realise that in this second, and perhaps final, interview with this extraordinary man, I have taken a step forward—a great step—and that I cannot go any further today.

I rise from my seat and take from a table a humble object that I have brought as a gift for the Dalai Lama. It is a piece of Chilean pottery from Quinchamalí, a black fish. Almost a Christian symbol. The fish, the Age of Pisces, which is now drawing to a close. The Dalai Lama looks at it and smiles. He asks me if I have brought anything from India. I say that I would have liked to have brought with me one of those strange and beautiful little Tibetan dogs, which look like tiny liturgical lions. The Dalai Lama speaks in Tibetan to his monk-secretary. And the interpreter tells me: 'His Holiness will send you one of those little dogs.'

We exchange the white silks once more and bow to one another in greeting. It is quite possible that I shall not see the Dalai Lama again until a future incarnation on the harsh high plateaus of this world.

My meeting with Krishnamurti

London.

La Nación, Santiago de Chile, 24 May 1953.

During his stopover in London, en route to India to take up the post of Chile's chargé d'affaires there.

Could it be true? Once again I have been able to see Paris. I have wandered through its streets and across its bridges. And once more the same light shining through the clouds, as if coming from another universe, as if seeking to herald something—an immense premonition that never comes to pass. For that is what the 'esprit de finesse' is: to hint at something, to allude to drama, to depth, to the immense mystery; but never to fulfil it. A single brushstroke, a tone, an allusion is enough. The trees are bathed in the golden dust of a sun that heralds spring, and I think that beings who are no longer of this world might pass through them; yet they are companions of those statues and those bridges, for their souls are as golden as they are. On the Quai aux Fleurs I buy a flower, and in its scent lies the scent of
Notre Dame, of the small and marvellous chapel of Saint Louis. In the red carnation lies the scent of the medieval stained-glass windows.

Without a homeland

But one must leave; one must always leave. Besides, to be able to perceive beauty, one must not dwell in it too long. The French no longer realise that Paris is beautiful. They have been living there for too long. On the aeroplane, I reflect. I recall distant Chile. Something within me may falter. Then I am reminded of having read one of Krishnamurti's latest books. How little is known of this extraordinary and
unflinching thinker! He is regarded as a mystic, an enlightened being, a theosophist; but Krishnamurti is none of those things. Krishnamurti is a philosopher—or rather, a psychologist—and, perhaps, a sceptic. They wanted to make him a messiah or a 'guru', but he rebelled against fanaticism. More than
anything, Krishnamurti is today a stateless loner. His mindset has transcended all nationalism, and his manner of expression is more akin to that of a Westerner, whilst retaining a non-discursive tone, devoid of the logical virtuosity and metaphysical angst typical of the West. He generally lives in North America and

England, or Switzerland. His books are compilations of talks and conversations. His approach is that of a psychologist. The German psychiatrist Kretschmer advised travelling to India to study yogic experiences and the science of yoga. According to him, it was worth attempting to translate those lessons in profound psychology into the language of Western scientific method. Yogis, thousands of years ahead of their time, have discovered truths that only today are being glimpsed by psychoanalysis, self-hypnosis and hypnosis, telepathy, the study of premonitory dreams, and so on. Patanjali's aphorisms on yoga have not been surpassed in their depth or certainty by any branch of psychology, nor by any form of mysticism or religion
that practises 'psychic gymnastics', in the style of the exercises of St Ignatius. Jung had already attempted something of what Kretschmer recommended and, for this reason perhaps, he is the most extraordinary figure of our time.
But the truth is that Krishnamurti has already done all this. And he has done it without saying so. And in a way that no Western psychologist could claim to have done. That is to say, by beginning the entire practice and the entire teaching with himself. Herein lies the difference between East and West. The West believes that 'studying' is enough. The East knows that nothing can be achieved without 'practising'. In other words, medicine must first be tested by the doctor. Only the healthy can heal. In religious language, this has been called mysticism and holiness. Yogis speak only of transformation, of transmutation. They are the
scientists of union with the Divine, or with the Self, as described in Jung's psychology.

Krishnamurti is driven by the same wind—or gale—that swept through his homeland with Buddhism and which has its roots in Brahmanism and in Patanjali: illusion must be destroyed. Illusion is the cause of suffering and imperfection. But Krishnamurti applies an almost Jungian technique. 'Think for yourself, investigate your own thoughts, follow the course of your ideas—all your ideas—be the sentinel, the
watcher of yourself. Do not oppose anything, not even evil; let good and evil flow through you; but do not participate, observe them, see how far they go and perceive their root and their cause. But never commit the 'sin' of preventing any thought from arising in you, whether good or bad. Nor should you concentrate the mind. Look, observe impartially and keep watch. It is the only way not to sterilise the mind, not to dry up and narrow the mind. When something within you realises that you do not oppose
anything, yet you are not participating either, then everything within you will die: illusion, good and evil, pain and pleasure, and you will be still, like the flame of a candle that truly gives light; you will have 'roasted the seeds'. As long as you live in illusion, do not presume to know anything, neither about life nor about death. Watch your questions flow, and when you do not engage with them, then you will see a new thought arise, an extraordinary thought… But I cannot speak to you of this, for you will have to discover it for yourself. Do not look to me as a messiah. No one can or should help anyone else. You must
save yourself. Gently, dispassionately, pursue the root of your restlessness, which lies in your dreams and in your scattered everyday thoughts…'.

That's more or less how it is. At the end lie the 'burning ices'. The ones I, too, have sought.

And now, the restlessness returns, as I travel on this aeroplane from Paris to London.

Krishnamurti's philosophy is so profound that a rationalist writer like Aldous Huxley followed it to the point of transforming his own life. And his worldview must be similar to that of Hermann Hesse, who also draws inspiration from the same sources.

The morning sun comes up and shines on the aeroplane's wings.

The encounter

Then, back to the streets of London – these streets that allow us to be ourselves, because, despite being full of people, they seem as though they were empty.

It is midday. I have left my suitcases at the hotel and gone out for a walk. I don't know the name of the street; but it is a central street. Suddenly, it seems more deserted to me. Perhaps it is because a man with his head uncovered is walking very slowly towards me. At that moment no one else is on the pavement. The man walking catches my attention. He looks Indian. Suddenly, I recognise him: Krishnamurti. My face must have given me away, for he holds out his hand and greets me.

'Krishnamurti,' I say. 'Are you Krishnamurti?'

He smiles and nods.

Ah, I no longer believe in chance! Perhaps he doesn't either. His hair is almost white and there is something sad about his expression. I tell him that I am Chile's chargé d'affaires in India and that visiting his homeland is the fulfilment of a long-held aspiration. He recalls the names of some Chilean friends of his and speaks a few words to me in Spanish. He tells me that he has just arrived from the United States and that in two hours' time
he's off to the countryside, to stay with some English friends. In August he'll be going to India. We talk a little about his books; he asks me which ones I've read. I give him the titles of the books and then my address in India. Meanwhile, I look into his eyes. Peace? Who knows. A man's pain and doubt. Yes, that's what I saw.

It was all over very quickly. I forget to tell him that I'd been thinking about him all that morning. But as saying goodbye, he takes my hand in his and has made it clear to me several times that I don't need to speak.

These strange things, these premonitions of the mind, these connections between souls or subconscious minds, beyond normal thought and words—are like that: something that is embraced and preserved. In London I encountered neither a god nor a messiah. I encountered a man who was walking alone, dressed like a Westerner, lost in some form of meditation and who, it seemed to me, was suffering at that very moment. Something definitive was taking place in his mind or in his life. What
was an encounter for me surely cannot have been the same for him. For me it was a source of comfort, a clear sign, a helping hand; the subjective taking precedence over the objective and transforming reality.

It was also, for me, a foretaste of India and its spiritual atmosphere.

One day, when I meet Krishnamurti again, I shall remind him of this first encounter.

# My homeland

La Nueva Edad, no. 15 (15 January 1942).

I had a Spanish friend, a Basque, who told me that when he arrived in Chile via Argentina, on seeing the mountains, he thought that this country must be home to great painters. My friend was a painter. However, we know that in Chile painting is very poor and that the painters are in no way in tune with the vast landscape. The fact is that art is always a compensation, and in it one experiences what does not exist, what
our lives have failed to achieve. Why should there be great painters in Chile, when nature itself is art and beauty is within our sight every day? At most, our artists should follow the example of the Japanese, who have confined themselves to painting—to transcribing, as faithfully as possible, from every angle and at every moment of its existence—the sacred summit of Mount Fuji. The immense, everyday beauty of the Andes is something like a weight that hangs over the present, small and miserable existence of the Chilean people. A country with such a magnificent natural existence as ours will never be
happy, nor will it ever be at peace, until it has achieved, in reality, something akin to a liberation and a structuring that places it on a par with the landscape.

Today the mountain oppresses us, crushes us with its grandeur, reveals our misery and smallness; it is our conscience that gives us no peace, that drives us on, that prevents us from remaining complacent in the mire and in defeat. It points out to us the possibilities and horizons of perfection and beauty that are destined for our people.

Deep within this people lies dormant, at rest, a higher calling; there is a yearning for perfection and self-improvement; there are noble, disciplined qualities of endeavour, and a unique, solid and silent resilience, like the inaccessible peaks of iron, silver and snow.

I think of the entire expanse of my homeland; I see the north, cracked and parched, shrouded in the dry dust of the sun, its heroism driven mad and exploited; I see the dark-skinned men, deceived in their misery,
their faith exploited by the false and devious prophets of Marxism, descending into the black tunnels of the mines, and tearing their Chilean hands on the metals, so that the ships may set sail laden to fill the coffers and souls of the Yankee Jews, so that they may wage war and conduct business at the expense of the world's blood. I see the alcohol seeping into their very being, and their old hands—which once skilfully wielded the pickaxe—now labouring under the Jewish whip of the Guggenheims and the

satanic and idiotic smile of the national capitalist or the soulless manager. And it is awe-inspiring and moving to see their clenched fists rise in anger and to realise that their immense goodness might perhaps, even now, rise up in a lion's roar or a sacred storm.

And the south, with its green ferns and its towering trees, with its waters, its rains, its stirring lakes. There, all the way to the polar regions, across the islands and straits, there is a people, there is a soul that waits. I have touched it, I have felt it. I have seen the Chilote crawl and die amongst his potatoes, which rot just like his hopes. With his faith shattered, utterly abandoned to his tragic and mysterious fate, due to the inertia of governments that still do not realise that in Chile there is an that awaits a word, an act of understanding and human generosity, to burst forth and fulfil its mission in the universe.

Yet it is miraculous to know that, despite the utter desolation in which our land finds itself and the diversity of characters and types who inhabit it from Arica to Magallanes, there is something that hovers and unites us, that still waits, and that has prevented us from falling apart or being absorbed by our neighbours. It is a glow, it is a faith, it is an inner fire that binds us together on this earth. It is a flame that torments us, that prevents us from betraying ourselves; it is a quiet, manly faith that, deep down and in silence, overcomes the blackest
pessimism; it is something that cries out to us, that calls to us—it is love for Chile, love for our homeland, which unites us and makes us wait, marching for now with heads bowed, sombre and silent; yet it lies in wait and flares up brilliantly at the slightest breath of hope.

All of us in Chile, despite differences of any kind, all of us—the fair-haired, the dark-haired, the white and the mixed-race—deep down, are nothing more than one and the same: we are Chileans.

I have felt in the south the muffled murmur of the future; from the depths of the waters of a sea that is just beginning today, the voice of hope stirs, and those wretched men and that land, and those women torn from the centuries, are waiting only for a word, a light, a prophet, a great leader of our own.
Someone who cares for them, who lets them know, through serious and honest governance, that they are supported. They are children who are simply waiting for a word of encouragement to feel their Chilean spirit grow.

It is striking to realise that despite the dark years, despite the betrayals and infamies committed by so many governments, the exploitation by a materialistic, Judaised right-wing caste, and then the swindling and incompetence of a government of thieves and feasters, of degenerate Frente members and criminal dialecticians—Marxists, scoundrels, traitors, Jews—even so, across the seas, the mountains, the railways, the cities and the countryside, it is Chilean hands that labour,

which keep the trains running, which plough the fields, which dig into the hills and the mines, steering the rudders and keeping watch over the compasses. Chilean bones, flesh and blood. Faces of Chile, bodies of Chile, hearts and souls of Chile.

My friend used to say to me: 'This people is immense. I have never suffered as much as I have here. Nor have I ever seen such suffering. How you destroy yourselves, how generations are wiped out. I can't wait to
leave, to set off. Yet I cannot. It feels as though this were a pit from which one longs to escape, but into which one slips and is drawn back. Yet, when I do leave, I know I will always remember you and that I will miss you. There is something very special about Chile. And this very suffering you are experiencing today must be overcome, for it stems from the fact that, socially speaking, you are in a rather dire state and have not yet found the way forward. But there is something resilient, something unique, in Chile."

Yes, my friend, Chile may well be a pit; but a sacred pit, in which penance is served. Nevertheless, we shall reach the summit of our mountain.

Over the years, many foreigners who have visited us have spoken ill of this country. But we know that those very same people, far from here, have at some point, upon seeing our flag in a foreign land, been unable to hold back their tears.

Well then, as this year, 1942, now begins, Chile, our homeland, stands at the decisive crossroads of destiny. There was a similar time. It was during the 1938 elections. Then, too, the country's future hung in the balance. But the death of Pedro Aguirre Cerda, brought about by the Freemasons, has been a turning point that may well have shifted the tide. Never before has Chile faced such momentous and decisive. This magazine's stance on international events is well known, and we have been explaining the reasons for this stance throughout all our issues. At this momentous juncture in our domestic life, in our national political existence, we wish to refer the reader to the article 'History of Decay in Chile', which appeared in issue 7 of *La Nueva Edad*. There, our stance on Chile's domestic events is described well in advance.

What is Chile, and how has it been transformed by years of political manoeuvring, venality and imperialism?

At heart, Chile is like its mountains: solemn, granite-like, silent. Since the independence of South America—achieved by the secret societies and subsequently exploited by British imperialism—our

continent has followed nothing but a colonial history. The same as before, even whilst believing the exact opposite. Our wars have been provoked and exploited, and our disunity maintained and fomented. Nevertheless, Chile has retained a special character and a distinct personality, unyielding to all pressures, to all the misery and exploitation unleashed upon it. Something akin to a racial destiny, despite its small population, and a mysterious strength.

We shall not repeat here what has already been said and explained; but we do affirm that the main cause of our present misfortunes lies not so much within as without. Chile has been a colony exploited by Anglo-Saxon imperialism, which is primarily to blame for the collapse and decay of our organic national structure, and for the premature degeneration of our racial aristocracy into a caste of venal merchants, wheeler-dealers and worshippers of gold.

When, following the war of '79, Jewish imperialism began its work in Chile, debasing people's spirits with bribes, the people began to feel their helplessness. The rumblings of a storm are coming from the Pampas and from the cities. It is the same long-suffering and steadfast people who have fought, who have dug the mines, who have been thrown into a war and won it, who have waited for something indefinable—a faith, a redemption, a homeland worthy of their greatness.

We read constantly in the newspapers and in Jewish propaganda that Chile is a 'democratic' people. The intention is to give this expression the following meaning: that the people of Chile aspire to continue along the same path as in recent years, one of disorganisation and parliamentary licentiousness, of unbridled theft and demagoguery. This is undoubtedly false. Chile is a free nation, it is true. But freedom means organisation and discipline; it means leadership; it means an energetic leader. The people of Chile are a people of order, of organisation, of obedience, of hard work. Chile wishes to feel led, like all great nations, directed and governed. It wishes to place responsibility in the hands of a leader and put an end to all this nonsense once and for all. It desires order, energy and discipline, and that is why it is free.

The great misfortune for the nation was that at that time, when corruption and the imperialism of the dollar and the pound tore apart our organic structure and the people began to suffer and become aware of their suffering and exploitation, a foreign adventurer appeared on the horizon—one who possessed none of the sober virtues characteristic of our race, the grandson of a puppeteer, who wished only to
to rule, coming to power by any means necessary. Understanding the reality of the situation and the people's discontent, he took advantage of it and exploited it for his own ends, stifling an energy which, under different circumstances and in other hands, might perhaps have led to our greatness. This foreigner was Alessandri.

It is these demagogic and opportunistic rulers—primarily the one to whom we refer, who dominated long periods of our history—who have magnificently aided the intentions of Anglo-Jewish imperialism, by distorting Chile's character and turning it into what it is today: an inorganic nation, afflicted by a stratified, legalistic, electioneering and 'self-serving' form of constitutionalism, as Mr Alessandri himself cynically asserts. From the heroic and warlike 'roto' has emerged the effeminate and
'workshop-dwelling' Verdejo of the cities has been extracted. The process has been maliciously fostered by a subsidised press serving the interests of Jewish Freemasons abroad. Throughout those dark years of misery,
there is but a single glimmer of light, and even then it was not entirely clear: Ibáñez. This man, in his very essence, represented Chile. His mistakes, his inexperience, his flaws, his actions in general—whatever they may have been—were Chilean; that is to say, they were serious, tragic and sober. With him, slowly, Chile was rediscovering its soul. Those years, for those of us who were children at the time, are a dense and
dark; yet they are solid. People were persecuted, tyrannised, yet they built and achieved something. And what was achieved was serious and genuine. In contrast, the rest has been nothing but a circus, a joke, something
that alienates and disrupts. Political manoeuvring, 'macuquería' and the 'cambullón' of the assemblies are things alien to the Chilean soul, which is a virile and warrior-like soul, a military and poetic soul. With Ibáñez came a generation that even today remains unexpressed and which, in the fateful course of the process spanning
generations, will still have to fulfil its mission in Chile. It was then displaced by the Freemasons who surrounded Ibáñez and who were later the very ones who brought about his downfall upon realising that his policies could benefit Chile. Alessandri returned.

Thus, the path towards the purification of the national soul through an approach more in keeping with Chile's unique character remained half-completed.

We all know what followed. We have all been victims. Our generation in particular, which has been debased by scepticism and whose view of every horizon has been gradually obscured. The
people, in their decline, were bound to fall into the hands of the false foreign and Jewish prophets of Marxism. It was the logical process, carefully orchestrated from abroad. The scoundrels amongst the
, permitted by the law, have been gaining ground until they came to control the masses of
Chile, to the point of corrupting them and stripping them of their national identity. This is the century-long Jewish endeavour. Throughout these years in which everything has been permitted, in which Alexandrianism and political manoeuvring would stab someone in the back and the very next day extend a hand to the badly wounded victim, apologising and swearing eternal love; during which the climate of theft, immorality, degeneration and lack of honour has been elevated to a virtue and touted as a necessary safe-conduct to get by, or as a quality or 'life experience'—it
logical, the right thing, was that the leprosy of communism—which presents itself to the naive and uneducated mind with
the appearance and trappings of social redemption, should take root in the tormented minds of the Chilean people.

But Marxist communism is something entirely alien to the mindset of our people—of our people under normal conditions, that is to say, re-educated and returned to their true selves, which are virile, healthy, broad-minded and generous. Our ailing people—'constitutionalists', vote-seekers, political opportunists, malnourished,
tubercular, drunken and syphilitic—that is indeed communist.

The method for putting an end to communism in Chile is as follows: strip
Lafferte, Contreras Labarca and other unpatriotic leaders and send them to Russia, their true homeland. Immediately afterwards, provide the people with work and welfare, and educate them. Owing to our long, profound and heart-rending political history, which places us on a par with any European people, no system other than National Socialism is suitable for our state, social, political and economic organisation. And
National Socialism is not, as Marxism is, a form of internationalism, but rather a form of patriotism. To be a National Socialist in Chile is to be Chilean and nothing but Chilean.

Through the long, dark years we have endured and the countless daily deaths, one thing has been proven here: the immense vitality of our homeland, which has managed to remain steadfast at heart despite so many misfortunes.

And even in these dark times we have had some magnificent moments when the old, noble spirit has shone through, as on that day, 5 September, when our generation shed its blood generously in the hope that Chile would rise up at that very moment. It was the young people of my generation. And yet, at that time, this nation did not rise up.

Later, in the 1938 elections, a people worn down and on the brink of death raised their hopes and their fists, clenched in the hope of opening up a new horizon. The poor people truly believed this. They could not have guessed that behind them were at work the eternal peddlers of hope.

But the blood of the young men of 5 September has not been shed in vain, for, through the intense and decisive journey of these last horrific years in our country's history, fate has now placed us at a decisive juncture. And we know that if Ibáñez wins the election, even if we young people are kept on the sidelines, it is to be expected that Chile will once again find itself in a more serious climate, with something more truly its own; for, whatever happens with Ibáñez, come what may, Chile will once again be serious,
Chile will once again be more Chile; tragedy will be tragedy, and not a neighbourhood circus with empanadas, maltas,
'jibes' from La Moneda and an effeminate, degenerate, irresponsible and comical atmosphere of has-been playboys.

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If that is the case, then we shall know that it is the star of our destiny that watches over and protects us from the depths of the universe, the Pacific Ocean, this great sea of the future, which also belongs to us, the
a noble and sublime emanation from the ancient Andes and the efforts of Chilean hearts and souls, who, throughout our homeland—my homeland—labour and wait with quiet faith for the words and honourable endeavours of a man who will open the first door to the future for us.

My Last Meeting with C. G. Jung

C. G. Jung working at his desk.

It was published twice by *El Mercurio*, in 1961 and in 2002.

It was also published by The Hindustan Times (16 July 1961); Neue Zürcher Zeitung (29 July 1961 and 30 July 1961); Das Schweizerische Rote Kreuz, no. 6–7 (1 October 1961); and Humboldt, no. 8 (1961).

It is six o'clock in the morning on 8 June. I open the doors of my room in New Delhi, which lead out onto a small white terrace, already glistening in the sun. The intense heat of June sets in early. I am half-naked and am about to begin my yogic sun-worship exercises, the 'Suryanamaskar'. The incredible greenness of the trees, even at this time of year, and the song of countless birds greet me. An Indian servant
, wearing a turban, approaches with that rhythmic gait typical of Hindus and says to me: 'Salam, Sahib'. It is his respectful greeting. He hands me a piece of paper. It is a telegram. I open it without haste, paying it scarcely any attention. I see that it comes from Zurich and am surprised that this should be the case. I begin to read it and am perplexed. The telegram reads as follows:
'Dr Jung died peacefully yesterday at midday. Best regards.' It is signed by Bailey and Jaffé, the American lady who was accompanying Dr Jung, looking after his household—an extraordinary woman—and his Swiss private secretary. The telegram is dated the 7th.

A great wave of emotion paralyses me there, my eyes moist—perhaps because of the intense sun, or perhaps not. It was only so recently that I was with Dr Jung at his home in Küsnacht, by Lake Zurich. Perhaps I was the last foreign friend to see him. This news has struck me to the core. My relationship with that great man, with that extraordinary genius, has truly been unique. I am currently in possession of a ten-page handwritten letter from Jung, which is practically his ideological testament. One day I shall have to make it public. I have been immensely fortunate to have had Jung write a foreword for me; it was the first and last time he ever wrote a foreword for a purely literary work. Our relationship began with a shared interest in the sciences of the East, in yoga, and in the philosophies of India, China and Japan. However, I had become familiar with Jung's work long before I came to India in 1953, whilst on my journey to Antarctica in 1947. He, too, was interested in Chile. I received a letter from him following our earthquakes last year. He wrote to me: 'Although modern scientists may not accept it, there is a connection between the soul and nature. Mother Nature is now coming into harmony with our civilisation and is beginning

to destroy as well. Unfortunately, it has fallen to your country. How much I have been thinking of Chile of late!'

But it was India that brought us together. I am reflecting on this now and wish to fulfil, almost immediately, a ritual of sorts—something I owe to this great man. Today, at half past eight in the morning, Nehru will be setting off on holiday to the Kulu Valley, or Valley of the Gods, in the Himalayas. I shall go to see him off. I take my car and arrive at Palam Airport. I am the only diplomat there. Nehru appears soon after, gracious, sprightly, full of charm, as always. He is accompanied by his grandson and a beautiful dog. It had been a while since I'd
, as he has been away from Delhi of late. I say to him: 'Professor Jung died on the 6th.' He did not know, although the morning papers also carried the news. Nehru is visibly moved, for he admired the great man. He will send a telegram of condolence on his own behalf and on behalf of India. In this way, a symbolic circle has been closed.

I now return to my study and spend the day thinking of Dr Jung. My thoughts wander; I see his image, he is ever present in my mind. I had arrived at his house only a short while ago, in a light drizzle. Jung's house is on the outskirts of Zurich, in Küsnacht. On the entrance porch is a Latin inscription which reads, more or less: 'Whether one thinks of God or not, He is always present.' Inside there are beautiful paintings and objects
, old engravings and medieval paintings. I was welcomed by Miss Bailey, who invited me into a small sitting room where she served tea. We spoke about Dr Jung. She told me that he had not been well the last few days, feeling very tired due to the intense work involved in an eighty-page essay, which he had written by hand, as always, directly in English, for an American publication due to appear shortly under the title *Man and His Myths*. Miss Bailey is worried. She tells me that Jung has said to her: 'I wish to leave, but you are holding me here.' She does not believe this, as she thinks Dr Jung still feels an attraction to life and to the earth: 'He still has too much of a sense of
humour,' she says, 'too much enthusiasm.' We then talk about death. I ask her if she believes in the survival of the soul. She says she is absolutely certain of it, for 'there is something in the unconscious that
expresses continuity', she asserts. She then asks for my opinion. I tell her I don't know, that I'm not sure of anything. I've just met Hermann Hesse in Montagnola, in Italian-speaking Switzerland, and asked him the same question. He told me that 'to die is to go into Jung's collective unconscious, and then, from there, to return to forms, to forms…'. Hesse also told me that 'Jung is a giant, a gigantic mountain of our time'. And he asked me to pass on his regards, 'greetings from the Steppenwolf', he said.

Miss Bailey shakes her beautiful head, now streaked with grey, and murmurs: 'No, it's not possible that a man as great as this could vanish completely just by flicking the light switch.'

Jung hasn't been well, it's true, but he isn't suffering from any illness. That day he felt better and got up to welcome me. Miss Bailey asks me to come upstairs, but advises me not to stay too long so as not to tire him. We enter his study. And there is Jung, in his
chair, by the window overlooking the lake. He is wearing a Japanese robe that makes him look like a Zen Buddhist monk, an ancient samurai or a magician from days gone by. He is bathed in the light of the setting sun and surrounded by engravings of alchemy and a large painting of Shiva on the summit of Mount Kailash. The doctor makes an effort to stand up, but I stop him and sit very close to him, facing his forehead. Miss Bailey leaves us alone. I don't know why, this time, I feel an even greater emotion than during our other meetings; I take his aged hand, hold it for a moment between mine, look into his eyes, and find it very difficult to begin speaking. He smiles that smile of his, full of mischief, wisdom and kindness. He reaches for his pipe, but cannot quite reach it. I say to him, 'What a beautiful Japanese robe.' It is a ceremonial robe. I take a small box from Kashmir out of my pocket, which I have brought him as a gift. He looks at it and says to me, 'It's made of turquoise.' And then he adds, 'I've never been to Kashmir; I travelled through southern India, Madora, all those "interesting" areas.' Then he talks to me about the Hindus and the Chinese; he refers to a book by a Chinese master of Zen Buddhism, whose name I can't recall at the moment, and says it's the best thing he's read on the subject. I pass on Hermann Hesse's regards and tell him about my conversation on death with the writer. I explain that I'd asked him whether it matters to know if there is anything beyond death. Jung pauses to think for a moment and says that the question was poorly phrased; I should have asked 'whether there is any
reason to believe that there is something beyond death'. I now ask Dr Jung: 'And what do you think… is there?' He replies: 'If the mind can function independently of the brain, then it functions independently of space and time. And if the mind functions independently of space and time, it is incorruptible'.

—And what do you think, Doctor? What's your view?

—I have seen men with gunshot wounds to the brain, during the war, whose brain functions were completely paralysed, and yet they have dreams and remember them afterwards. What is it that they dream of? There are young children, who do not yet have a defined sense of self, with their consciousness diffuse and spread throughout the body, who have personal and profound dreams that leave a lasting mark on them for the rest of their lives. There is no 'self' there. What else is it that they dream of?

—Do you believe, Doctor, that there is such a thing as a subtle, astral body—the 'linga-sarira' of Hindu philosophy—which detaches itself at death?

—I do not know; but I have seen objects materialise and mediums move objects from a distance without touching them with their physical bodies.

The doctor continues:

‘Some time ago I was very ill, in a near-comatose state; everyone believed I was going to die and perhaps thought I was suffering greatly, because in that state the body often gives the impression that it is suffering. But, in truth, I had the impression of floating and experienced a marvellous sensation of freedom. Later I remembered it.’

Dr Jung always wore a ring on his left hand set with a Gnostic, Egyptian gemstone. We spoke of the meaning of that ring, and he explained it to me: ‘All these symbols,’ he told me, ‘are alive within me.’ His memory was marvellous and his knowledge incredible, even at the age of eighty-five. He sometimes spoke like a poet, like a magician, like a mystic. He once said to me: ‘My message is not fully understood;
only poets understand me.”

Now I ask him:

—What will become of mankind in the impending era of technological super-civilisation? Do you think that anyone will still care, twenty years from now, about the spirit, about symbols, in the midst of the age of interplanetary travel, with the ‘Sputniks’, the Gagarins and the Shepards? Won’t the spirit end up seeming
‘out of fashion’?

Dr Jung smiles mischievously and says:

‘Sooner or later, humankind will have to turn inwards, even if it is from the stars. All that is happening now is an extreme form of escapism, because it is easier to reach Mars than to
to find oneself. If man does not find himself, if he does not return to himself, then he faces the greatest of all dangers: his own annihilation. This is also true of space travel
On the surface, there is an unconscious attempt to solve the most serious of all the problems that humankind will have to face in the future: overpopulation.

Dr Jung was about to continue speaking on this extremely important subject when Miss Bailey came in to say that Dr Jung's daughter and son-in-law were waiting. My promise of a brief conversation had not been kept.

But now I know it doesn't matter, for my interview was to be the last. And perhaps something was hinting at this to me
, for as I reached the door I paused and turned my head. Jung was standing there, gazing at me intently, with his gentle smile, and raising his hand to wave me farewell. The last one. His hand with the Gnostic ring. I bowed respectfully.

Yes. The last time I saw Jung, he was dressed in an Eastern robe, in Eastern garments, and his Gnostic jewel glistened on his aged hand; he was bathed in the light of dusk.

It was as if he had wanted to say to me: 'Farewell, I am leaving now. But I shall return one day via the East.'

Our Neutrality: A Speech

In the winter of 1941, he began his magazine with these words.

The New Age, No. 1 (3 July 1941).

My carefree compatriots:

More than a few of you will remember my name and know that I have harboured great national concerns and hopes.

I acted within my sphere and believed in Chile's political potential.

If I remained silent, far away, all this time, it was because I suddenly realised that the fate of the world today was being decided elsewhere. The present did not belong to us, though the future certainly did. However, destiny could not halt its relentless and grandiose race across the far reaches of this earth. Ringing its alarm bells, sending out its deep, distinctive, unmistakable cries, it was bound to reach us too. For whilst it is true that we South Americans today cannot act as leading figures in this great historical tragedy, nor be the subjects of history,
but rather as objects, we must nevertheless—and for that very reason—respond to the stimuli, to the events, in a unique and intelligent way that will secure our future and grant us the credentials and rights to shape the centuries to come.

Intelligence, honesty, caution and shrewdness must be our watchword. In this way, we preserve not only ourselves, but also, along with us, the world. Fate is blind and unfolds
invariably; it cannot be diverted; yet it is blind and is delayed. It is blind; no one knows where it will lead. When it is fulfilled, as an organic law in history to date, it is absurd to attribute a divine finality to it. Men become mere cogs, and there will be no greater purpose than that which man, through

through a great effort of understanding, can bestow upon it. For fate cannot be thwarted, but it can be overcome—once and for all. South America's hour will come; it will come without fail; but through weakness or folly it may be delayed and take on other, less brilliant forms. It may also arrive blindly, as always, and merely fulfil yet another cycle in history. Whereas it could arrive with clarity and triumph.

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It seems that in our country we do not fully realise these things. Current world events, which are so significant and gripping, so close to us now, are either not seen at all or are viewed through a smokescreen that extends from a certain quarter. Yet this does not mean that the dangers that lie in wait for us—which hold their dagger here, above our heads—cease to exist or to draw nearer, drawing ever closer, to the point where we can already feel their chill. It is for this reason, fellow countrymen, that I have come here to speak this evening, setting aside many personal scruples and a line of silence I had drawn for myself, because I know that I see things as they are at this moment and that if
I were to remain silent, without making an effort to communicate these thoughts, to convey them, tomorrow I would feel a sense of responsibility towards myself that, as a Chilean, as an ordinary citizen who is free to express his thoughts, I had failed to do so at the very moment when it was most necessary and possible.

I wish to speak on behalf of the sincere, honourable writers—who are not yet sceptical—of the new generation of Chilean writers, and to address these words, above all, to the President of the Republic, who is my President and upon whom our fate depends today. These are the words of one Chilean to another Chilean who possesses all the noble qualities of our people, words of encouragement spoken at a
critical moment, when he, our country and our Foreign Office are under intense foreign pressure regarding certain concessions and warmongering political objectives, supported within our country by men who possess, neither by blood nor by character, any of the virtues of pride and nobility typical of our nation.

Chile, to this day, through all the vicissitudes of its domestic politics, has maintained a course of conduct that is austere and measured in its relations with other countries. It has not allowed itself to be carried away by momentary passions, nor has it ever been intimidated into yielding to threats or pressure; it has been guided solely by its own judgement, its own sense of dignity and honour, sometimes cutting through the tangled web of financial interests, which often serve as shackles and bonds of servitude to other countries.

To be Chilean, to this day, has meant being a true man, being independent, and resisting any contemptuous imposition.

I know that there are many amongst us who do not realise just how significant it is, in a new country such as ours—which lacks a tradition rooted in history—to possess, nevertheless, such a deeply ingrained sense of our own qualities and our dignity. It is something that is not taught in schools; yet, nevertheless, each of us carries it within us consciously. Very few nations can pride themselves on this quality. For to be Chilean is also to be a patriot and to act, setting aside domestic squabbles, as one united people when it comes to relations with other countries.

It is now proverbial that the Chilean is a very shrewd man, a 'macuco', and this very 'macuquería', so often dispensed with in the game of domestic politics, ought to be put into practice today in foreign policy.

We are going through very serious times for our country, in which it is more necessary than ever to draw upon all the traditional strengths of the Chilean spirit, to save ourselves and regain on the continent that reputation for rigour, toughness and discipline which we enjoyed in the past.

It is no exaggeration to say that Chile has, to this day, played a leading role in South America, and that its decisions are still as eagerly awaited as they are crucial to the course of forthcoming events and to the outcome of decisions taken by neighbouring countries, which hold the future of South America in their hands. Despite the isolation and mistrust in which we have been placed, our final word is awaited with genuine anxiety, and the other countries of the south have their eyes fixed, though they do not admit it, on this
fortress, this bastion of our race and of neutrality.

We must weigh up the responsibility that falls upon us today, as it always has in this part of the world, before taking any imminent steps. And in the solitude of decision-making, the President and his ministers must look only to the tradition of our national spirit to light the way along this difficult path; for it alone can continue to guide our actions, with the certainty that we shall never err. Chile cannot can afford to repay with ingratitude and disloyalty those countries that have treated it only in a friendly and sincere manner. Chile, drawing on its history and its spirit, can only repay in kind. In this particular instance, with the currency of absolute neutrality in the face of the conflict that is currently shaking much of the world and which threatens to spread far and wide. No one should make us waver from this
course, for the sake of dignity and also of wisdom. If anyone attempts to do so, under intense pressure, Chile,

our country, must be prepared to go down fighting with its flags flying high. This is what we Chileans hope for, and it is also what our continent hopes for, deep down, in order to safeguard its future.

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Having reached this point in these words, we can say that we have touched upon their very essence: the burning issue of neutrality. Since the outbreak of war in Europe, it has been a daily topic in the world's press. In our country, magazines and newspapers—which seem to have made it their primary mission to mislead the public—address it in an incisive and biased manner. They cite the examples of Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway and who knows how many other European countries. By doing so, they seek to render the neutral stance obsolete; by doing so, they seek to imply that no country can remain neutral any longer and that we too,
countries of South America, can no longer remain neutral, because we face the very same risk as the neutral nations of Europe, which were neither respected nor recognised.

But when such things are said and written, are they said and written in earnest? Do those who write them really think that way? Are they sincere and honest? Are they truly patriots who are deeply concerned
deeply concerned about the fate of our countries? Or are they merely agents of one of the warring sides, who are simply defending the interests at stake, and thus argue against a neutrality that no longer exists,
because they themselves have violated it?

Those who believe this — if indeed they do — are mistaken when it comes to the question of our neutrality. It is imperative to clarify this at this juncture. Our stance, our sole stance, must be neutrality, and the most absolute neutrality. It serves no purpose to cite the cases of Belgium and the Netherlands in support of the contrary view. This is a decision we must make without resorting to analogies of any kind. The situation in South America is not the same as that in Europe. To claim otherwise is ridiculous and inaccurate. There is a European concept of neutrality, which is more subjective than objective, and
there is an American concept of neutrality, which is broad and objectively feasible.

The causes of the war in Europe are deep-rooted, complex and have been a source of legendary anxiety and turmoil. It is not the place here to discuss these matters, but the fact is that each and every nation in Europe, however small, became a land area directly affected by the conflict. They could not and should not have been neutral in any sense. Neither in a territorial sense, since they were
strategic or transit zones, nor in a spiritual sense, for they were a living part of the great problem.

None of this applies to South America, which is another continent, separated by vast expanses of water and spiritually distant from the active root of the conflict, which only affects us indirectly in our present, passive and reflexive existence. It may be that countries lack a fundamental raison d'être, particularly where there are no major racial differences, and that borders are artificial lines created by man, which man himself will consequently abolish, for his own good; but continents are serious matters, they are almost absolute entities. They are separated by water, which binds nothing eternally, and must lead their own lives, connected only through trade and the bonds of transoceanic diplomacy. The earth is not round, as has been said; for not all of this planet is made of land. One could say, with even greater justification, that water is round. And water does not unite people, but rather separates them.

By this we do not mean to suggest that we are not concerned about the war. We are concerned, indeed, and deeply so, insofar as it raises fundamental issues concerning human life and insofar as, for the time being, we still exist passively and the present world depends, in its very nature, on the influence that Europe exerts upon it.
But, for this very reason, it is not for us to take an active part in the conflict. For we are today a neutral continent, in the deepest sense of the term. To abandon our neutrality would be to deny and distort our very existence.

In all the arguments put forward against neutrality, there is none of the idealism they purport to embody, but
merely a concentrated defence of the economic interests of a world that refuses to die. For there is no doubt that we stand on the threshold of a great change, the like of which has never been seen in history, of an upheaval that will transform the way people live. War also determines this. For
up to now we have lived poorly and we can no longer continue to live in that way. No one knows whether what lies ahead
will be better than what came before; but at least it will be something different, a new challenge and a promising opportunity.

Faced with these conflicting currents, South America must maintain its neutrality and avoid heading towards destruction. We know that there is pressure to break our resolve, mainly from the northern hemisphere. Without wishing to offend anyone, we wish to speak to the people of the American continent about these matters clearly and without fear. We know that President Roosevelt's government has never been neutral and that it is on the brink of war with Europe. This may well be fair enough for North America, given that that continent has become deeply embroiled in European affairs, owing to its
economic interests. But our situation is diametrically different, and we must view it for what it is for us, even if pressure is brought to bear on us to see it otherwise. Our interests are not at stake in the same way or to the same extent as those of American capital. On the contrary,
our true economic interests are different and lie at the opposite end of the spectrum. Nor
would we experience significant growth under such protection, which would, rather, lead us into a state of constraint.

In order to draw us definitively into its orbit, the United States has resorted to the powerful levers of its propaganda machine. It has set in motion slogans, journalists, film actors and films with South American themes. We repeat once again that we do not wish to foster anti-
the United States. We merely wish to exercise our rights as Chileans who see things as they really are. Moreover, I have personally expressed all these views to Americans, and they have understood them. Just over a year ago, I had the opportunity to travel around Chiloé with the then Second Secretary of the US Embassy, Mr Edwards Gatewood, who was travelling with his film camera, gathering information and impressions. He was aware of my point of view and asked me to explain what I hoped for. I told him that I would be happy if, one day, we could become a continent as united and strong as theirs.

But America does not understand our soul. All its propaganda is aimed at demonstrating, in addition to economic unity, psychological unity and spiritual brotherhood. To this end, absurd films are made about Mexico, Cuba or Brazil; straight away, film actors are sent on 'goodwill' tours. In its haste and ignorance of all that is ours, American diplomacy does not consider the offence it causes us. They believe they will win over the mestizos, the talkative and sentimental half-Indians, and the 'señoritas', as they call them, with the 'sex appeal' of their heartthrobs.

In truth, our souls are worlds apart. There is no similarity whatsoever.

Europe will win the war. And that is undoubtedly better for us. Our economic interests lie with that continent. The advancement of our peoples is linked to it. A purified Europe would never
oppose our South American aspirations for continental unity; indeed, I believe it will help us, since it does not harm it in any way and, on the contrary, by earning our gratitude, it stands to benefit. It is in this way that our great ideals are also at stake today. However, to earn the right to future unity, our weak countries must today demonstrate moral merit, observing strict integrity and fairness in their conduct.

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Fellow countrymen:

Let us look to the future. Beyond these dark and momentous times, the age of sincerity is drawing near. The age of sincerity, at last, following slow and dreadful times of hypocrisy, of

, hidden, adorned with elegant phrases and gilded, fleeting ideals. Those slow, distorted times in which so many well-formed souls and so many good intentions were destroyed. It is the age of sincerity that is coming. There is a bell of fire and blood heralding its arrival. And it will come even if you do not believe it, even if you remain asleep behind your prejudices. Chile, our homeland, a sincere country par excellence, has nothing to lose and much to gain. Yet
, however, our path is fraught with obstacles. Lest we squander the future, lest we lose it irretrievably, I call upon our leaders, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, and our nation as a whole, to show the prudence of the noble landowner of our countryside. Chile, by maintaining a neutral stance at present, can save the future of South America. This is the line, and no one can break this line, neither by reason (for they lack it) nor by force, for we will not allow it.

Chileans, Your Excellency the President of my country, in these difficult times—as dangerous for us as a time bomb placed in a child's bedroom—let us not put our soldiers or our lives at risk, nor cede a single metre of territory for military bases. Let us defend
our land as we have always done against those who truly covet it, and let us earn the future that is rightfully ours—the future of a world that waits for no one—so that we may have the final say, the word that will dispel the shadows of history, the word that the men
men tortured by their quest have believed they heard from the very beginning.

Intelligence, honesty, patriotism, resolve, a continental consciousness—these are the watchwords.

My voice is that of a Chilean of today, who can no longer be mistaken, because he sees clearly the meaning of human history and because he understands the grandeur and the tragedy of the moment, and he addresses his compatriots and his President, in the hope that they will understand him.

Requiem

In memoriam

On the death of Jorge Teillier.

El Mercurio (28 April 1996); and Ciudad de los Césares, no. 43 (Winter 1996).

It is well known how much I love Chile; but an ideal Chile, not one of flesh and blood. I love Chile; but I despise those who wait for a man to have died before extolling him, before saying marvellous things about him, when he can no longer overshadow them, when they no longer have to give him anything. Such is the case with this true poet,
a great and genuine one, because he was not awarded the National Prize, because he lived and died in poverty.

Now people will talk about him, write about him, and then he will be forgotten, very soon. It is the hallmark of the homeland, and, moreover, the hallmark of the times. Our galaxy is disappearing—if indeed it has not already—swallowed up by the black hole in the firmament, by the Black Sun. And although Teillier was on the fringes of that galaxy of '38,
how proudly we would welcome him into its centre!

We were close to this poet, even though we hardly ever saw each other. Two or three times in our lives. The second time was the most important. In a bar on Calle Loreto, nearly twenty years ago, over a glass of wine, we spoke of his late sister. And I said to him: 'Your sister will help you…'.

By now he'll be with her. Even though he'll always have been with her. Because 'when a beloved sister dies, she is buried whole in her brother's heart…'.

That is why, when Jorge died, he was not alone. Because his sister was with him, within him. And as she already knew death, she will now be showing him the path to resurrection within his own heart. And, in her company and that of Solano Tapia, the patriarch of this village, they will now be walking together through these parts of the magical homeland, to finally leave the earth and ascend to the stars, to the true world of poets. From here they will first proceed to Cabildo, passing through the 'La Grupa' tunnel—which is like crossing the

astral tube, the black void, the Black Sun, until they reach Petorca, Chincolco and, from there, ascend into the oblivion of the earth and mankind.

For such is the way of things, Jorge Teillier, beloved poet… And only a flute of snow will remember your hard and painful story…

Summary of a Death

Héctor Barreto.

Sobre la Marcha (supplement), no. 1 (1936).

It has just been included in the first volume of the new collection from EB Libros entitled Miguel Serrano, the Writer.

Here's how it happened:

A neighbourhood cinema. Which film? And *El arrabal*. (Some of us—myself, for example—remember: 'I'm going to die in the slums, my streets, with my face resting on a trickle of water on the pavement'—we used to laugh, of course…). Avenida
Matta, Arturo Prat, Serrano, San Diego—streets with a strong character, where the deepest recesses of the Chilean soul—and therefore the South American soul—are refined and polished to a diamond-like shine, and which are good. It was from here that he set out; here he found the essential word and rose to the conception of the purest aesthetics, form, in the legendary sense of the word. And that is why he is indispensable and irreplaceable in our art.
Well, after the theatre, a coffee, where he was a magician and where, spellbound, his friends watched his magic, turning women into mountains and vice versa. That day, strangely enough, two animals appeared. If the animal is good, it heeds the magician's words and understands, by instinct, the redemption to come; if the animal is hideous and evil, like cats, it takes offence. As Barreto spoke to them of Napoleon and Caesar — 'It is impossible,' he said, 'for a fair-haired man to rule the world; I do not say it is a myth, for myth is the only truth' — so the Nazis killed him.

That is how they killed him. He adjusted his hat, put his hands in his pockets and walked away from his companions, alone, following the course of his own destiny. Trying to gauge the strength of his faith—like the Hero
striking his sword against the rock—. 'I cannot die. How could I possibly die?' —but deep down he understood; he understood it all—. And since everything about the Hero is symbolic, he fell, alone, in front of the Olea School, a building that had troubled him so much because of its sense of foreboding. They kicked him, they robbed him,
and so on. (He won't let me recount this; what's the point? This is the crude reality.) He said only that, which is the ultimate expression, in words, of such a profound and human individuality. Nothing more can
be achieved with words; a little more and language bursts: Who is laughing now, those here or those there?… And

you'd have to have known Barreto to understand that that is the very essence of him, in his life and in his death, distilled to the point of pain.

Toynbee and the Human Mystery

Published in the Buenos Aires magazine *Histonium* in November 1950.

‘I do not think I am interested in history, for I see it as the monotonous repetition of base ambitions and a naive struggle for the conquest of power. I believe that, on the margins of history, and entirely independently of it, another mysterious and contrasting history unfolds: the history of the Spirit.’

(Tegularius’s report in Hermann Hesse’s *The Glass Bead Game*).

If the Western world could not be saved by Spengler, can it still be saved by Toynbee? To achieve this, it would be necessary to grasp the profound meaning of this historian’s ideas and to clarify them, setting them out with flair and style. It is more than certain that this is not South America’s role. We are a formless world of the future, and we should remain on the sidelines of a conflict in whose origins we have not played a part. Our destiny lies in becoming wise, rather than in taking action. We must therefore
try to understand all ideas; but not to put them into practice.

Toynbee is obsessed with the following mystery: humanity has existed on Earth for roughly a million years, yet the history of civilisations dates back barely six thousand years; that is to say, a mere minute of that vast span of time. What happened before? Why were there no civilisations in the vast past, and then, suddenly, one day, everything changed? The historian was despairing of finding a satisfactory answer to his question when he came across Jung and his research into the myths and legends of different peoples. It was only through a mythical analogy that Toynbee was able to find
an explanation for this mystery. He tells us that God was contemplating his work in tranquillity, until Luzbel rebelled, turning against him. God willingly accepts the challenge, which could put
jeopardise his entire creation. For this reason, God must once again become active and perfect his now dynamic creation ad infinitum.

The same has happened with mankind, Toynbee tells us. For thousands upon thousands of years, humanity remained in a state of slumber, until suddenly a certain external stimulus from nature—a ‘challenge’, forced him to take action, compelling him to devise a way to avoid perishing. In this way,

civilisation. The external ‘challenge’ may have consisted of the drying up of a swamp in Central Africa, beside which the primitive tribe lived, leading to a violent change in the climate that forced them to ‘adapt’.

The idea is original and full of possibilities; yet it is incomplete and lacks further development. Ortega y Gasset has commented on it at length. For the Spanish philosopher, it is unlikely that civilisation arose from an external cause, such as a change in some natural condition, which led to man’s detachment from his environment and his attempt to readapt to the new situation, thereby transforming him into a misfit
on Earth, a ‘traveller upon the earth’, who will seek to regain balance and exert control solely through intelligence. It is also somewhat simplistic to equate the idea of paradise with the natural existence of primitive man and to claim that in the Neolithic and even the Palaeolithic periods there were no external ‘challenges’, given that these must have been considerably greater and could already then have compelled man to create a civilisation as a ‘response’. For Ortega, the cause of instability is not to be found in any sudden external stimulus or disturbance, but rather that man is a mysterious being, a ‘sick animal’, born in this way, out of balance. It may also have happened, he says, that, as the tribe lived beside a marsh, they contracted malaria, becoming poisoned and developing cerebral hypertrophy, which began to fill the mind with dreams and strange imaginings, preventing the individual from seeing reality as it was, or from being content with the external world. From then on, the sole underlying cause of instability lies within the individual themselves, and it is this that drives them time and again to
respond to challenges that only he himself creates, owing to his maladjustment and his innate instability.

For both Toynbee and Ortega, the origin of civilisation — or, we might say, of creation — would therefore lie in evil and in illness. We cannot delve deeply into this idea here, for to do so we would have to go beyond the boundaries of the world and venture into the depths beyond. Without the belief held by Berdiaev (a somewhat forgotten philosopher, but from whom many ideas have been drawn) that history is incomprehensible without a prologue that is fulfilled
outside it—that is, in the hereafter—nothing could be understood, and all these intuitions would remain incomplete when applied to this material and harsh earth. The beginning of man’s maladjustment does not take place on ‘this earth’, but on ‘another’. And history, too, must have an epilogue, outside it, in a primordial realm. Only there will ‘readjustment’ be realised.

But let us not ask Toynbee for philosophical consistency, nor for a complete metaphysical framework. What interests him is the concrete reality of civilisation in history. From those initial six thousand years, beyond which the shadows of mystery stretch, civilisations have succeeded one another and perished.

Spengler, Toynbee tells us, believed he had observed throughout history a certain uniformity in the phenomenon of decline; this is said to be because civilisations, through a free act, cease to respond creatively to the stimuli presented to them, collapse, and automatism sets in.

We see that Toynbee takes comfort in these words. He has pinned great hopes on this idea of automatism. We shall have occasion to return to it later.

In the life, passion and death of the twenty-one civilisations that Toynbee studies, he finds no superiority of one over the others. None has achieved salvation, nor reached the goal, for only the hero or the saint has attained it individually within them. All civilisations are born and die, and no upward trajectory, nor any evolutionary purpose, is discernible in this cycle. And so Toynbee makes a new discovery, which is now his theory of 'superior religions'. Each civilisation creates, or receives from the one that preceded it, a higher religion. And whilst civilisation does not advance as it passes from one to the next, religious expression, on the other hand, does. It broadens, evolves and grows in a continuous and assured manner, integrating with the entire heritage of humanity. And Toynbee believes that the building of religion is mankind's supreme mission in history, rather than politics or technology. In a movement opposite to that of perishing civilisations, religion becomes eternal at their expense. Here is a statement by Toynbee that contradicts his desire to prolong his own civilisation. Civilisations die, he says, because it is through the pain of transience that man becomes wise and gives concrete form to his wisdom in ascending religious thought, which springs from the cumulative depths of the collective unconscious and from the 'proletariat' of dying civilisations. Civilisations must perish so that religion may live.

One might thus believe that there is a history of the Spirit which unfolds on the margins of, and above, the turmoil of civilisations.

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But Toynbee does not pause to reflect on the ultimate consequences of his assertions. He turns to the facts. And as the facts change, so too do his views.

If civilisations must perish for the greater glory of religion, the historian, on the other hand, would wish to immortalise his own, by means of a great 'response' to the pressing demands that the present time presents him with. This would be achieved through an act of spiritual creation, renouncing the cravings of the instinct for

power, nationalism and racism, and by understanding the greater demands of the historical moment. In other words, through the spirit it is possible to enliven matter, to work a miracle and to infuse automatism with energy.

Toynbee and the Human Mystery

Published in the Buenos Aires magazine *Histonium* in November 1950.

It is worth considering whether this hypothesis, this aspiration, is achievable. To do so, we must draw on the analogy between society and the individual. We cannot know from where Toynbee derived the intuition that there might exist a magic formula capable of prolonging physical life beyond normal limits. Surely from India. The English, without wishing it and without realising it, have been influenced in their subconscious by certain essential aspects of Hindu civilisation, with which they have remained in
contact for so many years, owing to the material reasons behind their imperial rule. It is the philosophy of yoga that maintains that the individual can, at will, prolong their physical existence through the control of their passions. It explains how the mind can penetrate, through intensive concentration,
into the realm of the instincts and vegetative life, thereby bringing into consciousness everything that which currently takes place unconsciously, such as respiratory movements, diastole and systole, and digestive functions. In doing so, it demonstrates that instinct is merely an automatic process that has come to be so due to the laziness of the mind, which, having once intervened, no longer does so and allows everything to proceed mechanically, through the subconscious mind. This is why the body dies and the physical being perishes: because the mind allows it to happen, by abandoning it and leaving it behind. But if it so wished,
it would take it up again, revitalising and regenerating the automatic process. This requires the utmost concentration and a total renunciation of the passions. If this is difficult, not to say impossible, for an individual, how much more so will it be for a civilisation, which is a collection of such individuals. This is why, to date, there has been no instance of a collective renunciation of ‘maya’, which could allow for the indefinite prolongation of a civilisation.

After all, is it worth attempting to eternalise the physical body of a society, or that of an individual, when Toynbee himself has assured us that what matters is the evolution of
religion, which is what drives the salvation of individual souls? Man has always been able to save himself, he tells us, as if feeling a kind of remorse for his religious evolutionism, which must benefit those who are further advanced in time. Even primitive man could be saved in the same way. The broadening of the religious sphere merely signifies a greater possibility, or a greater
of God. New phrases to fill the gaps in an incomplete line of reasoning. Ortega y Gasset, pausing at this

on this point, has had to reaffirm, in the face of Toynbee, the old formula of 'this world's valley of tears', as opposed to all those who hope to realise an earthly paradise. Toynbee, though often contradicting himself, also aspires at times to the latter, as if trying to remain consistent with an Anglo-Saxon brand of optimism.

Nor do we believe that the 'cold' salvation of a civilisation is possible, as one might think with Toynbee; rather, if it were possible, it would be brought about by means of an instinctive or subconscious act,
thanks to the revitalisation from the depths, which is where the myths of blood are born. Jung would tell us that when, in the course of history, the collective unconscious of a world is exhausted, worn out, a rational, universalist and decrepit civilisation emerges, devoid of dark vitality. One would then have to enter into a state of slumber, of repose, of 'decadence', in order to recharge the unconscious in the shadows of death,
until the new hour of resurrection. During the period of rational decadence, perhaps
civilisation be restored to vitality by means of a symbol, or a myth, capable of fertilising, or enchanting, the deep, terrifying layers of the unknown and the vernacular. Generally, this rite is performed by drinking one's own blood. Primitivism, war, revolution. And all this no longer interests the Spirit. That is
why it is said that its kingdom is not of this world and that its history ought to unfold in another realm.

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Returning to Jung, he further explains that 'automatism' is something strange and mysterious, which is not only found in the realm of the instincts, and need not be regarded as a phenomenon that always signifies inferiority and regression. It turns out that numbers are also automatic, as is the
realm of archetypal 'ideas', created by the collective mind. All those archetypes, or symbolic values that lie dormant in the depths of the soul and which, when they burst forth, sometimes transform individuals into mythical figures, into symbols of religious ideas or national myths, into saints or heroes, are also automatic and unfold with fatal inevitability, without variation. There is nothing more automatic than holiness. And what is even more staggering: the automatism of the cross. The saint, or the hero, is a prisoner of fatal and eternal archetypal forces.

Can the soul attempt to move beyond all this, breaking through the final barriers, the last illusions, to reach the realm of peace and ice, the absolute and ultimate reality?

For a start, salvation seems to be individual rather than collective, for there can be no 'hereafter' for nations. That is why it is better to return to the most ancient wisdom, which tells us that
creation, life on the planet, must be like a sowing, with its periods of harvest, in which

some seeds bear fruit. For the sower, a certain number of them is enough, because once his plan is fulfilled, the plough will pass over the land and leave it fallow. That is to say, every so often, humanity and the earth are destroyed, only to begin again from the start. Thus, the fact that humanity has spent almost a million years without producing, without creating, does not mean that it had not done so before that time. Perhaps it was merely asleep. A bear's sleep is longer than its waking hours. And when it awoke and set about creating, who knows whether it was waves of Luciferian spirits that once again entered through its spinal column. Whilst they did not come, the bodies lay still, docile and as if dead, bound by the law and the will of the Lord.

Through the sowings of the great heavens, humanity advances, with only a few ruthless souls being saved—those capable of creating the psychic conditions for their own immortality.

If humankind has lost its way by becoming unstable and unbalanced at the dawn of history, due to a mysterious cause that drove it to immerse itself in the inner world of its own mental creations, illusions and dreams—which have come into conflict with the external world, becoming stronger and more real than it—then salvation can now only be sought from within, by attempting gain clarity and confront those beings that dwell there and have made him their victim.

Valparaíso

Letter to the

Editor

View of the port from the bay.

El Mercurio (Santiago de Chile), 13 February 1990.

‘In the glory days, we reached out to the world from Valparaíso.’

Dear Editor:

I have travelled the world, visiting distant countries and exotic cities. Nothing—there is simply nothing like Valparaíso. It is the most beautiful, the most magical city on earth. It was famous, known even in the most remote corners of the world, before the construction of the Panama Canal. A dynamic and vibrant hub of the Pacific, it is mentioned by writers such as Melville, in *Moby-Dick*, and Meyrink, in *The Green Face*, as well as many others.
I recall that when I brought Marshal Tito to Chile, his Foreign Minister, Koča Popović—a philosopher and a man of great culture—asked me to take him on a night-time tour of the hills and the sailors’ bars in the
port at night. ‘Because there are very few foreigners in the world,’ he told me, ‘who can boast of having done this in Valparaíso.’ I was, at the time, ambassador to Yugoslavia.

In the glory days, we reached out to the world from Valparaíso. It was from there that I set off one day for Antarctica, as part of the second Chilean expedition. There is a special bond between Valparaíso and Antarctica. And from there, too, I set off one day for India. Valparaíso was, and must remain, the most important centre of the Pacific Ocean, connecting us with Asia and with our destiny, with Oceania, and with our Easter Island. The decline of Valparaíso is the decline of Chile. The resurgence of Valparaíso will signal
the rebirth of our country as the leading power in the Pacific. And as this sea is set to be the ocean of the coming century, Chile will become a world power.

The Pacific and Antarctica: two grand and inescapable missions for Chile. And for both, Valparaíso. Its importance is neither industrial nor merely economic. It must be essentially political, for
politics must always take precedence over the economy, just as the spiritual takes precedence over the material.

And that is why it is all the more symbolic if, as we enter a new century, we entrust Valparaíso with the fundamental political mission of being the centre of the Chilean Government, like a watchtower, reaching out towards the Pole and Asia, towards the world of the future, breaking free from the confinement of the Andes. Let us take possession of our
sea, at last. Towards paradise.

Everything will change for Chile on the day our leaders take up residence in the port of Valparaíso. They will truly be the masters and rulers of the future, of the Chile of the future. And we will also have done justice to the dreamers and those nostalgic for Valparaíso: to Joaquín Edwards Bello, to Salvador Reyes, to Enrique Bunster. To the poets from here and there.

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